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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THAT NEW SERIAL! BEGUN THIS WEEK.

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1891. NUMBER 37.

Poetry.

THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days' stern labor shuts the poor
From nature's careless banquet hall!
The seventh an angel opens the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh the limbs escape the chain—
Thy God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day!

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

So rest, O, weary heart! but, lo,
The church spire glistening up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go,
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high,
O, soul at peace within thy breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man,
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall;
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!
—[Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

WOULD WE RETURN?

Would we return
If once the gates which closed upon the past
Were opened wide for us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,
When on life's April shadows lightly cast,
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anear
The far off streams with which our skies were glassed;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart no more,
And if we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gales, or on some alien shore
Worn out the soul's anguish and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanquished years came back, and, as of yore,
The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling,
Our lost love beckoned, through times gray and smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return
Once we had passed to death's unlovely land,
And trod the bloomless ways among the dead
Lone and unhappy; after years had fled
With twilight wings along the glimmering strand,
If then an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us were shed
May flow for others—how like words in sand
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
Would we return—
Would we return?
—[Robert Burns Wilson.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace—soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it a sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity it sought again
The shelter and rest of the isle of time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain.

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky
And night at the gates where a soul would go.
—[Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Miscellany.

POLITICS AND WHISKERS.

An Angry Barber Quits a Customer Whose Face Is Half Shaved.

Not since the funeral of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, nearly one hundred years ago, has the ancient town of Windsor been so excited as it is at present, writes a Hartford, Conn., correspondent of the New York *Sun*. Windsor is six miles north of Hartford, and one of the three oldest towns of Connecticut. The excitement is caused by a threatened suit for breach of contract brought by Elijah Havens, the village oracle, against Edwin Dibble, the village barber.

Bibble runs a one-chair shop near the mill at Poquonnock, a hamlet within the town, and Havens got shaved regularly every week, usually on Saturday afternoon, when he has seven days' hirsute growth removed by the razor that has done similar duty for the Ellsworths, the Marshalls, the Websters and the Sills of bygone days. Havens, besides being the village oracle, is the blackest Republican to be found in Hartford county, while no stauncher Democrat lives in the state than Dibble, the barber. For years the two have indulged in daily political disputes, but never until last Saturday have they resulted in anything more serious than a half-hour estrangement. But last Saturday the debate was particularly spirited, and as a consequence the whole town is divided and the outcome is watched with intense interest, not only by the good folks at Windsor, but by every farmer for miles around.

It happened thus: Last Saturday afternoon Havens dropped into Dibble's shop to be shaved, as is his wont. Havens is a Blaine man, also a Bulkeley man. Dibble hates Blaine and despises Bulkeley. The usual number of village loafers were sitting about the shop, and the oracle, as he dropped into the red plush relic of a barber's chair, undoubtedly thought he saw the chance of impressing upon the idlers a sense of his acute political wisdom.

"I tell you, Dibble," he began, "we've got a governor who looks after us. When a Democratic senate won't make any appropriation he goes down in his own pocket and pays for the running of the state himself."

"Goes down in the pocket of the insurance company he is president of, you mean," responded Dibble. "Darned buncombe, I say, and we'll show him what we think of it when we get to the polls. A pretty mess we have of it. Makes the legislature keep elected men out of office so he can stay in himself. Then he sends the toy soldiers down to camp for eight days instead of six, and makes the state pay $15,000 extra for it. Wait till the farmers get after him and his toy militia."

For some reason Mr. Havens got mad. It was very hot that afternoon, anyhow, and then, too, the idlers seemed to be in sympathy with the barber.

"You're a darned fool, Dibble," growled the oracle. "You don't know no more about politics than a yearling heifer."

Perhaps the heat made Dibble cross, too. Perhaps it was being called a darned fool, but, be that as it may, he flared up, and as he did so down came the lather brush on Havens's cheek with a soft and mellow sputter. Then the fun began in earnest, no one seems to know just how. The barber had removed the seven days' beard from the right side of the oracle's face, but hard and brittle hair, dark as a houri's tresses, remained on the left cheek. As Havens called Dibble a darned fool, and Dibble retaliated by spattering lather all over the face of Havens, the latter sat bolt upright in his chair, and, if the witnesses are to be believed, called Dibble a very harsh name indeed.

"Get out of my shop," shouted the barber, shaking with passion.

"Not until you've finished shaving me," thundered back Havens.

"By G——, you will," said the barber.

"By G——, I won't," replied the oracle.

"Then you'll sit there all day, for I won't come near your brazen face," said the barber.

The idlers were all excitement. For years they had been familiar with the daily Havens-Dibble debates, but this was something original—something quite unprecedented. They whispered among themselves and waited breathlessly for another move on the part of the antagonists.

Dibble took a chair in the corner and began reading a pink-hued periodical. Havens lay back in his chair and closed his eyes. For fully ten minutes neither moved. Then Havens sat up again.

"Come, are you going to finish this shave?" he inquired.

"No," retorted Dibble.

"Then I'll make you sweat for it," said Havens, as slowly he arose from his seat, put on his coat and hat, rubbed some of the lather from his face and left the shop, with smooth right cheek and bristling left.

Dibble was the village hero that night. Now the tables are partly turned, for on Monday Havens came to Hartford and consulted a young lawyer.

"You can sue him for breach of contract," said the young attorney. "When you seated yourself in the chair and he began to shave you he entered upon an implied, but none the less legal, contract to complete the job. His failure to do so caused you the humiliation of appearing on the public streets only half shaven. You are certainly entitled to damages."

Havens agreed with the lawyer and instructed him to draw up the paper, alleging $200 damages.

There is not to-day a person in Windsor "on the fence." Every one is either a Havens man or a Dibble man. As Windsor is a Republican town the Havenites are silghtly more numerous than the Dibbleites.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN,

But He Would Hardly Pass Muster Among Honest Men.

There were ten of us who rode from the depot to a hotel in Charleston in the same 'bus, and as we entered the office a short, thick set and determined looking man collared a young man wearing eyeglasses and said:

"I'll thank you to return my wallet!"

"Certainly, sir, certainly. Let us conduct ourselves as becomes gentlemen."

"You picked my pocket on the way up, and I went my wallet back or I'll mash you!" shouted the short man.

"Exactly. No need of raising your voice to a disagreeable pitch. Never forget that you are a gentleman, no matter what the circumstances."

"Where is my wallet?"

"Here, sir, and I have great pleasure in returning it. I am sorry that we have had any misunderstanding."

An officer was sent for, and while waiting his appearance the young man said to the crowd:

"I never have any trouble with a gentleman, never. I am obliged to all of you for the courtesies which you have extended. Let us part as gentlemen should."

The officer soon arrived and walked him away to the station, but that evening about 9 o'clock, as I was walking on Meeting street, the prisoner halted me and said:

"I desire to thank you for your consideration in that affair. You treated me as a gentleman, sir, and I shall not forget it."

"But I thought you—you——"

"Oh, yes. I was locked up tight enough, but the officers at the station were no gentlemen, sir, no gentlemen, and they treated me in such a manner that I felt compelled to bid them good night. I will now say *au revoir*."

I went up to the police station to inquire about it, and the sergeant in charge replied:

"What! That genteel fellow with eyeglasses? Oh, he's in there."

"But you didn't look."

He entered the corridor and looked into the cell. It was empty. The "gentleman" had sawed one of the window bars off and gone out by way of the alley.—[New York Clipper.

Pete Wasn't In It.

There was a meeting of the stockholders of a certain railroad at Jackson, Miss. A colored man crept up to the head of the stairs in the building where the meeting was in progress, and whispering asked of another colored man on duty there:

"Moses, has dey dun woted to cut wages down?"

"Sah? What you talkin' bout! I doan, know you, sah!" pompously replied the other.

"You dun doan' know me?"

"No, sah!"

"Git out! Didn't I dun marry your sister Mary, an' hain't I workin' right in dis depot?"

What's de name, sah?"

"Name! Name! Hain't I your brudder law, Pete Williams?"

"An' is yo' one of de stockholders of dis railrode?"

"Ob co'se not."

"Kin you wote in dis meetin'?"

"No."

"Den, sah, I begs to inform you, sah, dat arter we git frew purceedin wid our purceedin's, we may decide to culminate de same to outsiders; an' if we do sah, an' should happen to meet me, sah, I shall be happy to particuiate all de eclucidashun incomprehensible wid our policy. Good day, sah!"

Relative Enjoyment.

Mr. Boresome—I was sorry that you were not at home yesterday when I called.

Miss Boredmuch—Yes, I should have enjoyed it, probably, even more than where I was.

Mr. Boresome—Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so; where were you?

Miss Boredmuch—At the dentist's.

Juvenile Precaution.

Anxious Mother—What in the world did you do during the terrible thunderstorm?

Little Dick—I got under a tree.

Mother—Horrors! Don't you know a tree is a most dangerous place in a thunder-storm?

Little Dick—Oh, I jumped out every time it thundered.—[Good News.

Why Not Wear Stilts?

Observation step-ladders are the latest innovation in the Belgian field artillery. They are intended to enable the commander of a concealed battery to better direct the fire of the gunners. Every ladder is about seven feet and a half high, of iron, and weighs about 65 pounds. All ammunition wagons will carry the ladders.

Not So Much to Love.

"You don't love me so much as you did!" pouted young Mrs. McBride.

"Didn't I just say you were worth your weight in gold?" remonstrated her husband.

"Yes; but you said that when we were first married, and I weigh seven pounds less now."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

What Was Said.

"Your boss sent you home?" inquired the boy's father, angrily. "What happened? What did he say to you?"

"He said I was a stupid ass."

"And so you are. And what else did he say?"

"He said that 'like father, like son.'"—[Fliegende Blatter.

Her Return Ticket.

A young couple were hurrying to catch the train out of Chicago, when the bride's mother said:

"Now, Clara, you're sure you've got your return ticket?"

"Oh, yes, mother; it is safe in the hands of my lawyer."—[Judge.

THE SOLEMN PASSENGER

Approves of the Pleasant One, and Makes the Gruff One Stare.

"Well," said the solemn-looking passenger in the front seat to the pleasant young man just behind him, according to the New York *Sun*, "the harvest is past, but the summer is still with us."

"Sure!" replied the young man.

"But it's on the wing, though!" continued the solemn man. "It is flying."

"Right along!" said the pleasant passenger.

"Time is fleeting!" remarked the other.

"Well," said the pleasant youth shaking his head, "that depends on how much time you get."

"Sir!" exclaimed the passenger in front.

"I say three month'll fleet quicker than three years," replied the pleasant passenger, smiling. "Won't it?" said he to the gruff passenger, who sat beside him.

"They say so that's tried it!" said the gruff passenger.

The solemn passenger was silent awhile, and then opened up again:

"These are the days," said he, "that the frivolous and unthinking spend in idling where the sea roars, or the mountain breezes whisper, or the streams of the valley murmur. You are not bound on an idle vacation, I trust, my dear young friend?"

"Well, not exactly!" replied the pleasant young man, with a shake of his head.

"You bet your life he ain't!" said the gruff passenger.

"I am pleased to know it!" said the solemn passenger. "But I grieve to hear you suggest my wagering anything upon it, even so worthless and poor a thing as life. So you are not one of the trivial throng who are just now flocking to idle vacations?"

"No, sir! I am not!" replied the pleasant young man.

"You rejoice me!" said the solemn passenger, lifting his eyes, while the gruff passenger chuckled.

"I am going on a vacation, though," said the pleasant young man, "but it won't be an idle one!" And he smiled at the gruff passenger, who chuckled again and said:

"Right you are! And the next station is ours!"

"Ah!" said the solemn man, "and its name?"

"Sing Sing!" replied the gruff passenger. "This young gent stays three years with us for having three wives, and none of 'em dead!"

The gruff passenger, from his manner, apparently thought this revelation would shock the solemn man into speechless horror, and he was knocked dumb himself when the solemn passenger grabbed the pleasant young man by the hand.

"My poor young friend!" he exclaimed. "Another martyr to righteousness and faithfulness to the law! May the spirit of Brigham sustain you!"

When the train stopped and the gruff man and the pleasant passenger got up to leave the car the solemn man pressed a card in the young man's hand. The gruff passenger took it and read it. This was its inscription:

ABED GRIMBLETON,
Elder Mormon Church of
Latter Day Saints,
Utah.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

How the Major Retained the Confidence of His Wife.

"Do you lie to your wife?" asked the major.

"No, sir," snapped the captain.

"But you do to me, eh?" returned the major, incredulously.

"What do you mean?" came the indignant response.

"Well, now, if a man always told his wife the truth they wouldn't live together two months, and the poor lady would be miserable all the time. For instance I hate to carry packages around, so I systematically forget to buy the things that Mrs. B. tells me to get. If I told her I neglected it, she would think me a brute; so I curse the forgetful clerk who said he would send it up.

"She thinks it is all right, and I go around the next day and order the stuff delivered. Occasionally a fellow gets out of one of these scrapes in a very unexpected way. I was thinking of such a case when I introduced the subject. We used to lived in Toronto and shortly after we came here my little boy began to get fretful and cross, though he didn't seem to be really ill. My wife charged me to write to a certain druggist at Toronto for some kind of a herb that she couldn't find here. I forgot it, and for three weeks I had to abuse that druggist nearly every day. Finally a friend of Mrs. B., who had been West, stopped here on her way back to Toronto, and when she got ready to leave, my wife said:

"'I wish you would call at ——'s drug store when you get back and ask him why he doesn't send the medicine we ordered. Mr. B. sent him a dollar three weeks ago.'"

"The lady took down the name of the article wanted and I thought I was in for it. Three days later, when I had decided to blame the mails, we received the desired package and the same day a letter from the young lady saying:

"'I called at Mr. R.'s as you requested. He said he remembered receiving the dollar perfectly and had given the package to his brother to mail. He was very sorry it never reached you and promised to duplicate the order.'"

"I had to go out behind the house and laugh and Mrs. B. said:

"'Well I had begun to believe you never sent the letter.'

"I never told her that the druggist's remembrance of receiving the letter I never wrote was a mystery, and the little incident gave her renewed confidence in me. I can't explain now how it happened, but I think that Toronto man is either more forgetful or a more habitual liar than I am."—[Detroit Tribune.

A Hard Joke on a Bashful Couple.

A pretty girl from out of town had been staying for some time with a young lady friend in Buffalo, and as the time for her departure drew nigh a young man from out of town turned up and volunteered to attend the young girl on her homeward journey. The hostess put up a liberal lunch for the travelers and then filled in all the crevices with rice. She also put some in the young man's coat pockets, slid some into the young lady's parasol, and likewise deposited some in the depths of the young man's umbrella. Both boarded the train without noticing these suggestive additions to their traps.

The result is not yet known, but as the young man is slightly bashful, and the young lady is known to blush on slight provocation, the consequences, when the rice fell over the car floor, can be imagined.—[Buffalo Express.

Abominable Algernon.

Mrs. Newwed—Algernon, what did you mean by telling father that my biscuits were like tennis balls?

Algernon—I meant that they were light and springy.

Mrs. Newwed—Algernon, you mean thing, you didn't; you meant they were tough and rubbery and—boo—hoo.—[N. Y. Herald.

What the Old Man Said.

I am ten years old, pretty big for my age, and I have been teasing my mother to buy for me one of the new style pancake hats. To-day papa asked me what kind of a one I wanted, and I said "satin." He said that was not definite enough, for all of them looked that way to him. What did he mean?—[Dorabella Dunn in the New York Advertiser.

Proof Positive.

She—I saw Mr. Glummer and his wife at the theater this evening.

He—How do you know it was his wife.

She—Because they didn't exchange a dozen words all evening.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

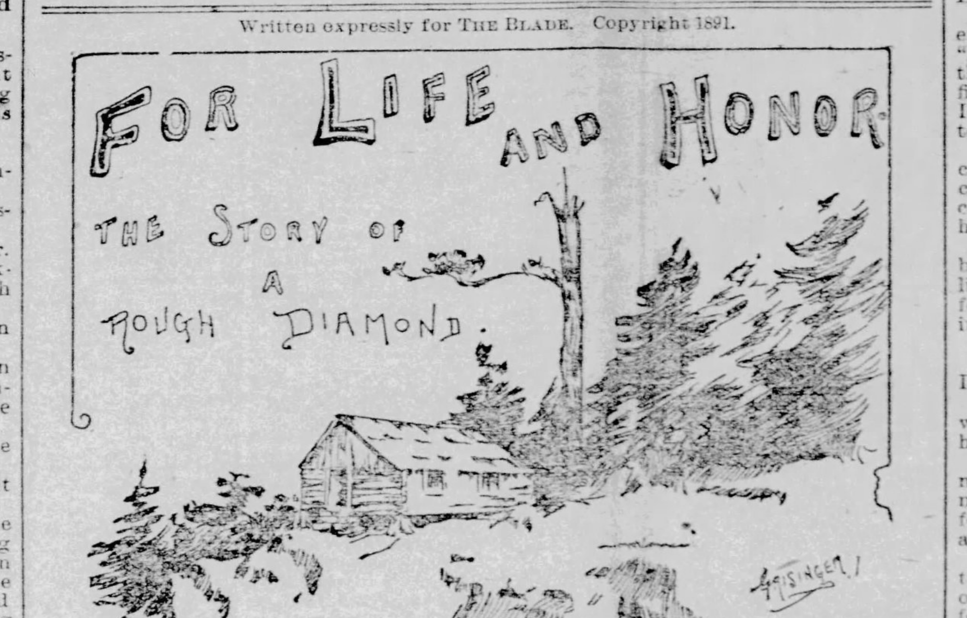
The Important Point.

Young Bride—What shall I cook to-day, George?

Young Husband—Oh, I don't care what, but I'd like to know what we're going to have to eat.—[Fliegende Blatter.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1891.



CHAPTER I.

It was near the close of a long, brilliant, California summer day. A wide stretch of valley was already in twilight, and the shadows were minute by minute climbing the western flank of the Sierras, whose summits were yet brilliant in the direct rays of the sun. The west road lay a dull red ribbon, as one gazed along its distant course through the gap in the foothills, along which it made its way. Just at the point where it dipped downward into the valley and turned northward along the course of the stream, here wide and shallow, but whose waters were still cold from their snowy sources in the distant range, lay a huge boulder, which was just now used as a seat by a man—the only living thing in the landscape. He was a young man still, not over 24, whose face and bearing contrasted strangely with the rough, torn clothing he wore. His face had a frank, open expression; over a high, full brow clustered masses of crisp, brown hair; his eyes were clear and piercing, and the hand with which he shaded them as he gazed sunward along the dusty road, was white and soft, and accentuated the difference between his person and his garb, which consisted of a coarse woolen shirt and rough pantaloons, which were stuffed into the top of a pair of heavy, worn boots. A black slouch hat was tilted on the back of his head, and a small bundle lying at his feet proclaimed him to be a traveler. Nothing was to be seen along the road, and the young man turned to follow it down the valley. Here the limit of vision was much shorter, for a hundred yards down stream the road passed into a dense grove of trees along the stream and was lost to sight. If he were waiting for some one, he evidently deemed it useless to wait longer; for, swinging his bundle over his shoulder by means of a stick, he started briskly down the road. He had barely reached the thick growth of trees before spoken of, when a man suddenly sprung from behind a huge live oak, with the one word, "Halt!" at the same time enforcing the demand by placing the muzzle of a heavy six-shooter in front of his breast.

Like a flash the young man dipped his head, and springing, before his would-be assailant could draw trigger, he practiced a maneuver, known to many schoolboys, of knocking his assailant backward by a well directed blow of his head in the pit of the latter's stomach. The pistol exploded, the bullet harmlessly cutting its way through the foliage of the tree, and before the stunned man could rise from the ground the young man had wrenched the pistol from his grasp, and, leaving his bundle on the ground, darted

"HE DARTED INTO THE WOODS."

into the woods at the side of the road. It was already dark among the trees, but guided by the sound of running water, the young man speedily reached the river's edge and waded the stream, which at the deepest part hardly reached to his knees. He climbed the opposite bank, and with a hasty backward glance, to see if his pursuer was yet in sight, he plunged again into the forest.

He pushed on rapidly, following the direct line as nearly as possible, as if impelled by fear of long-continued pursuit. The sun had sunk below the Western horizon, and the short twilight had deepened into night, when he came out of the woods into a rude trail, diagonally crossing the path, or rather course, for path there was none, which he had hitherto been pursuing.

He stopped to take breath and listen. The forest was absolutely silent. There was no moon, and the stars glittered against the almost black vault of the sky. His pursuer, if he had started on his trail, must have abandoned the hopeless task of tracking him through the black forest. He gazed up and down the trail in each direction, and after a moment's consideration turning to the right, as if feeling that this would take him further from whatever settlements might be in the valley, pursued his way.

He had proceeded perhaps a mile when he reached an opening in the forest. It was too dark to make out distinctly its nature, but a dim light shining a short distance ahead came from what seemed to be a rude cabin. Examining his pistol, to assure himself that the remaining chambers were loaded, and that it was ready for use in case it should be needed, he softly approached the structure. As he neared it, it resolved itself into a rude log cabin, with a lean-to at the end, from the unglassed window of which the light proceeded. On tiptoe he noiselessly approached the window and gazed inside.

A huge fireplace nearly filled one end of the structure, and on the hearth were a few dying embers. A rude table stood on the opposite side of the room, on which stood a lighted candle, a bottle serving as candle-stick. Seated at one end of the table was a young girl, and the fugitive noted her with curiosity. An old calico dress, evidently made for a much larger person than its wearer, was her only visible article of apparel. Her feet were bare. Her face could not be well seen, as her head was supported on both hands, and the tangled, black masses of her abundant hair hung down in elf-locks, and her eyes were fixed upon a torn newspaper lying upon the table, over which she was laboriously engaged, spelling out the words in an undertone.

Seeing her thus intent upon her literary labors, the fugitive took a position from which he could command the remainder of the interior of the cabin. A moment's inspection convinced him that it had no other occupant. After a hasty survey of the surroundings of the cabin, and a few minutes of hesitation, during which he was evidenly debating what course to pursue, he stepped boldly to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" came from the interior.

"A friend," was the prompt reply. "I have lost my way, and want food and shelter."

His voice was pleasant and well modulated, and there was a frank ring to it, which evidently determined the girl to believe its owner, for after an instant's hesitation she removed the rude bolt, and swung open the door.

The fugitive had previously placed the revolver in his belt, and entering the the cabin, removing his hat as he did so, he said, "Good evening," and proceeded to make himself at home by taking a seat on a rough bench at one side of the fireplace.

The girl, closing the door, came forward, and stood surveying him curiously. Her face was one which, while not beautiful, was certainly attractive, and the deep brown eyes gazed frankly and fearlessly, yet questioningly, on her visitor. The two regarded each other in silence for a moment; then the girl spoke:

"How'd you come here?"

"I—I—lost my way and struck the trail about a mile below. I followed it until I saw your light," indicating the candle by a motion of the hand.

"Tramp?" inquired she, sententiously.

A slight flush rose to the cheek of the young man, but he laughed slightly as he answered: "No, not a tramp. I have only lost my way; I want some supper—and I can pay for it. And then I wish to be directed on my way."

"Where are yer goin'?"

"I want to find the way to San Rafael."

"Yer took the wrong turn," answered she, swinging the tangled masses of hair back from her low, broad brow, with her two hands. "Yer ought to have took the down trail 'stead of the up."

"But I did not, as you see," smiled he in reply. "How far is it to San Rafael?"

"'Bout eight miles, I reckon. Where did you come from?" asked she, bending her deep brown eyes on him in inquiry.

Again a slight flush stole over the pale cheeks of the young man, and he answered, hurriedly: "From over the range. But I am hungry. Can you not get me something to eat?"

"I reckon," was her brief reply, and turning, on hospitable thoughts intent, she busied herself in preparing his supper. Stirring up the embers on the hearth, she placed thereon a huge tin coffee boiler, outwardly begrimed with soot, still half full of the fragrant liquid, which soon began to simmer and send forth its fragrant odor. Drawing the table to the middle of the floor, the girl produced from a cupboard standing in the corner of the room, a plate of cold boiled beef and cabbage, a loaf of bread, plate, knife and fork. The young man watched her as she swiftly moved about with a wild, free grace all her own. Placing a broken chair at his plate, she lifted the boiler from its place on the coals, and pouring a tin cupful of the steaming beverage, she exclaimed:

"Draw up, stranger; 'taint very much," she added in an apologetic tone, "but it's better nor nothin' on an empty stomach."

He needed no second invitation, but seating himself without more ado, began to eat with an energy which showed that his fast had been of some duration. The girl placed herself at the opposite side of the table, where she stood with arms akimbo, evidently pleased, her housewifely pride gratified at the gusto with which he had attacked the viands she had prepared.

"Hungry, ain't yer?" was her comment, as she poured a second cupful of steaming coffee.

"Rather," was the brief reply of the young man.

"Didn't have any dinner, did yer?"

"No," laughed the young man, and then, as if to preclude further questioning on her part, he inquired:

"Aren't you afraid to stay here alone, as you were this evening?"

"'Fraid! What of?" was her contemptuous reply. "But I do get kinder lonesome of evenin's, when pap's takin' his turn up at the mine."

"Do you live alone with your father?"

The girl nodded assent. "Me and pap's been livin' alone together ever since mam died—and that's two years come Christmas," she added.

"And what is your name?"

"My name's Rill—Rill Pease."

The young man look up inquiringly. "Rill? What is the full name?"

"Full name? Oh, Marilla Jane. I was named after my grandmam. I never saw her, though," she added, reflectively. "She died 'way back in Arkansaw, 'fore pap and mam left the states."

The young man poured himself a third tin cupful of coffee, which he drank, and leaning back in his chair he continued: "And how long is it since you left the states? How long have you lived here?"

"Me? Oh, I have lived here all my life—that is, I was borned on the plains, and pap come here when I was a little baby."

"And you have spent all your life since you can remember in this wild spot?"

Rill nodded her head affirmatively. "'Cept when I goes down to San Rafael once in a while with pap."

"Don't you find it dreadfully lonely living here?"

"No, not a bit. I never think of it when I'm busy doin' my housework, and when that's done I can go to the mine or up the mountain, clear up into the pine woods—oh, there's lots of places!"

"And of evenings you read, I see," said the young man, indicating the torn fragment of newspaper lying at the other end of the table.

Rill looked slightly embarrassed as her eyes followed the same direction. "Y—e—e—s, a little bit. There was a man here at the mine last summer—Big Dave they called him, and he larnt me to read some. That's a paper pap got last time he went to San Rafael. Hark!"

The young man sprang up, grasping his revolver as he did so. The tramp of several horses ridden rapidly, came to his ears. Evidently they were coming up the trail directly toward the cabin.

"Is it any of the mine people?" he whispered eagerly.

"No," answered Rill, also speaking in a whisper, "there ain't no horses 'bout the mine 'cept mules, and the boys never ride them hossback."

The fugitive's eyes glanced quickly around the room. There was no means of exit save through the door which the new comers were rapidly approaching. He was trapped.

Grasping the girl's slender arm in his excitement, he whispered hurriedly, "Rill, I must not be seen. These men, I think, are searching for me, and if they find me I must die for a crime which I never committed. They must not enter yonder door."

Rill's expressive eyes blazed with excitement, and the color flashed into her cheeks. "Shaw!" she whispered, "they can easily break that door offen its hinges. Wait."

Drawing the chair upon which he had been seated away from the table, she lifted one of the rough, broad planks forming the floor, from its place, disclosing a cavity underneath.

"Get in, quick," she whispered.

The young man hesitated. "Rill, can I trust you? You will not betray me?"

"Trust me? you bet. Jump in; they will never find yer," said she, grasping his hand in her eagerness.

Pressing her hand in return, the young man dropped into the opening. It was merely a rude excavation about four feet deep, evidently used at some time as a cellar.

Rill immediately replaced the plank in the floor and, drawing the chair directly over it, hurriedly grasped a knife and fork and began eating.

The horsemen, whoever they were, stopped in front of the door. "Hello, house!" said a gruff voice.

"Hello yerself!" answered Rill, as well as she could with her mouth full of boiled cabbage.

"Is that you, Rill?" called another voice.

"Yes; what's wantin'?" called Rill, at the same time going to the door and throwing it open.

Two men immediately stepped into the room, and several others, still mounted, were dimly visible in the darkness through the open doorway.

"Ev'nin', Rill," said one of the men

"HUNGRY, AIN'T YE?"

who had entered the room, whose voice proclaimed the second one who had before spoken.

"Hello, Charley," said Rill. "What is the matter?"

"Where's your father?" interrogated the man.

"Up at the mine," was the prompt reply.

"Nobody been here this evenin'?" pursued her questioner.

Rill shook her head, "Not a livin' soul. What you fellers after, anyhow?"

"We're after a man," began the one addressed as Charley, when the other interrupting, eagerly continued, "we're huntin' young Tempest—the feller that murdered his uncle over at Rosita. The boys was getting ready to lynch him last night, but when they got to the jail they found that he had skipped."

Rill had followed the man's story with open lips and dilated eyes. Her interest was evidently deeply excited. "How did he get out?" was her question.

"Blamed if I know," was the man's answer. "I was not there, but when the fellers got inside the jail, he was gone, and we traced him down to the turn in the up-valley road, just where it strikes the river. Jim Shanks met him there and had a tussle with him, but Tempest was too much for him. He knocked the wind out of him and lit out through the woods over this way, and we're huntin' of him."

"Hurry up, boys," came from one of the men on the outside.

"Wall, Rill," said the first speaker, with a rough attempt at politeness, "I guess we must be goin'. Haven't heered nothing about him, have yer?"

"No," replied Rill. "I was just eatin' my supper when you fellers rid up," and she laid down the fork, which she had held in her hand during the colloquy, and wiped her mouth of the remains of the cabbage on the sleeve of her calico dress.

"Evenin', Rill," called the man she had addressed as Charley, as the two men remounted their horses.

"Better go up to the mine," suggested the leader, and the whole party started off.

"Good night," called Rill. She stood in the open door until their figures were lost in the darkness. Then, closing and bolting it, she lifted the plank which covered the cellar. "I say, you can come out now. They're gone."

The fugitive—or George Tempest, to give him his real name—sprung from his concealment. Rill stood leaning upon the table as he replaced the plank. The pair stood a full minute gazing into each other's eyes without a word. The girl's dark orbs beamed as if they would burn into his inmost soul.

"I thank you, Rill; you have saved my life. I must get away before they return." With these words Tempest stepped toward the door.

Rill impulsively laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "Where be you goin'? They'll be mighty apt to pick you up. You are a stranger in these yer parts and can't tell which way to go."

"I must take my chances, Rill. Good night, little girl."

But Rill, placing her hands appealingly upon his arm, burst out with, "but Mr.—Mr.—Tempest—yer didn't do it, really, did yer?"

"No, Rill, indeed I did not. God bless you for your faith in me," he added with emotion, clasping the brown little hands of the mountain girl in both his own. "I loved my poor uncle dearly, and—"

"But who did, then?" interrupted Rill.

"That I do not know; but if I have life and liberty, I shall one day hunt the unknown scoundrel down. But I must go. Good-bye."

But Rill's detaining hand was still upon his arm. "Where be you goin'?"

"I do not know. I must get over the range somehow. Tired as I am, I must take advantage of the darkness to cheat my pursuers."

Rill started. "Yer must be 'bout beat out," she said, "and yer couldn't get over the range to-night nohow. I will hide yer, if yer'll let me; kin yer trust me?"

"Trust you, Rill?" and the grasp of his hand upon her own was more eloquent than any word could have been to express his entire confidence in her.

Rill sprung to the table, extinguished the candle, and grasping his hand, the two plunged out into the night.

CHAPTER II.

"Nob Hill," as it is called in derision by the masses of San Franciscans, is that quarter of the city especially favored as a residence location by the wealthy class—"nobs." In fact, and in spite of all efforts, "Nob Hill" it will remain until the end of the chapter, even though its residents succeed in veiling the origin of the name by spelling it "Knob Hill." The residence of Col. Vandeveer, while not the most pretentious as regards architecture, was certainly one of the most homelike in this aristocratic quarter. Like its owner, it was without sham or pretence, and its interior wore a homelike aspect; for, though its spacious rooms were sumptuously furnished, and upon its walls hung many fine works of art, the cheery atmosphere of home pervaded it. Col. Vandeveer's especial sanctum was the library, a cosy, pleasant room whose walls were everywhere, save at doors and windows, lined with bookcases for half their height, the upper portion being utilized to display a number of fine prints, richly framed. A heavy, square table covered with books and writing materials occupied the center of the room. In a large, leather armchair in front of this table, sat Col. Vandeveer himself—a tall, slender man, whose quick, decided manner betrayed his thorough business training, apparently about 50 years old. Opposite him was seated a young lady, intently engaged in perusing a magazine—a tall, slender, graceful girl, with fair hair and deep blue eyes, the ruddy hue of health glowing in the downy velvet of her cheek. Kate Vandeveer was the only daughter of the colonel, and she was his idol. Tall, like her father, her sweet face, blue eyes and golden hair were inherited from her mother. She wore a simple morning dress, whose soft, clinging folds set off her slender, graceful figure even better than a more elaborate costume would have done, and a simple knot of blue ribbon at her throat was the only ornament she had allowed herself, save a diamond ring, a birthday gift from her father on the 18th anniversary of that interesting event, not long since passed. Col. Vandeveer was busy opening letters, which had just arrived by the morning mail, making a brief memoranda on each for the guidance of his secretary.

"There, that's done," said the colonel, with a sigh of relief, shoving the heap of letters to one side and placing thereon a curiously veined fragment of silver quartz to serve as a paper weight. "Kate, where's the paper? Have you seen it?" continued he, impulsively pawing among the miscellaneous objects upon the table. "Have you seen the morning paper, Kate?"

"Is not that it in your pocket, papa?" answered his daughter, a roguish smile lurking in the corners of her mouth as she did so.

"Bless me, so it is," answered her father. "Remember putting it there. It had just been brought in as the breakfast bell rang, and I forgot to read it at the table."

The colonel threw himself back in his chair and opened the paper, while Kate returned to her magazine. But she was fated not to finish the article; for she was interrupted by an exclamation of intense astonishment from her father, who was sitting bolt upright in his chair, staring at the open paper.

"What is it, papa?" she inquired in surprise.

"Why—great heavens—Tempest is murdered!"

"Murdered? Which Tempest?"

"Tempest, my partner—old Henry Tempest—and by his nephew, young George."

"What, papa!" exclaimed Kate, springing from her chair, every vestige of color forsaking her face. "George Tempest a murderer?"

"So it seems—at least, he is accused of the deed."

"But, papa, how?" began Kate.

"There, child, sit down and I will read you the account."

Kate obeyed, and her father read the following from the telegraphic columns of the daily, under a Rosita date:

"This community was shocked early this morning by the discovery that one of the foulest and most atrocious murders that has ever stained the annals of the thriving little city of Rosita had been committed at some time during the previous night. The victim is no less a person than Mr. Henry Tempest, the leading banker of the city, a man well known throughout California, and who had formerly been a member of the famous stock-broking firm of Vandeveer, Tempest & Co. After the dissolution of the firm by the withdrawal of the senior partner, Col. Vandeveer, from active business, he had removed to this city to engage in banking. The crime takes on a darker dye from the fact that the murderer will probably be found to be no less a person than George Tempest, a nephew of the dead man, a young man hitherto highly esteemed and well known in the most exclusive society circles of this city. The circumstances of the atrocious deed, so far as known, all point to him as the criminal, and the additional fact that he can not be found, although the police have spent the day since the discovery of the crime in active search for him. The particulars of this harrowing tragedy are as follows:

"This morning, the janitor on arriving at the bank to discharge his customary duties, about 7:30, to his surprise found the front door fastened in some manner upon the inside. Unable to gain admittance, he repaired to the residence of the junior partner, Mr. Herman Bernstein, whom he found engaged at breakfast. Mr. Bernstein accompanied him to the bank, and finding it impossible to obtain entrance, immediately feared that a robbery had been committed and summoned the police. The door was forced and found to have been bolted on the inside. Nothing in the banking room proper appearing to be disturbed, the city marshal and his assistant proceeded to the rear room, occupied by Mr. Tempest as a private office, while Mr. Bernstein proceeded to examine the locks of the vault, to see if they had been tampered with. The marshal, on entering the rear room, was horrified to find the body of Mr. Tempest lying upon the floor by the side of the table, in the midst of a pool of blood. A closer examination of the body disclosed the fact that he had been shot through the right temple, evidently early the preceding night, as the body was cold and stiff. The weapon which had been used lay upon the floor near the corpse. It was a 32-caliber Smith & Wesson, pearl-handled, with every chamber loaded except the one from which the leaden messenger of death had sped to take the life of the victim. It was readily recognized as belonging to George Tempest, and was the first clue connecting him with the murder. The awful news spread like wildfire over the city, and the scene of the tragedy was soon surrounded by an excited concourse of citizens, eager to learn all obtainable particulars of the dastardly deed which had deprived the city of one of its most respected business men. A hasty examination of the vault by Mr. Bernstein showed that the contents were undisturbed, save that something like $2,000 in treasury notes is unaccounted for. This deepens the mystery, for if the murder were committed for gain, it is impossible to understand why all the ready cash, some $20,000 in all, was not taken. The locks had not been tampered with, and only the dead man and his partner, Mr. Bernstein, were acquainted with the combination. It is a mystery how George Tempest, the suspected criminal, obtained access to the vault, if the money was taken by him; for he was not employed in the establishment, infrequently visited it, and there were no signs of violence having been used to effect an entrance; while, as before stated, it is certain that he had not the secret of the combination of the lock.

"The coroner was immediately notified and held an inquest this afternoon. Meantime the police could find no trace of George Tempest. At the inquest the fact was developed that yesterday evening just after supper the murdered man appeared at the Occidental hotel, where George Tempest was boarding, evidently laboring under some strong excitement. He inquired very anxiously for his nephew, and finding that he was out left an imperative message with the clerk that George was to call on him at once before retiring, even if it were midnight. On leaving the hotel, Mr. Tempest spent some time searching for George on Main street. Several gentlemen testified as to his inquiring for his nephew and expressing vexation at his inability to find him. The young man's whereabouts during the evening is so far a mystery. He returned to the Occidental about 9 o'clock, and was at once informed by the clerk of his uncle's request. He immediately left the hotel and paid a visit to his uncle. The latter's housekeeper testified that an interview of nearly an hour followed in the chamber of the murdered man. She heard loud and angry words, but being somewhat deaf was unable to catch their purport. The two men then quitted the house, coming down street, and the last seen of either was by a policeman, who, on his rounds, met the two men at the corner of Main and Fourth streets, going in the direction of the bank. George Tempest does not seem to have returned to the hotel during the night, as his effects had not been disturbed when the room was examined this morning.

"LATER.—Word reached here during the evening that George Tempest was apprehended this afternoon at Parker's Flats, a small town some ten miles eastward of this city, and that he is now confined in the lock-up at that place, the arresting officer fearing to bring him here in the present excited state of public feeling. This action, however, probably precipitates Tempest's expiation of his awful crime, for from certain mysterious movements it seems certain that a lynching party left this city within an hour of the receipt of the news of his arrest, and the lock-up at Parker's Flats cannot stand the onset of any considerable attacking party. Had he been brought here he would have been comparatively safe in the magnificent new jail completed but a few months since. The probabilities are that George Tempest has ere this met his fate at the hands of the lynching party. But there is no telegraphic communication with Parker's Flats, and it is impossible to ascertain the state of affairs there."

Col. Vandeveer laid down the paper and rose to his feet. Kate glided from her chair, and grasping her father's arm, gazed up into his face with a beseeching look, crying out, "Papa, do you think it possible that George Tempest could have committed so foul a deed?"

"Think? I don't see why he should not. One would never have supposed it, of course, but it is just the men whom one would never dream of suspecting, who commit the most terrible crimes. But, guilty or not guilty, I suppose that George Tempest is dead before this."

"If he is dead, he died innocent," responded Kate, with heaving breast, flushed cheek and sparkling eye.

"There, Kate, the woman speaks. One of the most beautiful traits of womankind is the implicit confidence in the honor and rectitude of those of the opposite sex who have gained their esteem. But I must go down town. We have business relations with the Tempest bank." And he hurriedly left the room.

Kate dropped into the chair which her father had vacated, and picking up the paper, hurriedly read over the account of the murder. "It does not seem possible," she whispered to herself when she had finished; "and yet, why did he fly? No, George Tempest loved and respected his uncle. I will not believe it without better proof." And leaning wearily back in her chair, her memory flew back over the years of her acquaintanceship with young Tempest. They were girl and boy together, and that childish friendship and companionship had continued unbroken until Mr. Tempest's removal to Rosita, more than a year previous. George was an orphan, who had been reared by his uncle, and the affection existing between them was as close as that of father and son. It was incredible, monstrous, that George Tempest should have committed a crime that would have been almost parricide.

And when Kate returned to her room she stood long before the mantel, on which was a fine panel portrait of the young man, and gazed long and earnestly upon it. There was stirring at her heart, a feeling that could easily have been fanned into a brighter flame than that which burns on friendship's altar. No word of love had ever passed between them; their intercourse had been as frank and free as though they had been members of the same family. George was nearly of the same age as her only brother Harry, and the three young people, whose seniors were bound by ties of both friendship and business, found their intercourse unrestricted. The motherless George Tempest was always welcome at the Vandeveer residence, and Mrs. Vandeveer, pitying his lonely life, exerted herself to fill a mother's place, so far as that sacred duty can be performed by any third person. Kate Vandeveer was not in love with George Tempest. The master passion of humanity had never been wakened in her bosom, but her feeling toward him was such that it would take but little to have aroused her love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Missouri's Misleading Motto.

It will be remembered the Christian Endeavor societies of the Northwest had their annual gathering in St. Paul recently. As usual in conventions, the delegates wore badges designating the states from which they came, and upon them, in addition to this, was printed some motto expressive of the society to which they belonged. Among others the state of Missouri was represented in this galaxy of pious men and women and, like the rest, they also wore badges with inscriptions. A devout Republican Prohibitionist from Iowa met one of these Missourians with a white badge eighteen inches in length, and these words, printed in great letters, stared him in the face;

MISSOURI FOR CHRIST.

"Oh, h—l!" exclaimed the Iowan in disgust, forgetting his pious role and relapsing into his natural unconverted state, "Missouri for Christ! Pshaw! It gave Cleveland 84,000 majority!"—[Des Moines Anzeiger.

As Shown.

"Music," said the eminent pianist, as the reporter to whom he had kindly accorded an interview ran his pencil rapidly over the paper," is the most elevating of sciences. It moves the deeps of one's nature, refines the sensibilities and enlarges the heart. It—what were you about to ask?"

"I should like to know, sir, how you regard the distinguished virtuso, Prof. von Bergstein, as a musician."

"He is nothing, sir, but a cheap, vile imitator, a base counterfeit, a tenth-rate key board banger, sir!" exclaimed the eminent musician scowling fiercely.—[Chicago Tribune.

Daddie 'Rastus's Idea of Heaven.

"What did you see in New York that was most like heaven, Daddie 'Rastus?" asked his small boy admirer.

"Well, honey, I ain't see nuttin' like I tink ob hebben, but I see suppen made me tink wot 'e could be like."

"What, Daddie?"

"De deaf and dumb 'sylum; 'cause den I tink perhaps de chickens in de coops up dere am deaf and dumb."—[Judge.

Getting Even.

"Ah, play a little before you go, professor."

"I would like to, Miss Emma, but it's rather late and I might disturb the neighbors."

"Oh, don't bother about the neighbors. Besides, they poisoned our dog last week."—[Fliegende Blaetter.

Satisfied To Be In It.

She—So you are engaged to four girls at once! How are you going to get out of it?

He—I don't want to get out of it. How the deuce am I going to stay in? That's what's bothering me!—[Life.

A 16-INCH GUN'S WORK

A BRITISH ADMIRALTY TEST.

A Shell Sent Forty Feet Into Steel, Iron, Oak, Granite, Concrete and Brick—What Modern Ordnance Will Do.

In March last the British admiralty determined to test the full power of a sixteen-inch 110-ton rifle, made for the great warship Sanspareil. The gun was set up at Shoeburyness. In front of it was built such a target as the world never saw before. First, to receive the impact of the ball, was a solid steel armor plate of the best make, twenty inches thick. This was backed by an eight-inch iron plate. This in turn was backed by twenty feet of oak timbers, the whole being secured together to form the most solid mass possible. Back of the timbers was a granite wall five feet thick, and laid in cement. Then to brace the wall they built up a solid mass of concrete eleven feet thick, and a six-foot wall of brick.

To fully appreciate what a substantial mass this target presented, one must consider that the twenty-inch armor plate is the thickest ever used on a ship. The armor on the Empress of India, the very latest of British battle ships, is but eighteen inches thick, while her barbettes are seventeen inches. The eight inches of iron behind the armor plate of the target, was a most efficient backing because of its toughness. As to the oak, it should be remembered that "the wooden walls" of which the sailors used to sing, though never more than two feet thick, were able often to stop the projectiles of the enemy at short range. In this target was a twenty-foot wooden wall.

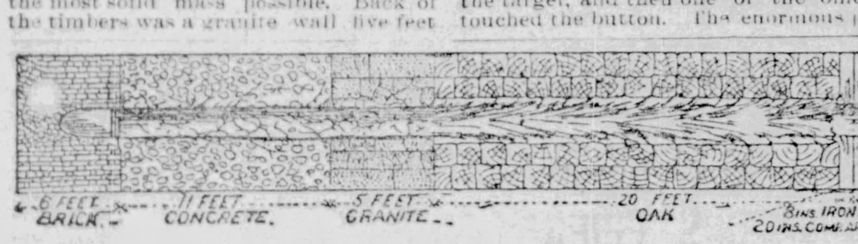
Children sometimes ask, in speaking of the big guns, "Could they shoot through a house?" In this target is a wall of granite five feet thick, and it is a mighty tall building that requires a five-foot wall at the street floor. But what need to say more? No better wall could be made for testing the power of a monster rifle than this.

A description of the gun that was fired at this target is worth giving. The diameter of the bore was sixteen inches. It consisted of a steel tube 47 feet long, around the breech of which had been shrunk numerous steel jackets to give it strength to resist the terrific strain of the exploding powder. The whole weight was 110 tons. It was mounted on a carriage which could be moved only as the gun itself was moved on its trunnions, by hydraulic and steam power. Having it in place before target, the gun's crew unscrewed the breech, hauled it out, and shoved it to one side, all by means of hydraulic engines. Then they hoisted up the projectile with another machine. This projectile was of solid steel, sharp pointed, and nearly four feet long. It weighed 1,800 pounds. It had a copper collar which was to catch in the rifles of the bore and send the projectile whirling.

This projectile was rammed into its place in the cannon with a machine. Then came the powder. This powder is made in little hexagonal cakes of a cocoa color with a hole through the center of each. Ten thousand of these little cakes are required for a charge for the big gun, and the weight of the charge is 960 pounds—more than half the weight of the projectile. In the most powerful express rifle used by sportsmen the proportion of the powder to bullet is as 120 to 300 grains. The cannon is away ahead.

The powder charge is made up into eight cartridges of 120 pounds each. The cartridge bags are of silk, and a layer of black powder, which burns faster than cocoa, is put in the after end of each bag. The charge of powder is rammed home by machinery.

Having the gun loaded the breech was closed, an electrical connection was made with the charge, the gun was pointed at the target, and then one of the officers touched the button. The enormous projectile was hurled from the muzzle at 2,079 feet per second through the armor plate, the eight-inch iron plate, the twenty feet of wood, the five feet of granite, and the eleven feet of concrete, to bury itself at last in the brick wall and remain there. In the accompanying engraving will be found a most interesting illustration of what the modern gun does. It is a picture made from the work actually done.



WORK OF A 16-INCH GUN.

Another way of comprehending the power of one of these great rifles is to consider the range. Roughly speaking, a rifle will throw a projectile a mile for every inch diameter of bore. The six-inch rifle has a range of six miles, the eight-inch of eight miles, &c. In actual practice the range of the sixteen-inch rifle is thirteen miles.

There are several serious drawbacks to this gun, however. The chief one is that it is not strong enough to sustain its own weight. The guns on board the battleship Victoria have a decided droop, and it is believed that guns of this size cannot be built up by the present system of construction with a certainty that they will maintain their shape. It is also admitted that their lifetime is very short, and that dependence could not be placed on their safety after about 70 shots. No more of these guns will be built for navy use, and it is doubtful whether they will be in much demand for fortifications.

Uncle Sam is now building a dozen 13-inch guns. One of 12-inch bore has been completed. The smaller sizes so far completed—the 6, 8, and 10-inch rifles—have, in all cases, proved themselves not only equal to the best made in other lands, but on the average a small per cent better. In two years, or three at most, the American navy will be fit to raise the temperature in any navy afloat.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Her Admiration for a Histrionic Gentleman, and How it Resulted.

She had starry eyes, and had not made up her mind. She was 16 and she had the soul of a woman. She was dainty, piquante, chic. To say something that individualizes: She had light yellow, fluffy hair; a skin thin and rosy, as though painted by Aurora; a nose waxen, tip-tilted; lips too thick to be classic, but pouting so as to persuade.

Her head was pretty; her heart throbbing. The world was to her an open book—and she was turning its pages! Life? She enjoyed it all as a butterfly enjoys a blue sky, a bee enjoys a blush rose.

She went to the matinee at the Avenue theater, and in the melodrama she saw a man with gray hair that curled on his neck—a man in his shirt sleeves defying villainy and the perpetrators thereof; a man with a straight, sensitive nose, a face smoothly-shaven, eyes lustrous and sad.

He was Hillary Harcourt, the leading man. He walked with a stride, he made love with ardor, and his voice trembled till it set all the strings of her heart vibrating.

She came again and again to see him act. In the afternoons, without telling any one, she came alone; in the evening she came with a box party or by pressing an older friend to take care of her.

She fancied he saw her and glanced at her instead of at the leading lady. As for that every other girl in the house had a similar impression.

Her one wish was to see him, to think of him. She bought 23 of his photographs, taken in as many different attitudes, costumes, lights.

She felt she must know him—of him. So she went to the silversmith and ordered a case filled with implements of the toilette; comb, brush, glove and shoe buttoner, and the like. As they were of silver, they were expensive; it took her pin money for a month to pay for them.

She had them marked with his initials, H. H.

She was nervous, but she wrote a little note in great perpendicular letters, in which she begged him to accept the case and to believe her to be—his constant and devoted admirer, Gladys Van Cortlandt.

For two days she heard nothing. If it had not been for Lord Byron and Lamartine, how could she have got through it all?

On the third day, in the afternoon, as she was alone in the house, came a ring at the bell.

She knew what it must mean, so she rushed to the door herself. A messenger stood there with a package under his arm and a receipt book in his hand. The book she signed; the package she carried to her own pink room, and set it down on a chair, curiously.

There was a letter fastened to the wrapper. She took it in her fingers. It was addressed to her.

She read it:

I return a package which my husband is unable to accept. TILLIE HARCOURT.

Gladys tore the letter into several pieces. She rang for a messenger, and countermanded an order which she had left that morning at the box office of the Avenue theater.

She had another use for her evening—destroying 22 photographs.—[Kate Field's Washington.

Made the Moon Blush.

"Do you know," he said in a low tone, "that I feel very narrow-minded when I come to see you?"

"Why?" She breathed the question very, very gently.

"Because then I am a man of one nigh dear."

And the good, sensible old moon, who had seen so much of that sort of thing, made all possible haste to retire behind the nearest cloud.—[Washington Star.

Entirely Impartial.

Traveler—Which is the shortest, quickest and best route to the West?

Ticket Agent—I don't know, sir.

"Have you no opinion on the subject?"

"None at all. They all pay the same commission now."—[New York Weekly.

Girlish Confidence Betrayed.

Susie—I don't want to seem flattered by the attentions of these men. I don't look as if I hadn't been used to such things, do I?

Amy—No. You look as if you were a belle before the war.—[Life.

Something in a Name.

The Guest—How this? Four dollars a day? Stopped here a year ago and paid only half that much.

The Proprietor—Just so. Then it was it was the "McGinnis Tavern." Now it's the "Hotel McGinnis."—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

Don't Trust Moonlight.

Girls, don't believe all the young men say to you on a moonlight night. Moonlight and truthful speaking don't travel together. If a young man tells you on a night that is stormy and threatening that he thinks a great deal of you, the chances are that he is telling the truth.—[Atchison Globe.

Sensational News.

Smiley—Did you hear of the great movement in real estate yesterday?

Riley—No; what was it?

Smiley—The earth made a complete revolution upon its axis.—[Exchange.

THE ORATORY OF CONKLING.

He Played With an Audience as Senator Quay Would With a Tarpon.

I first heard Roscoe Conkling make a stump speech during the Garfield Arthur campaign in 1880, says George Selwyn in the New York *Sun*.

Conkling was a guest at the New Dennison hotel, and, as was his habit, he kept himself "curtained from the gaze of the gross world" till the time came for his address. Two o'clock came, but Conkling did not appear. The audience was restless and impatient and cried loudly for Conkling. At just 3:10 in the afternoon Lord Roscoe, dressed in a new salt-and-pepper suit, radiant in a red necktie, walked proudly to the front of the platform.

He began in a conversational tone of voice, but warmed with his theme. He played with that vast audience as a skillful fisherman plays with a trout he first lures and then lands.

Postmaster Filley, of St. Louis, sat near Conkling, and in the midst of a bitter philippic of the great orator levelled at the Democracy, and in a bantering spirit said:

"What about Carl Schurz?"

Conkling turned unruffled and replied: "The gentleman from Missouri ought to know more than I do about this political casuist from Missouri; this intellectual gladiator who is skilled in splitting a hair 'twixt west and nor'west side.'"

This sally was warmly applauded by the vast audience, who hung with breathless interest on every syllable the orator uttered. Later on an organized effort to break up the meeting disturbed the speaker. He drew himself up to his full height and exclaimed, with earnest emphasis: "If a man endeavored, with deliberation, to break up a Republican meeting in New York—he would not live—to repeat the experiment!"

Mr. Conkling spoke three hours and ten minutes, but never mentioned the name of James A. Garfield, who was the candidate for President. He hated Garfield intensely, and his pride was so great that Conkling would not flatter Jupiter for his power to thunder, or Neptune for his trident.

HE GOT THE SEAT.

Ingenious Scheme of a Young Man to Sit Beside a Girl.

A nice young man got into a tram-car a few evenings ago, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance, says London *Tid Bits*.

He made for that with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his with delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he aksed. "Is he able to get out?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentlemen grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forhead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke out in a cold perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied, "I had been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman scowled upon them from the distant corner.

Whitelaw Reid in the Army.

General Rosecrans says the last time he saw Minister Whitelaw Reid was when Mr. Reid was a newspaper correspondent with his army in West Virginia for a Cincinnati paper, to which he sent a letter saying, among other things, that the secessionist sympathizers in the hostile regions thereabouts didn't have sense enough to cut the telegraph wires that ran through their territory. General Rosecrans sent for Mr. Reid and told him he ought to be shot, but to go over and see the judge advocate general. After reading the article, the latter said to Rosecrans, "No; I wouldn't do that. You ought to hang him." The general rode back to his quarters, telling Mr. Reid that he would settle the matter in the morning, but Mr. Reid had left the camp on a good fast horse before the appointed hour arrived. "But," General Rosecrans adds, "Mr. Reid and I have always been first-rate friends."

Sister or Brother?

She wore her brother's shirts and ties,
His collars, too, I swear,
And e'en his natty boating cap
Was perched upon her hair,
And he converted to his use
Her sash of ribbon red
And wore her tennis hat besides
Upon his curly head.
They looked alike so very much
You'd scarce know one from t'other,
So I don't know to which I "popped,"
The sister or the brother.
—[Boston News.

Cause for Anxiety.

Old Lady—"Doctor, do you think there is anything the matter with my lungs?"

Physician (after a careful examination)—"I find, madam, that your lungs are in a normal condition."

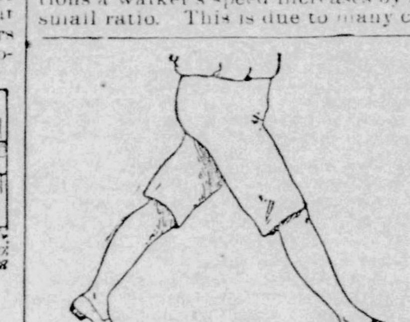
Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation) —"And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?"—[Pharmaceutical Era.

THE WAY TO WALK

HEEL AND TOE PEDESTRIANS.

Fair Striding Compared With the Unfair Methods of Getting Over the Ground—Good Judges of the Game Are Scarce.

There is no branch of athletics in which eminence is so difficult to attain as in heel-and-toe walking. A man, to excel at this game, must be remarkably strong in legs, loins, back and lungs, and he must be as game as the traditional pebble. He must practice long and steadily to master a style suited to his physique, and even when that is accomplished his gain in speed is remarkably slow. A natural sprint runner will, with practice, get to the limit of his speed in one season under advantageous circumstances, while under the same conditions a walker's speed increases by a very small ratio. This is due to many causes



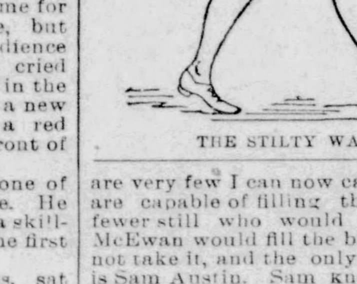
A FAIR STRIDE.

chiefly, however, to the lack of encouragement a tyro gets. If in a race he is momentarily carried away by excitement and breaks or skips, the enterprising judge of walking yells "One caution?" rattles the youngster and with the result that the latter is disqualified. In the meanwhile the old campaigner, with his eyes on the judge, deliberately breaks into a trot and overtakes the

AN UNFAIR STRIDE—GOING WITH BENT KNEES.

leaders. The deliberate "runner" uses his knowledge of how to skip and when and secures a prize; the youthful but honest "ped" is rattled by the judges and loses a trophy.

What is needed, both in this country and in England, is a judge of walking who knows a fair stride from an unfair one, and who can attend all meetings and officiate in all races. He should be paid, as the official handicapper is, and should be responsible to the A. A. U. Such a man would do more to promote interest in the game than all the valuable prizes ever offered. Such a man would, I know, be hard to get. There

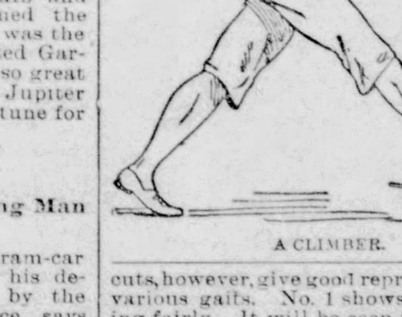


THE STILTY WALKER.

are very few I can now call to mind who are capable of filling the position, and fewer still who would accept it. Tom McEwan would fill the bill, but he would not take it, and the only man available is Sam Austin. Sam knows what walking is, and I believe he would act in the capacity I suggest.

I have often been amused by the comments of alleged critics during walking competitions. Men who have attended athletic games for years, and men who have competed in field sports, display surprising ignorance of what is a fair style of going. I have heard loud praises for men who were going with knees bent, in a style suggestive of hurdle racing, and I have seen fair walkers laughed at by the wiseacres.

The true method of walking fair as well as fast cannot be told in type. The novice must learn by watching experienced men. Only by example can the style be acquired. The accompanying



A CLIMBER.

cuts, however, give good representations of various gaits. No. 1 shows a man walking fairly. It will be seen that the right heel is on the ground at the same time as the toes of the left foot. The knees are straightened out and there is an almost imperceptible sinking of the left hip. This is due to the hip acting as a pivot from which the leg swings. It is a true stride. No. 2 shows a pedestrian also with his heel and toes on the ground, but with his knees bent. This is unfair and the alleged walker could top small hurdles. This was the gait adopted by Billy O'Keefe when at top speed. No. 3 shows a stilty walker, one who has little or no hip movement, but who walks from the knees alone. It is almost impossible for a man to move fast and fairly who has this style. No. 4 portrays a "climber." Such a walker can cover the ground at a remarkable pace, but, as he is in the air half the time, he seldom goes far before the judge gives him permission to retire.—[New York Recorder.

La Fayette's Grave.

There isn't much satisfaction for Americans in the story which the Buffalo *Commercial* has from a Paris paper, to which a Yankee tourist recently wrote complaining that the tomb of La Fayette is sadly neglected; that no attempt had been made to decorate the grave, although there are thousands of Americans in Paris. The writer says he found a ragged American flag on the grave, and this he replaced by a new one. In all France there remains not one person named La Fayette, and Monsieur Maurice Bureaux du Pusy now asks permission to add to his own name that of La Fayette. And this is the same La Fayette whom children are taught to revere as being almost the coequal of Washington in service for American independence!

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Swelling in Horse.

J. T. H., Ocean county, N. J.: In nine cases out of ten when a horse appears lame in the shoulder the true seat of the pain may be located elsewhere. The commonly accepted term of sweeny for shrinking, or atrophy of the shoulder, is of German origin, and means to grow less. The first thing to be done when a horse exhibits pain in the shoulder is to examine the foot for corns. If found, by removing them the horse will soon recover. If the foot is all right, then examine closely the leg, from fetlock upward, to ascertain if the tendons are sensitive to the touch. If there is soreness or heat you have found the seat of the trouble. If the soreness is located in the muscles of the shoulder, at once give the animal a rest. Bathe the shoulder around the sore with spirits of camphor 1 oz.; vinegar, 4 ozs.; water, 1 pint. When the inflammation is gone, mix together the following at a gentle heat and apply every other day: Iodine, 1 drachm; iodide of potash, 2 drachms; lard, 2 ozs.

Coughs and Runs at the Nose.

J. L. J., Missouri: A cough is a symptom of many and very diverse forms of disease, and to successfully treat an animal the irritant that gives rise to the trouble must be found. Judging from your letter, your mare has contracted a cold and she is suffering from catarrhal discharges from the nose. You are advised to rub her throat with mustard, of the consistency of thick cream, from the margin of the lower jaw to about a foot down the throat. As soon as it dries, wash it off. Then give internally, twice a day for a week, the following: Sulphate of copper, 1 drachm; nitre, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 drachm. This much for a dose, made into a ball with linseed meal and molasses. Give no corn but plenty of grass and easily digested food. Dampen all hay and oats a little, just sufficient to allay the dust. Put the mare where she will not be in direct draughts of air, and be careful if she sweats to rub her dry as soon as she enters the stable.

Horse's Mane and Tail Affected.

P. R. K., Illinois: The editor is of the opinion that the mane and tail of your horse is attacked by a parasite. You are advised to take of strong mercurial ointment, ½ oz.; castor oil, 2 ozs.; oil of origanum, ½ oz.; cacao butter, 3 ozs. Melt the butter, and then rub all the ingredients down together in an iron receptacle that has been well warmed. This is a gentle stimulant. Before applying, wash the parts affected with warm water and soap. The cacao butter may be had of almost any druggist. If the horse has anything like constipation, a dose of 15 ozs. of raw linseed oil and an ounce of saltpetre should be given him before applying the above.

Mare Lame in Fetlock Joint.

R. M., St. Joseph's county, Michigan: Perhaps your mare has a corn in her foot. Have a close examination made. If the seat of the trouble is in the joint, rub with red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Mix well, and rub a little in each night about the size of a hulled walnut. Wash off once a day with warm water and soap. This is a gentle sweating blister, and is at times very effective. Before doing anything you should be absolutely certain at what point the disease is located.

Horse Liniment.

J. R. L., West Virginia: A very good horse liniment is: Linseed oil, 8 ozs.; turpentine, 8 ozs.; oil of origanum, 4 ozs. For sprains and bruises this liniment is excellent.

Scaly Legs in Fowls.

J. B., Michigan: Scaly legs in fowls is caused by a parasite. To kill the parasites rub the legs of the fowls with crude petroleum once a day for about a month. About the roup, as soon as you see a fowl with the disease, remove it from the others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Blackberry Wine.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I see G. H. H. wants to know how to make blackberry wine:

First, mash the berries, and to eight gallons of berries add one gallon of water. Put them in an open vessel and let stand from 24 to 36 hours, according to the temperature of the weather, and then strain out and measure juice, and to each gallon of juice add three pounds of good C sugar, and put in open vessels and skim every morning for about nine mornings and then cork tight, and when three months' old, rack off and add one pound of granulated sugar to five gallons of wine. I have tried the above recipe for many years and never lost any. Will some one give a recipe for keeping bugs out of beans? We can't save seed beans in this country; the bugs eats them into a dust.—R. A. GOOD, Boyle county, Ky.

What is the Matter with the Bees?

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD: — Will some reader of THE BLADE tell me what is the matter with my bees? A year ago this summer I caught a large swarm of bees. They went to work, hatched out a brood, and I noticed them carrying off bees. I examined them. They were workers, but on their feet were yellow flakes or feathers, so they could not hold on to anything. Another bee would drag them out and carry them off the same. They threw out two swarms this summer, and I see that they are carrying so many off. They are the large yellow bee. What is the matter, and what can I do for them? I use the Louptrett hive. —V. F. HUMDLEY, Clinton county, Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Asparagus.

Scarcely one farmer in 500 has wholesome, appetizing and nutritious asparagus in plenty in the spring. They think it hard to grow and troublesome. While, in fact, it is of the least trouble to have it in abundance. For the farm all that is necessary is to get 50 to 100 2-year old plants—they are cheap—and plant them quite deeply in a moist soil where they will get the washings of the barnyard if possible. Cultivate them the first year. After that they can take care of themselves. If the soil is not deep and rich, however, they should have abundance of manure annually. After cutting the "grass" for greens do not let stock eat the stalks, for the plants should mature a vigorous growth, otherwise the spring shoots will be weak. One little patch of asparagus covering only a rod or two of ground has supplied a large family for thirty-five years without an hour's work being given to it. The young shoots, even when a foot and a half high, are delicious. Broken into bits, stewed in water with a little salt, and served with milk, butter and crackers, same as fresh oysters, it is nearly equal to a stew of that bivalve. Asparagus is one of the luxuries every farmer should have for two months in the spring.—[Fruit World.

Minutiæ of Cheese Making.

A subscriber begs that we publish once more a recipe for making cheese.

First, if the cream has risen over night and is to be worked in, it is taken from the milk and thinned with warm (never hot) water, until it will pass through a milk strainer. It is then stirred into the milk, after which the morning's milk is added.

The milk is next heated to 85 to 90 degrees, and the rennet added and stirred in thoroughly. When the cheese first comes it looks like clabbered milk. It is then sliced carefully, both ways, with a strip of tin, or a long, thin-bladed knife, and, after this, allowed to stand until it settles well under the whey. The whole is then gradually heated to 100 to 115 degrees, and the curd lightly broken up into pieces about the size of a thimble. At this temperature it remains, with occasional gentle stirring to aeriate the curd, and to bring every portion of it into contact with the whey, until it is slightly acid, feels springy, squeaks a little when chewed, and shows no milky appearance when broken open. At this point the whey is drained off as quickly as may be, this process being hastened by slicing and breaking the curd several times. Work it until cool, dry, and as fine as small peas, (some say wheat kernels) and salt it at the rate of one ounce to five pounds of curd.

The curd is now ready for the press. The last operations have been performed with the curd in the cheese cloth; this or a dry one is now laid into the hoop, with the curd inside it, the corners are turned well over the top, and the follower, which should not fit too tightly, is put in place, and a light weight applied.

All this varying process, which must not be hurried, has taken perhaps four hours. The cheese is pressed during the afternoon, and turned at night, when a fresh cloth is used, and the top covered smoothly with a fitted piece, the extra corners being now above the follower, not under it as before. Press 12 to 18 hours with an increasing weight. After removing, rub with lard or butter; turn once a day, or oftener. A cheese may be used when from two to four weeks old; of course it is better older.

As regards the rennet, it may be prepared at home, by turning and emptying a calf's rennet, filling it with salt and then drying it. For several days before it is needed, it is to be soaked in a quart of strong brine, to which the juice of a lemon is added. Mr. Waldo F. Brown advises the use of the liquid rennet extract, as it comes from the store, although he states that he himself uses the home prepared. Enough should be used to bring the cheese in from twenty minutes to half an hour. Experience will soon determine the amount, ordinarily a tablespoonful to five gallons of milk. Some maxims:

1. The great secret in having soft skim-milk cheese is not to scald too much. It need to be heated only so that it will not fall to pieces when taken up in the hand.

2. A cheese may be spoiled by too heavy pressing at first. If the whey runs off white or creamy, instead of colorless, something is wrong. Again, by too much pressure at first, a rind is formed, the whey forced to the center, and a leaky cheese is the result.

3. A cheese may be greatly injured by allowing a current of air to strike it when first removed from the press. The rind will check into innumerable fine sections in a very few minutes, and these cracks invite the skipper fly.—[Rural New Yorker.

The Feed Makes the Egg.

In building up a strain of extra layers, while it has become a well established fact with me that the selection of the breeding stock is of great importance, it is also a fact that feeding and care must receive especial attention in order that the chicks shall be properly grown and built up to enable them to perform the work they are intended to do. To do this, the chick should be generously fed from birth with food suitable for the promotion of rapid and strong growth without fattening. A daily supply of green food and an opportunity for exercise must not be overlooked. I am an advocate of heavy feeding in connection with plenty of exercise, both for growing chicks and laying hens. I find also that the foods best suited for the growth of strong, bony, muscular chicks are also best suited to large egg production, and that the eggs when used for hatching invariably hatch well. I never find it necessary to provide any special diet during the moulting period, as a naturally strong and vigorous hen that has been properly fed and cared for during the year previous, will moult quickly and safely, and I can furnish positive proof that many such birds will do considerable singing and lay some eggs during the time. I want none of the so called patent egg foods, condition powders or drugs of any kind; but plenty of good, clean, sound grain, such as oats, wheat, barley, corn and buckwheat, using largely of the first two named. A mixture of ground oats and corn, equal weights, with their weight of bran added and the whole moistened with skim-milk, makes up the morning meal when the hens are always hungry and are allowed all they will eat up clean in 15 or 20 minutes. If any of the food remains in the trough at the end of that time it is taken away at once. Whole grain is fed at noon and night in litter, so that they must exercise to get it; yet care is taken to see that they get enough to satisfy them before going upon their perches at night. Before feeding the grain at noon, a feed of green food is given, which is greatly relished. Green clover cut fine and kale supply this want in summer, and cabbage, beets and turnips in winter. A little skim-milk is given for drink in the fore part of the day, with a supply of good, pure, clean water the rest of the time. No musty or impure food of any kind is ever given for the reason that it is believed to be injurious to the health of the fowls and to impart a bad flavor to the eggs.—[Cor. Rural New Yorker.

Bagging Tomatoes.

Tomatoes bagged at the Rural grounds just after the fruit had well set have ripened at least ten days earlier than the rest, being as much improved in appearance as grapes are improved by the same treatment. It is further worthy of note that the bagged specimens ripen about the stem perfectly. That grapes should be somewhat retarded in ripening by bagging and tomatoes advanced is not easily explained. If during other seasons as well as the present it should appear that the ripening of tomatoes may be hastened by a week or ten days in this way, it will prove a valuable discovery, since it is very easy to bag the tomatoes at a trifling cost.—[Rural New Yorker.

Construction of Silos.

Bulletin 28 of the Wisconsin Experiment Station is devoted to Silos, their location, construction and arrangement; methods of preserving silage from decay, filling, etc. Observation of various materials used and methods employed in building, preserving, filling and covering, throughout the state go to show:

1. That a round silo lasts longest and preserves the ensilage best, as it has the least possible surface, fewest cracks and corners; costs least and is strongest because the siding, lining, etc., acting as hoops give additional strength; so light material may be used—2. That the deeper the silo and the smoother the sides the better, as the increased weight of ensilage secures firmer packing, and excludes the air better than in a shallow one. Also there is less surface exposed at the top.

3. The ensilage should be fed from the top, as this exposes less to the air than when taken from the side.

4. That for the same reason large silos should be divided into compartments, and one compartment fed out at a time.

5. That unless feeding is begun soon after the silo is filled, a close cover should be provided. Such protection may consist of coarse hay, chaff, straw, earth, boards, etc., the necessary condition being that the air is excluded.

6. That the bottom of the silo should be so constructed as to exclude rats, by a layer of small stones or grout laid before the cement is applied.

In constructing a silo, only sound and well seasoned timber should be used. Unsound or sappy wood will rot out in a short time. If any difference exists, the best lumber should be reserved for the inside lining, and should be placed at the bottom. Perfect ventilation on both sides of the lining, beams, sills, etc., should be provided, to prevent rotting. The best linings consist of two layers of narrow boards with tarred paper between them. It is not essential that the linings should be matched, but the boards should be of uniform width. The lining may be made more effective by painting the sides next the paper with hot coal tar. The sills should likewise be tarred, and should rest on a good stone wall.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE BOY.

He worried the cat,
He played rat-tat-tat
On the window panes, fully an hour by the clock;
He tried roller skates
Where dishes and plates
In jeopardy lay, till some fell, with a shock.

With an Indian yell
On the doll's house he fell,
And added that poor dolly's scalp to his belt;
And then knocked off its toes,
And its fair Grecian nose—
Which same was of wax—he proceeded to melt.

Two tubs he upset
Without one regret;
He stood on his head till his face turned blue;
A curtain he tore,
And then sighed for more
Inventively mischievous things he might do.

He hid granny's "specs."
But that didn't vex;
Her face brightened up with his fun and his noise,
"One sweet kiss repaid
For all," so she said,
Resignedly adding that "boys will be boys!"

But strangest of all,
At night's quiet fall,
How meekly, how placidly this rogue would say,
"Good night, mamma dear!
Good night, papa dear!
I've tried hard to be such a good boy to-day!"

Only Two.

Clara—There are many ways to wealth, Tom, aren't there?

Tom (the electic M. D.)—Yes, sis, but only two paths to health.

Clara—And what are they?

Tom—Homœopath and Allopath.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Friendly Tip.

Elderly Young Lady—How is it that you have never got married yet, Baron?

Baron—I have always been jilted, senorita.

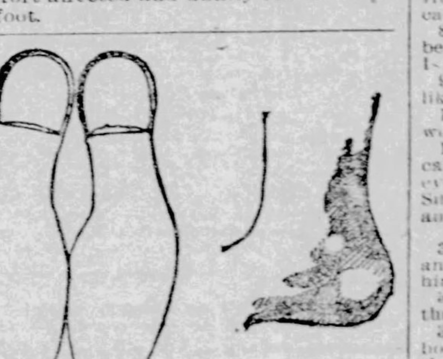
Elderly Young Lady—Ah! And won't you make at least one more trial?—[El Dia.

SHOES THAT DO NOT FIT

HOW THE POOR FOOT IS ABUSED.

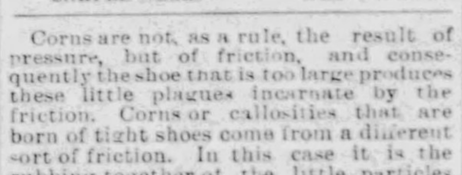
Causes of Corns and Bunions—Loose Shoes, Tight Shoes, High Shoes, Low Shoes—How to Care For Footwear.

A man may wear a coat that is much too large, says the author, or a pair of trousers that are considerably too short, and the only effect is the tendency such may have to be ludicrous—his health is not affected, or, in other words, the length, size, color, style or make of a man's coat has no effect upon his health; but how is it with his shoes? The moment they are too short, too narrow, too large or too small, that moment is his comfort affected and finally the health of his foot.



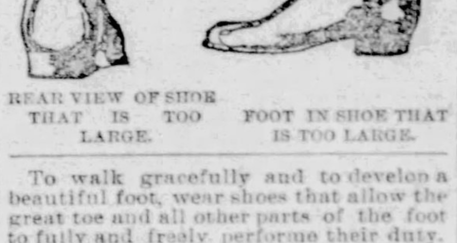
PROPERLY DRAFTED RIGHT AND LEFT SOLES. NATURAL POSITION OF FOOT.

Comfort is the first indication of the good fitting shoe. But it is in the idea of what constitutes a good-fitting shoe that most people err, for not always is the comfortable shoe a good-fitting one. The man who has been wedging his feet into tight shoes would, upon putting on a loose shoe, pronounce it deliciously comfortable. But that their feet would not escape the ravages of corns and bunions is certain. If the shoe room were as large as that seen in the illustration the comfort would be of very short duration, for the slipping up and down at the heel would be of such a pronounced character as to cause the skin to break and the foot become so sore as to preclude the wearing of the shoe. Were it a little tighter, then the gentle chafing at the heel would soon cause callosities, while the too free movement of the foot at ball and toe would produce a like result.



SHOE WITH PROPERLY SHAPED HEEL. CURVE OF AVERAGE FOOT.

Corns are not, as a rule, the result of pressure, but of friction, and consequently the shoe that is too large produces these little plagues incarnate by the friction. Corns or callosities that are born of tight shoes come from a different sort of friction. In this case it is the rubbing together of the little particles of the skin. The shoe being tight, holds them firmly in its grasp, so to speak, and with the movement of the foot these particles from which the very life has been squeezed, rubbing together, begin to harden until a sort of hard seed is formed. As it is within the nature of all seed to grow, this little mite, at first no larger than a pin head, soon develops into a corn of lively growth.



REAR VIEW OF SHOE THAT IS TOO LARGE. FOOT IN SHOE THAT IS TOO LARGE.

To walk gracefully and to develop a beautiful foot, wear shoes that allow the great toe and all other parts of the foot to fully and freely perform their duty. The sole must be light and flexible, not so light as to allow the foot to come in such close contact with the ground as to feel any change from heat to cold, but by all means have it flexible.

Too often the shoemaker and customer alike think that minor details are of but little importance. On such the writer desires to impress the fact that the shoe is made up of minor points, and that the comfortable whole is nothing but the joining together of minor parts that are faultless.

If the feet are tender and painful after long standing or walking, he says great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knee with the hands. When the water becomes too cool rub briskly with a flesh towel. This method, if followed night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

Regarding the use of the towel, it can not be too strongly emphasized that a coarse towel should never be used on tender feet, and seldom on those that are not. The coarse crash towels that are too often used in the bath should give place to the fine damask or soft Turkish, as coarse crash is almost poison to sensitive skins, and often causes irritation and a small eruption like rash.

Shoes that are worn regularly, if cared for will last much longer than if neglected; therefore particular attention should be paid in every house to the care of shoes. Strange to say, women, as a rule, are less inclined to give thought or care to their shoes than are the men. One reason for this is that they have not had the opportunity, or taken the pains to inform themselves as to how a shoe should be cared for so that the most possible wear can be got out of it, or how to keep it so that it will at all times look its best. An active woman will destroy more upper leather in the house in a given time than she will on the street; there are many more obstacles to the square yard to be encountered in the house than on the sidewalk; more stair climbing, more rubbing of feet on the chair rounds, and last, but not least, more feet sat upon in that luxurious feminine pose.

The wear of uppers of women's shoes by the friction of the skirts is greater than many people suppose. Men's trousers do very little damage compared to the heavy and constant rubbing of the skirts against the back of the shoes. There are no shoes made for women that will compete with men's calf shoes in durability under hard knocks, but as women do not and will not wear calfskin shoes, they are at a disadvantage in this respect. Much of the annoyance caused by the fraying out of boot tops can be avoided if women could become accustomed to the wearing of low shoes about the house.

SUNSET IN THE CITY.

Adown the dusty streets, each side bound in
With piles of ruddy brick and granite gray,
A tranquil beauty steals at close of day,
Breathing of peace, afar from earth's harsh din
And all the strifes which do with life begin.
Each window catches something of the light,
And those who weary for the calm of night
Take heart in looking out where clouds burnt thin
With mystic fires, seem momently to melt
To let a vision through. The paved way,
Like some old guide-post, points to where belt
Of hills arise, on whose crest doth lie
A misty veil, through which faint rays still shine—
The earthly reflex of a Love Divine.
—[Boston Transcript.

Not the Man He Was Looking For.

Man of the House (quietly, but firmly, as he presents a pistol at the head of the burglar who has just thrown his leg over the window-sill)—"Were you looking for anybody?"

Burglar (with equal nerve)—"Yes, I was looking for Mr. Billtops."

Man of the House (coldly)—"Mr. Billtops lives in the next block; around the corner."

Burglar (politely, as he takes his leg off the window-sill)—"Ah! pardon me." —[New York Sun.

The Sunday School.

Christ and the Blind Man.

LESSON XI. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1891.

Golden Text:—One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—John 9: 25.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 9: 1-11, 35-38.)

1. And Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth.
2. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?
3. Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the work of God should be made manifest in him.
4. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.
5. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.
6. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay.
7. And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.
8. The neighbors therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged?
9. Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he.
10. Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened?
11. He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight.

* * * * * * * *

35. Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?
36. He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?
37. And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee.
38. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Blind from his birth (v. 1). It is not in any sense true that all men are born free and equal. All men are born with more or less of chains about them and of defects in them. And some men are at a great disadvantage with their fellows from the start. Unless we can overcome difficulties for which we are not ourselves directly responsible, and with which we came into the world, our race in life is a hopeless one. Hence it is that only the Physician who can cure troubles that began before we were born can really give us the help we need.

His disciples asked, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind? Jesus answered, Neither did this man sin, nor his parents (vs. 2, 3.) Jesus evidently did not mean that neither this man nor either of his parents was a sinner; nor yet that bodily infirmity and disease are not a consequence of sin. These points are settled by the whole sweep of Scripture teaching. They were obviously not called in question by the disciples. But Jesus did here indicate that not every case of bodily infirmity is a specific result of personal sinning. His teaching on this point applies peculiarly to the false doctrine, still so prevalent, that all sickness and bodily disorders are the immediate consequence of sinning. Whether a disciple of Jesus is to have sickness or health, is a question to be settled by God himself, according to his knowledge of what is for God's glory and for the disciple's truest good.

I must work the works of him that sent me (v. 4). All of us have a share in working the works of God, but only God deserves the glory of the origin or of the results of those works. None of us have a right to do any work that is not God's work, but all of us can find enough to do in the direction of God's working. There is only one source of wisdom, only one source of true goodness; but there is endless variety in the methods of showing that wisdom, and of following that guidance. God plans all. Jesus discloses God plans. All of us can follow Jesus, can imitate Jesus, can work with Jesus in the all-inclusive, all-harmonious works of God. God sent Jesus to show us what to do. Our duty is to have a share in the work which Jesus came to illustrate and direct.

The night cometh, when no man can work. Our time for work is short enough at the best. Even if we were to keep awake at night, others would sleep, and our work with and for them must be intermitted. But we also must sleep. Every night brings its call to us to cease our labors and to rest. Only while it is day can we do the work of day. Planting must be done in seed time. Tending the field must be done in growing-time. Harvesting must be done when the crop is ripe. We must make hay while the sun shines. We must grind our grist while the water is flowing by the mill. We must teach the child while he is the child. We must show love while the loved ones are still with us. We must prepare for the future while it is still to-day. We must leave nothing of the day's work until after the sun is down; for the night cometh, when no man can work.

He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed his eyes with the clay, and said unto him, go, wash in the pool of Siloam (vs. 6, 7.) Did this show a lack of faith on Jesus's part? Did it indicate an undue reliance on human means. It certainly was not an entire rejection of all medical treatment. The spittle-mingled clay was and is a favorite application to sore eyes in the east. Jesus made use of it, and added the direction of a washing in a specified pool. It was in connection with the employment of such means that Jesus gave his blessing which made the means effectual for a cure. But then he had not read that verse in James's epistle—as expounded and applied by some modern commentators! It really looks as if the words and the methods of Jesus, in the working of this miracle, were designed to teach the very truth which seems lost sight of by many modern advocates of a neglect of proper medical treatment in the case of bodily disease or infirmities.

The neighbors said, is not this he? Others said, it is he; others said, no, but he is like him. He said, I am he (vs. 8, 9). Others could doubt the man's identity; but he knew that he was himselves. And there is just this questioning and doubting about all of us; with just this possibility of our knowing ourself. And there is just this questioning and doubting about us; with just this possibility of our knowing ourselves, even if everybody else is in doubt. We do not always show ourselves in the same way. Even those who have before thought that they knew us may come to question whether we are just what they supposed us to be. They do not see the old look in our faces, the old way in our conduct. It may be that we seem better than they had deemed us; it may be that we seem worse. They wonder about us. But we know that we are the same as before. There is sometimes a comfort in this consciousness that, even if the one who knows us best has a doubt of us, we can say in our heart of hearts that we are unchanged—unchanged in our truest personality, and in all that that personality involves and indicates.

Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that speaketh with thee (v. 37). This statement is as true to us as it was to the man to whom it was first spoken. He knew the voice of Jesus, and understood the commands of Jesus before he could see the face of Jesus. In a sense, he saw Jesus without seeing him. So it is with us all. We see the proofs of the love and power of Jesus, beyond all that our natural sight discloses to us. And we hear his voice, beyond all that our natural ears can distinguish of the loving tones of that voice. No one of us has need of other proofs of our Lord's identity than those which have already been made known to us.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

How Folks Sleep in Paris.

Everybody in this country sleeps in hammocks, or as they call them, redes. In each house will be found probably one bed draped with a canopy of lace or mosquito netting, and dressed as the ladies say with sham pillows, creating the impression that it is more for ornament than for use. If there be a dozen in a family each will have his or her own rede, and, if necessary, be prepared to take it up and walk.

The redes may be of different colors, but as a rule the majority are of white material that may be washed. The girls of the family will have their redes strung in one room side by side, merely giving one another sufficient room to swing freely, and they all swing and talk themselves to sleep, the pendulum motion of the redes only ceasing when they become too weary to reach out and kick it into motion again.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

All Around Sport.

"What are you crying about, my little man?"

"Jimmy O'Brien licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, an' now I suppose I shall catch it again from father."

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "narves.")
And the poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak,
She grew better at once and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of "female weakness," yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles.

It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine and a positive remedy for "female weaknesses" and ailments. All functional disturbances, irregularities, and derangements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

Read the guarantee on the wrapper.

You lose nothing if it doesn't help you—but it will.

COL. L. L. POLK,

President of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union.

Col. L. L. Polk, the president of the Farmers' Alliance, is a Southerner. He is the owner and editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, of Raleigh, N. C., which place is also supposed to be his home. His duties, however, do not give him much opportunity to write for it, so constant and pressing are the demands upon his time. Col. Polk was born 36 years ago; and since early manhood has been aggressive and progressive. How popular he is in his order may be seen from the fact that out of the vast numbers of the

COL. POLK.

members of the Farmers' Alliance he was chosen president. He now makes his headquarters at Washington, D. C., and the amount of business he disposes of in a short time is immense.

The Raleigh *News and Observer* is waging bitter war on Polk. In its issue of August 21 it said:

It is amusing to witness the insistance of the *Progressive Farmer* that it and Col. Polk constitute the Alliance. It studies to keep prominent in its columns the idea that every criticism of Col. Polk is an act of hostility to the Alliance. There never was anything more ridiculous and contemptible than the effort of the *Progressive Farmer* to connect, as inseparable, the interest of the farmers with the political interest of Col. Polk. Why, we suppose if any one were to charge that Lieut. L. L. Polk proved a coward in a battle, the *Progressive Farmer* would immediately reply that it was a reflection upon the bravery of Gen. Lee's army.

This is not the first time that hints reflecting on Colonel Polk's war record have been thrown out. Something of the sort was charged against him during the Kansas senatorial fight. He is said to have shown the white feather at the battle of Winchester on Sept. 19, 1864.

Thomas P. Devereux, Esq., is a prominent lawyer of Raleigh and late Republican candidate for attorney general of the state. He also belonged to the Forty-third regiment, and was at the battle of Winchester. When asked if he knew anything about this charge against President Polk, he replied:

"Yes, I know all about it. Gen. Bryan Grimes and I were riding on to the scene of the conflict when we saw a Confederate soldier lying in the shade of a stone fence. He was a lieutenant, and his company had gone on into the battle some time before. Gen. Grimes went up to him and asked what was the matter with him, whereupon he replied that he had a chill. As we rode away Gen. Grimes turned to me and said: 'Remember, you are a witness to this. I mean to have that man court-martialed.' The man was L. L. Polk, now president of the national organization of the Farmers' Alliance."

Lieutenant Polk was not court-martialed. It is said that he was allowed to resign. At any rate, he was afterward elected to the legislature, as his name appears in the House journal of 1864. His critics say it was strange, to say the least, that a man with a "chill" should seek the shady side of a stone wall in the latter part of a fall month.

A Washington dispatch of August 25, referring to the above says: "The Alliance people are much exercised over the charge that has been made against Col. Polk of cowardice in the late war. Col. Polk himself is here and pronounces the charge as an absolute falsehood. He claims he can establish an indisputable proof that he was as brave as any man in Lee's army, and that the story of Mr. Devereaux is from a man utterly without standing and without character."

Bridget's Obedience.

Mistress—"Bridget, I can't get into the parlor."

Bridget—"Sure it's meself knows that, an' ye won't, fur I have the kay in me pocket!"

Mistress—"Open the door immediately!"

Bridget—"Will you go in if I do?"

Mistress—"Certainly I will."

Bridget—"Then ye don't get the kay."

Mistress—"Open the door immediately! What do you mean?"

Bridget—"Sure it's by your orders. Ye said yesterday: 'Don't let me come down stairs in the morning an' see any dirt on the parlor furniture.' So I just puts the kay in my pocket, an' says I: 'Then she won't.'"—[London Tid-Bits.

Both Dead.

Visitor—Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Tommy (aged 10)—A soldier.

Visitor—But you will be in danger of getting killed.

Tommy—Who'll kill me?

Visitor—Why, the enemy.

Tommy—Then I'll be the enemy.—[Harper's Young People.

Of Human Interest.

Morris—Has Dumley any rare coins in his numismatic collection?

Norris—Yes. He has the first quarter ever saved by Russell Sage and the only honest dollar ever made by Jay Gould.—[Life.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

TURNING TO PHARAOH FOR FOOD.

Dr. Talmage Tells How a Sin-Struck World is Dying of Hunger—Christ Can Furnish Food.

Dr. Talmage preached to a great audience at the Brooklyn tabernacle yesterday. His text was from Genesis xliii, 3, "Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you."

This summer, having crossed eighteen of the United States, North, South, East and West, I have to report the mightiest harvests that this country or any other country ever reaped. If the grain gamblers do not somehow wreck these harvests, we are about to enter upon the grandest scene of prosperity that America has ever witnessed. But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations threatened with famine, and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will, I fear, be uttered, the cry for bread. I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for want of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated: the product of harvest field, and grist mill and oven; the price of sweat, and anxiety, and struggle—Bread! Jacob the father has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons: "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt, and get us something to eat." The fact was, there was a great corn crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between 75 and 80 per cent of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about—those who were famished—some paying for corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle, and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread had arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the eldest sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was that the elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview: "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart-break. The keeper of this corn-crib, nevertheless, says to these older sons: "There is no need of your coming here any more for corn unless you bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now, Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The Orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these older sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell them that you had a brother?" said the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made. "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not, give up Benjamin." The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in the household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons: "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell," said the young men to their father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party—the bread embassy—drives up in front of the corn crib of Egypt. These corn cribs are filled with wheat and barley, and corn in the husk, for those who have traveled in Canaan and Egypt know that there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn crib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these arrived travelers and says: "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother whose presence I demanded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way; and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly-arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers, and poulterers, and caterers of the prime minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens, and orchards, and aquariums, and aviaries and brought there, and are filling chalice and platter. Now is the time for the prime minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no! This lord of the corn-crib is seated at his own table, and he looks over to the table of his guests; and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it: "Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob, that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day: 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

Well, my friends, this world is famine-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-bitten.

Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstacy; but one day, after all that toil, and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great corn-crib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase, that corn-crib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad, and fifteen hundred high; and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment; for from the keeper of that corn-crib there comes the word, saying: "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon, and comfort, and eternal life, unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the corn-crib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul, and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the King, and at the table; and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own tables he will not forget us; and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory and power."

I want to make three points. Every frank and common sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character. Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says: "Are you alone?" The sinner replies: "All alone." The voice from within says: "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your Divine brother, the Lord Jesus be with you." O, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him we are accepted. Coming without him we are rejected. Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests, when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O, anxious sinner! O, dying sinner! O, lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this Divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the store-houses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? Oh, yes, Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benom. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was "Son of my Right Hand." And was not Christ the son of pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers, was nothing compared with the struggle of God when He gave up His only son. The omnipotent God in a birth throe! And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand?" Did not Stephen look into heaven and see him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercessions for us? O, Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows, and his death. If you refuse to do it, all the corn cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement: "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go the wrong crib, or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted themselves to death, and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world cannot halt the plague of the human heart. I come to some one whose ailments are chronic, and I say: "In heaven you will never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet those loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year without them, and ten years is a small eternity. What you want is sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet, and every book, and every picture, and every room calls out to you their name. Suppose I come to you and say by way of condolence: "God is wise." "Oh!" you say, "that does me no good." Then I say: "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the cornerib for a heavenly supply." You go. You say: "Lord, help me; Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? I have found. You ought to go to God and say: "Here, O Lord, are the wounds of my soul and I bring with me the wounded Jesus. Let his wounds pay for my wounds, his bereavements for my bereavements, his loneliness for my loneliness, his heart-break for my heart-break. O, God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ—the God, the man, the Benjamin, the brother—deliver my agonized soul. O, Jesus of the aching head, heal my aching head. O, Jesus of the Bethany sisters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave." This is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you are getting no help at all, for the reason that there is in your soul, perhaps, a secret trouble. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is now gone away, and that great sorrow is still in your soul. After Washington Irving was dead they found a little tin box that contained a braid of hair and a miniature, and the name of Matilda Hoffman, and a memorandum of her death, and a remark something like this: "The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone."

I go further, and find in my subject a hint as to the way heaven opens to the departing spirit. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert, we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of our congregation, when asked in the closing moments of his life, "Do you know us?" said: "O, yes, I know you, God bless you."

If Jacob's sons had gone toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer: "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said. "Go away from us. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we came up to the door of heaven at last, though we come from all the luxuriance and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance, and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread-house, saying: "Depart, I never knew you." If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn-cribs of Egypt, and had it been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store-houses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casuality we may be ushered into the eternal world, though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger, and faint, and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corn-cribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the King shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord. Thou art worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them only you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If it were a choice between oratarios, you might say: "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or "I prefer the 'Messiah.'" But here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. O, will you live or die? Will you start for the Egyptian corn crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanitish famine? "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

HARMLESS.

TO ASSIST NATURE IN REMOVING Poisons from the body is the great mission of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. Microbi cannot exist in the blood when S.S.S. is properly taken, as it promptly forces them out, and cures the patient. It has relieved thousands in a few days who had suffered for years.

MR. F. Z. NELSON, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Fremont, Nebraska, suffered for years with SCROFULA, and it continued to grow worse in spite of all treatment. Finally, *Four Bottles* of S.S.S. cured him. He writes: "Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and favorable opinion of

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Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Pension Questions.

B. W. C., Goshen, Ind.: Your state, Indiana, is in the second pension division, in which pension payments are made in February, May, August and November.

J. M. P., Coaldale, Colo.: Your letter has been referred to a responsible person, who will write you. We are glad at all times to receive contributions to the Camp Fire.

G. J., Winston, Mo.: The only thing you can do is to put your case into the hands of another agent.

G. W. M., Mowrytown, O., asks if there is any way for those who were drafted June 14, 1864, for three years, and who paid $300 to obtain exemption, to get that money back. No, there is no possibly way to obtain it. 2.—The direct tax of 1861 was a tax laid by Congress upon the states in proportion to their population. It was collected by the state authorities along with other state taxes, and paid by the state to the general government.

J. P., Seaforth, Ont.: You have no cause to complain. The division of completed files was established to hasten the settlement of claims. If anything is lacking, you will be notified.

E. L. K., Charlton, Iowa: Your best plan to get your original claim re-opened is to file an appeal with the secretary of the Interior, at Washington, setting forth all the facts.

H. T. G.: You are seriously in error. The pension office makes no distinction whether a man lives in a rebel state or in a loyal one. Always give your postoffice, as well as your full name, when writing to us.

J. B. H., Freedom, Pa.: 1.—If a pensioner, a married man, separates from his wife, she has no claim on his pension for her support, we think. It may be that, if the fault of the separation was his own, a court may have power to set aside a portion of his pension for her use. Better consult some lawyer as to whether such a case has ever been decided by the courts. 2.—A pensioner drawing $72 per month for total disability, and requiring the services of some one constantly to care for him, is expected to pay for the services of his attendant.

L. A. H., Kere, Mo.: 1.—You will have to wait your turn. 2.—Widows become pensioners on proving dependence on their own labor or on others, under the law of June 27, 1890. Please always give your full name in asking questions.

Mortgaging Land Claims.

S. S. B., Canon City, Colo., says: "In the Weekly BLADE of July 30, in answer to the question as to whether a person, after making final proof on a piece of land, can legally sell or mortgage the said land before obtaining the patent for the same, you say he cannot. But this is contrary to the general practice in this Western country. It is the common thing in the West to borrow the money to pay out on the land, and give a mortgage immediately after final proof is made in order to get the money. Thousands of farms have been mortgaged in Kansas in that way. It is held that whenever proof is made and accepted at the Land office, the man has complied with the law and perfected his title, and the issuance of the patent is only a certificate of the same. You may be sure that the Loan companies know the title is good before they let the money go, and they have loaned millions of dollars in that way in Kansas."

We are much obliged for the above. We submitted the original question to a lawyer of this city, who gave us the answer printed on July 30.

W. H. D., of Rushville, Neb., also says: "I enclose a clipping from the Question Bureau of the Weekly BLADE of July 30, which is a mistake. A person can give a mortgage or a warranty deed to his homestead immediately after receiving his final proof papers from the local Land office. There have been cases where a man gave a mortgage on his homestead prior to his final proof, which mortgage was sustained by the courts. It is generally three or four years after making final proof before his patent is received."

Estates in Europe.

L. W., Gray P. O., N. C., asks whether, "of the thousands of people in this country who suppose themselves heirs to estates or legacies in European countries, any one really obtains anything?" This is a very difficult question to answer in a general way. Property left to a person in America by a relative in Europe, by will, can be obtained, of course; but the vast mass of claimants in America base their claims on their supposed descent from some ancestor in Europe many years ago. There are a great many of these claims which are utterly baseless. They are gotten up by scheming men in order to swindle their dupes out of fees. It may be taken as a general rule that the chances are about one in a thousand of getting anything in any case where some supposed ancestor died intestate many years ago, and no heirs could be found. Any person who thinks that he has a claim should put it in the hands of some first class lawyer in his own county or state; some one who is well known, and who has a reputation for integrity and excellent legal knowledge; then have this lawyer investigate the claim. Don't pay any money to any unknown person in New York or elsewhere, who may write to you asking for your ancestry, and whether you know yourself to be descended from some person whom they may name.

The Steamship Boston.

J. R. S., Red Lodge, Montana, says, in reply to J. H. K., of Barnard, Kansas, whose query appeared in the Weekly BLADE of July 30, that the City of Boston was never heard of after leaving Halifax, Nova Scotia, on her outward trip, on January 28, 1870. The steamship was in charge of Capt. Joseph J. Halcrow. She carried a crew of 68 hands, all told. With the City of Boston were lost some of the best men in New York, Boston and Halifax. The human freight of the steamer numbered altogether over 200 souls. She certainly is in the bottom of the Atlantic somewhere. Nothing is known of what disaster overtook her. Her fate, like everything else that lacks proof, must be decided according to the most reasonable theory. The Nova Scotians, where I was born, think her boilers exploded, and that she sank from the shock immediately. If she had only sprang a leak they contend that the crew and passengers would have had sufficient time to lower boats and take to the sea. An Irish fisherman is known to have gone from Halifax, N. S., to Ireland in an open boat; consequently they think that if the crew and passengers had divided up, and taken open boats, some of them would certainly have been picked up. No great or unusual storms are reported to have occurred.

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Anæsthetics.

A. H. B., Libertyville, Iowa: It is a disputed question as to who is entitled to the discovery of the use of anæsthetics. Richard Pearson, in 1795, recommended the inhalation of sulphuric ether for asthma. Sir Humphrey Davy, in a work published in 1800, referring to the use of nitrous oxide in destroying physical pain, said, "it probably will be used with advantage during surgical operations." Dr. J. C. Warren, of Boston, prescribed inhalation of ether for the relief of inflammation of the lungs in 1805. The powers of the different ethers to produce insensibility was mentioned by Godman in 1822; by Mitchill in 1832; by Prof. Samuel Jackson and by Wood and Bache in 1833, but its application as an agent for the relief of pain during surgical operations was first publicly made in Boston, October 16, 1846, by Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of that city; the next year Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of the same city, claimed the discovery, and still later Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, made the same claim.

The Mammoth Cave.

L. S., Rushville, Ill.: The Mammoth Cave is in Edmonson county, Kentucky. It consists of a series of caverns, which have been explored for ten miles. In it there is a river which has to be crossed by boat, in which various eyeless animals are found, among them blind fish. Stalacites hang from the limestone rocks, and the earth of the cave is rich in saltpeter. Among the portions of the cave of especial interest are Sidesaddle Pit, a very deep vertical cavern, whose bottom has never been reached, from the side of which a rock projects in shape like a side-saddle. Mammoth Dome is 300 feet high, and the stalactites cause it to resemble Westminster Abbey. The Dead Sea is a broad pool of water 80 feet below the platform from which you look down upon it. There are guide-books published which contain a description of all the objects of interest in the cave.

2.—To remove writing ink from paper, try a solution of oxalic acid, citric acid and tartaric acid in equal parts. This will take out writing ink, but will not injure printing.

Postoffices in Large Cities.

F. W. C., Decatur, Iowa: In all the larger cities of the country, mail is collected and distributed by carriers, each carrier having a route over which he travels several times a day, generally twice on residence streets and more frequently in the business section. Letter boxes are placed on the lamp posts every few squares, and the letters are collected several times a day by postoffice agents traveling in vehicles. In some of the larger cities there are postoffice stations in different parts of the city, which are to all intents and purposes separate postoffices, except that the mail to and for them, pass through the regular postoffice. They are generally designated as Station A, Station B, etc. Besides these, in all cities there are designated depositories for the sale of stamps and stamped envelopes, they generally being located in drug stores and similar business places.

Burning of the Gaspee.

Z. O., Medford, Ore.: 1.—The Gaspee was a British armed schooner stationed in Narragansett bay, in 1772, to assist the royal commissioners of customs in enforcing the revenue laws. Her commander annoyed American vessel men by commanding them to lower their colors when they passed his vessel. Some of the independent Yankee captains refused to do so. One of these was the captain of a Providence sloop, to which the Gaspee gave chase in order to compel obedience. The Gaspee grounded upon a low sandy point, and that night—June 9, 1772—64 armed men went down from Providence in boats, captured the men on board the Gaspee, and burned the vessel. Although a large reward was offered for the perpetrators, who were well known in Providence, they were never betrayed. 2.—Manipur is in India.

"Gresham's Law."

A. G, McConnelsville, Ohio, asks: "What is Gresham's law?"

An English merchant and banker named Gresham formulated about three hundred years ago what is known as the Gresham law of finance, which is: "That if two sorts of money, one inferior in intrinsic or representative value to the other, but both invested by statute with the same purchasing power, be permitted to circulate side by side, the inferior will ultimately drive out the superior."

Angora Cats.

Mrs. J. B., Montpelier, Vt.: The Angora cat is about the size of the ordinary domestic cat. It has very long and silky hair, of a brownish white color. The finer specimens have hair almost white, with only a brownish tint. The Angora cat is a native of Asia. They are imported and sold in the United States for pets. Fine specimens are worth from $25 to $50. Any dealer in pet animals or birds can obtain one for you.

"Soul Sleepers."

"Lolo," Kingsley, Iowa, asks what the "soul sleepers" believe. We think the name is applied to certain religious sects which believe that the soul remains with the body at death and is buried in the grave, to be resurrected at the end of the world with the body.

A Land Question.

Mrs. J. M. S., Oklohoma City, asks: "When the local land office issues a final certificate, has the general land office the power to refuse to issue the patent?"

Yes.

Miscellaneous.

J. A. T., Eaton, Ind., asks for the highest price of wheat from August 15 to 25. On the Toledo market, No. 2 Red, which is the standard grade, was highest on August 15, it then selling at $1.07½.

T. E. B., Hannibal, Mo.: The stories by Ernest Warren, published several years ago in THE BLADE, have never been printed in book form, and probably never will be, as Mr. Warren is dead.

D. B., Canon City, Col.: The best place to learn architecture is in an architect's office in some large city. Any architect can give you the names of journals devoted to it. We cannot give them here.

V. V. L., Piedmont, Mo.: The prize essays on the "Effects of Protection on the Purchasing Power of Labor in the United States," can be obtained by addressing the American Protective Tariff League, 23 West 23d street, New York city.

B. R., Bowling Green, O.: The DAILY BLADE publishes only the list of pensions granted to Ohio applicants. It would take three or four columns each day to publish those that are granted in the whole United States, and we have not room for that.

T. E. N., Perryville, O., asks about homes for aged women, "not those for the poor and destitute, but for old ladies of means who are entirely alone and who need companionship." We do not know of any such; but if any one of our readers can tell us where such can be found, we shall be obliged.

J. A. M., Colfax, Iowa: From all that we can learn, the prohibition law of Maine is evaded in the cities, the same as it is in some of the cities of Iowa. Those who insist upon drinking can obtain intoxicants. The traffic, however, is driven into holes and corners, and hence temptation is kept out of the path of the young.

R. A. K., Berryville, Ark.: We have no biography of Amos Kendall, postmaster general from 1835 to 1840, which traces his ancestry further back than that he was descended from Francis Kendall, who came from England to Woburn, Mass., about 1640. 2.—A fish in breathing obtains its oxygen from the air contained in the water, and not from the water itself.

W. H. O., New Tripoli, Pa.: To procure second class postal rates for a publication you must apply to your postmaster, who will give you a blank to fill out. If he should decide that your paper cannot be given second class rates, you can appeal to the Postmaster General for his decision. 2.—As we understand it, if you do not get second class rates, you will have to pay one cent apiece on papers.

A. J. D., Gibsonburg, O.: The present constitution of Ohio, adopted in 1852, declares that no license to sell intoxicating liquors shall ever be granted in Ohio. In the year 1883, two amendments were submitted to the vote of the people, one for prohibition and the other repealing the anti-license clause of the constitution, and giving full power to the legislature to deal with the liquor traffic. Both were defeated.

J. W. H., Silver City, Iowa: You entirely misunderstood the article in the Finance Primer in Weekly BLADE of August 13. The total of $206,750 applies to the bank if it were not organized under the national banking laws. 2.—Any man who desires and who can raise the money can start a national bank. There is no limitation on the matter. 3.—The national banks pay a tax of 1 per cent a year on their circulation.

"Reader," Brooksville, Fla.: Ventriloquism is an art, not a science. It can be acquired by any person who is very nimble in his movements and who has the patience to apply himself to it. It essentially consists of two things: first, the art of talking with the mouth nearly closed, without moving the lips in the slightest; second, in deceiving the spectators, by your actions, into imagining that the voice comes from a point the operator desires. There is no such thing as "throwing the voice" so that it really comes from somewhere else. That much of the art is deception, produced by the operator.

—What steam is to the engine, Hood's Sarsaparilla is to the body, producing bodily power and furnishing mental force.

Rats Are Very Selfish.

Rats are very selfish. A Brooklyn lady has discovered this fact, and, acting upon it, placed a piece of looking glass in the side of a trap opposite the entrance. The rat, seeing the reflection of an animal of its kind about to enter, hastens its movements, and of course gets in first. The lady who thought of this trick has been quite successful in catching rats, and in the very trap which before they had studiously shunned.—[N. Y. Weekly.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

The Soldiers' Census Blank.

All comrades are earnestly requested, if they have not already done so, to fill out the Union soldiers' census blank, found in another column, and mail it at once, addressed "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C." Also call the attention of every comrade who does not read THE BLADE to the blank and have him do likewise. If you have not enough blanks, send us the names and postoffice addresses of comrades who desire to use them, and we will mail to each one a sample copy of THE BLADE containing it. Please do this at once.

The Meridian Raid.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the latter part of 1863 and the beginning of 1864, while the 3d Div., 17th A. C., were camped at Vicksburg, Miss., we were told if we would enlist as veterans we would get 30 days furlough and a bounty of $402. The boys were not slow to put their names down for three years more. The 30 days' furlough went farther to influence us to enlist than the bounty. After we had re-enlisted and were mustered in for three more long years, we were looking every day for our furloughs; but instead of a furlough, we got marching orders, and Gen. Sherman, with the 16th and 17th corps, started on the Meridian raid.

The boys were not feeling very well pleased with that kind of a furlough. We started on the march, and just after we crossed Black river, something in front caused us to stop and stand in line; and then we would march a few rods and stop again. It was quite dark, and some of the boys at the front began to cheer. Each command cheered, and it just went like a wave back to the rear regiment, and then cheering would begin in the rear and go along the line to the front. After the boys got tired of cheering, they sent a groan along the line in the same way. The rebs heard the noise, and they thought it was time for them to move on; but we got a chance to see some of them. The morning after we passed Champion Hills, as our regiment was crossing a bridge, the rebs opened on us with their artillery and the first shell killed two of our regiment. The company I belonged to was then deployed as skirmishers, and we drove the rebs for miles. They would form on every hill, and when we would push on them they would retreat to the next hill. When we got near Jackson, we expected to have some hard fighting, so our lines were formed; and as the two corps moved forward in the open fields, it was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Away to the right and to the left, we could see the old "stars and stripes" moving forward in line of battle. The rebs did not think it best for them to try to whip us; but they had business on the East side of Pearl river. After halting a short time in Jackson, we pushed on after them and did considerable of skirmishing, which sometimes amounted to a small battle. One night, when a few miles from Decatur, we got orders to move forward on the double-quick, as the rebs had attacked our wagon train. We struck the trot and kept it up until we were out of breath, and could not more than walk. When we got to the place of attack, the rebs had disappeared, after having fired a number of wagons and shot several mules.

After we went as far as Meredian, we rested a short time, and then started on out return. When a short distance from Decatur, our brigade being in advance of the infantry, we halted for the night, and our colonel ordered our captain to take his company and go up to the forks of the road, and see that the rebs did not pass in behind a small command of our cavalry that was in advance. When we got near the forks of the road Capt Waller halted our company and sent three of us to picket the road. We took our position near a church, and just in time to save the cavalry, for the rebel cavalry commenced to file out of the woods and came towards us on the trot. Seeing the infantry pickets, and receiving our fire, the Johnnies trotted back in a hurry. I would like to learn, through the the Camp Fire, what command of cavalry was leading our advance on that raid. We returned by way of Canton, at which place we captured about twenty locomotives and many cars, and destroyed them. We had plenty to eat on this raid. We returned to Vicksburg, March 4, saucy and dirty, and were then given our 30 days' furlough, which we enjoyed very much. We were then sent to the army which was advancing on Atlanta.—E. S. VERNON, Co. F, 78th O. V. V. I.

They're After Kirby.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I noticed an article in the Camp Fire, recently, in which Henry Kirby "sails into" Dan Knight, "Bub," and myself, and indirectly accuses us of downright lying in regard to the state of affairs existing here in the South. Friend Kirby takes a great deal of pains to tell us he was a born "Abolitionist," "voted with the Free Soilers, became a Republican and voted for Fremont and Abraham Lincoln;" but he don't tell us that he voted for either Grant, Hayes, Garfield, or Harrison. I am inclined to think he is one of those Norther "copperheads," or else a "true-blue" Southern rebel, assuming a position he does not, nor never has, occupied; or, it may be that he is what we Southern Republicans call a "geographical politician"—that is, a Republican up North, and a Democrat down South.

There are plenty of such men in the South who, if they can get an office as a Republican, howl Republicanism as loud as any one; and if they fail in that, they "go over" to the Democrats and almost excel a genuine old-fashioned rebel. I have not the least idea that Kirby has ever voted the Republican ticket since he came to Alabama. I have nothing to "take back," as we Southerners say, but exclaim in the language of "A. L. C.," "the half has never yet been told!"

The Johnnies always treat one of their own party well, or any one else whom they think they can by extreme kindness win over to the Democracy; and if they cannot win him over by kindness, they will propose to "buy him out;" and if they fail in that, "social ostracism" is the result. I will say in reply to the innuendo, that I could not "live peacefully any place," that I am surrounded by Union men who were forced into the rebel army, and who are as brave men as ever lived; and they are as kind to me as I could wish them to be; but with three exceptions, all my precinct vote the Republican ticket. However, I can not go to the county seat, or any Democratic stronghold and air my opinions without being insulted. If Comrade Kirby will come over to Walker county during a campaign, and go where I do, and see all that I see, he will be speedily convinced that I know what I am writing about. If Comrade Kirby desires proof for any statements I make, I can furnish all he wishes.—C. Y. ROBERTS, Walker Co., Ala.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In answer to Henry Kirby, I would state that I have traveled about in the South considerable since the war, and am acquainted in a large portion of Alabama; but I have never yet discovered that "Garden of Eden" of which the comrade speaks. I have been residing in Alabama for the past 19 years, and have found many good people here; but let "H. K." stir them up a little, and he will perceive that the first "crack" the ex-confederates make, will be, "He is a d—d Yankee!" And as to voting the Republican ticket—well, they look upon anyone who votes that way, with scorn and contempt. They place such an one on an equal plane with the negro. I am speaking, of course, of the Bourbon class. As to pensions, if any "boy who wore the blue" wishes to draw one, he had better not vote for a Southern Democrat—they are, one and all, opposed to federals getting pensions. It is the battle cry against the Republican party.—E. MULKIN, Co. I, N. Y. Vols.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Friend Kirby says he joined the army to abolish slavery. Well, don't he know that he was all alone, as the war was fought to preserve the Union and to prevent the extension of slavery, and not the abolishment? He's excusable.—BUB.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—It was amusing to me to read the communication of Henry Kirby, Co. H, 93d Ills. Inft., in THE BLADE of July 16. His manner of palavering gives him "dead away." The idea of those Alabamans idolizing an ex-Union soldier! If they think so much of the ex-federals, why don't they assist them in some way financially, as they do the Southern soldiers? Why don't their state legislature appropriate a few thousands for the helpless ones, as they do for the Southerners? If they cherish them so much, where in the state can I find the statues of Lincoln, Grant, or Sherman? How much money by private subscriptions, has ever been raised for reunions of the ex-Union soldiers in the state of Alabama? If they think every one should have a pension, why are not members of Congress instructed to work for pensioning them? Did any Alabama congressman ever champion a pension bill, or even vote for a pension for an ex-Union soldier? They invariably vote and work solid against every pension measure. Kirby don't seem to know why it is they treat him so. I think it is because he votes, works and acquiesces in their way of doing business; or, perhaps he has joined in with the rebel step-son—the Farmers' Alliance, and is trying to tear away the bulwarks of freedom with the ballot, that he helped to build with the bayonet.—GEO. H. SEXTON, Co. G, 5th Mo. Cav.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—There are a few of the old comrades that go meandering off on queer trails. Comrade Kirby, 93d Ills., recently wrote about the benevolence of the people down South, and especially ex-confederates. In glowing terms he tells how he was cared for by his neighbors. This yarn is hardly the kind of literature that is of interest to the Camp Fire; but, like all such screeds, there was an undercurrent. He wanted to tell most of us we were liars, in a polite way, of course. He seems to glory in having went South on a begging tour and made a success of his venture. His aim is undoubtedly to show that we could not see what a splendid people it was that was starving our comrades by wholesale in dens of filth, like Andersonville and Belle Isle. What are you giving us? Do you think you are gaining friends among the enemy by such pitiful whines? The very ones you say have treated you so kindly, will despise you as being something so utterly worthless as to be beneath even contempt. Never a word has appeared in the Camp Fire that would seem to justify this Kirby nonsense. I never have seen a word from "Bub," or Hugh Chumley, that in any way doubted the acknowledged hospitality of the Southern people. What, then, must we think Kirby is aiming at, when he so nimbly mentions the Dan Knights, "Bubs," Hugh Chumley's, etc.? We have no love for unrepentent rebels; but we have nothing to take back. I stand by every word I have ever written. "Bub," Chumley, or Files, I know, will do the same if ten thousand Kirbys should set up a whine of "Poor pussy wants a corner." The Southern people, as a people, are as benevolent as any people can be. It is their inhuman acts while trying to destroy the country, that formed the basis for our "fuel" thrown on the camp fire from time to time. Kirby is evidently off his base!—DAN KNIGHT, 5th Iowa Cav.

Reunion Note.

The joint reunion of the 12th, 59th, 62d, 79th and 123d Ills., with the Edgar County Veterans' association, will be held at Kansas, Ill., on September 17 and 18.—WM. MCADAMS, Kansas, Ill.

Small Shot.

Comrade John Hickman, Argosy, No. 27, Miss. Squadron, U. S. N., writes:—"In 1864 I was aboard the U. S. steamer Argosy, No. 27, and fell overboard near Donelsonville, but was picked up by some of the 'boys.' Would like very much to hear from some of the comrades who were aboard of the Argosy, through the Camp Fire. Why is it that so seldom we see the navy represented in the Camp Fire? Wake up, boys; let us hear from you!"

"Bub" has this remark to make:—"One of Wilder's boys, in speaking of the Raccoon creek fight, says: 'We called it Shoal creek,' and he also calls me a Johnnie. Both are incorrect, neighbor. The battle occurred three miles west of Shoal creek, and 150 yards east of Raccoon creek, four miles from Florence, while Shoal creek is seven miles distant. Though I was not in the engagement, yet I could hear the guns distinctly. My father was in Huntsville on that day, it being occupied by Federals. So you will readily see I am no confederate."

John Gregg, Quiet Dell, West. Va., would like the words of a poem beginning:—

Pile on the rails; come, comrades, all;
We'll sing a song to-night,
To-morrow, when the bugle calls,
Be ready for the fight.

And another stanza runs:—

Thus far we've come through fire and flood,
Still farther on we'll press;
Although the way be red with blood
As through "the Wilderness."

The closing lines of each stanza read:—

When Grant shall yield the Northern star
Will fall from out the sky.

Letters are yet on hand, awaiting their turn, from the following comrades:—C. C. Davis, "Soldier's Wife," Geo. Newell, Joseph W. Kelley, John Brenneman, H. J. Remington, Lewis B. Jessup, L. Chambers, John H. Files, "Bub," and a pocket full from Uncle Dan Knight. If the "skirmishers" will hold off their attack for a few weeks, the editor will succeed in "ketching" up with the procession. Meanwhile, exercise patience and watch the Camp Fire for "top rails."

"The Same Old Story" appeared in the Camp Fire, May 4, signed James Conner, Co. G, 27th Mich. Inft. The comrade will confer a favor by sending his postoffice address to the editor.

Some time since, "I. M. K.," Gresham, Neb., sent an inquiry to the Camp Fire. Please send full name.

Did W. F. Gladden, the Ohio comrade, receive the address he desired, of H. K.?

Big Heads in the North.

The average weight of the brain of a man bears a definite relation to the climate in which he lives, a heavier brain weight being found in cold than warm countries. In proportion to their stature the Lapps have the largest heads in Europe, the Norwegians next, then comes the Swedes, Germans, French and Italians. In the Arab the head is found to be smaller than any of the above, while in the far North there exists a people called Chugatshes, whose heads are remarkably large.

Queered.

St. Peter—From what I hear you have not been an exemplary young man.

Applicant—That settles it; Mary was right; her mother did get in.—[N. Y. Herald.

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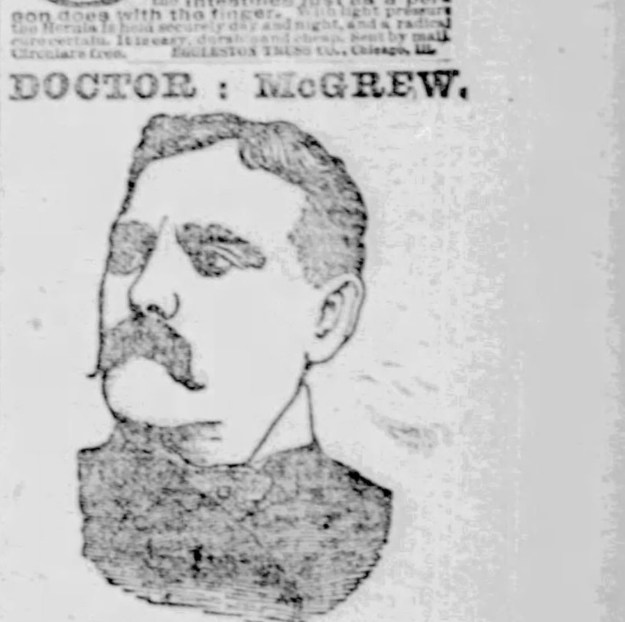
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A FINANCE PRIMER.

46.—Errors as to What Money Is.

The American people are addicted to the use of catch phrases, and in a political campaign these phrases are widely used by demagogues to obtain votes from the unthinking masses. The cry of the People's party in Ohio and elsewhere is for "more money." Now, money is a good thing, and very few of us would not like to have more of it: and it is right in that desire for added wealth that this catch phrase misleads men. What is money? There are many definitions: but the fact is that the only real money in the world is coin—and that only when it contains its full face value in bullion.

A farmer takes a steer to market and receives a $20 gold piece in payment. He has in that piece of money the absolute value of the animal he sold. He can pass it at that value with any merchant in the United States. He can take it elsewhere, and obtain $20 in value for it in any civilized country, because the gold bullion in it is worth that much the world over.

Suppose, in place of the $20 gold piece he receives twenty silver dollars. In the United States they will buy him precisely as much as would the gold piece; but if he takes them to Europe they will not. They are worth only their price as silver bullion. The difference is, the gold piece contains $20 worth of gold; the silver pieces contain a total of only a little over $15 worth of silver.

Instead of either of these, he may receive a $20 greenback, or a $20 national bank note, or a $20 gold certificate, or silver certificate, or new treasury note. These are not money. They are promises to pay. They are merely the evidence of a debt. The gold certificate is a promise to pay $20 in gold; the silver certificate to pay $20 in standard silver dollars; the greenback, the promise of the government to pay $20; the national bank note, the promise of that particular bank to pay $20. They are not money, but only promises to pay money.

Keep this distinction carefully in your mind, and apply it to the cry of the People's party for "more money." Now more money would be a good thing if the party meant real money—that is, not a promise to pay money, but full-weight coin, every piece of which contains bullion whose value is equal to its face. The People's party takes money to mean treasury notes; it wants the government to go in debt indefinitely by issuing its own promises to pay, and then to loan these promises to farmers at 2 per cent. Consequently its cry for "more money" is a false one; what they really ask is, not more money, but more debt. It ought to be plain to every one that the real need of the country in a financial way, is for more real money, not for any increase of debt. If every man had more money, it would be an excellent thing, not only for each individual, but for the whole country; but an increased issue of paper currency, which is simply an evidence of debt, would not be.

The lack among those who are clamoring for more money is simply the lack of something to offer for sale which would bring them actual money. There would be no difficulty whatever in increasing the amount of real money in the country if every person had in his possession that which could be sold for it; but to go into debt merely mortgages his labors for the future.

The thing that is needed is, not more money, but it is the power to obtain it. The principle is entirely wrong which seeks to make up this lack by flooding the country with paper currency. It is not the lack of currency which bothers this country; it is the lack of coin which contains intrinsic value—the lack of gold as a commodity, or its equivalent, which would buy what you want anywhere. To put it in different form, the want of money so much complained of is caused by the want of products on hand to give in exchange for it. The real remedy is to produce more of those things which the world needs. The hard times that the farmers of the West have experienced for the past four or five years have been because they were producing things of which the world had a full supply. They were growing wheat at a time when the world had more wheat than it needed. The result was that the price went down to an extremely low point and there was no profit in raising it.

It is no answer to say that is a mere prejudice in favor of gold, or of full-weight coin. It is an evasion of the real issue to affix the stigma of prejudice against the fundamental truth that the stability of our finance depends upon our money being real, and not pretended; that it shall possess full intrinsic value, not be merely an evidence of debt, which must be met at some time in the future. Our people must fix firmly in their minds the fact that paper currency, whether it be issued by a bank or by the government, derives its only value from the belief on the part of those who accept it that it can promptly be paid when the holder desires it. By being paid, we mean redeemed in coin, paid in a money which contains the actual value represented. Paper currency is more convenient than coin; it is as useful for all purposes of commerce; but it is not money in the true sense of the word. It is nothing more than a promise to pay money,—that is, a promise to pay coin; and if there is any trouble to our trade to-day due to our financial system, it is not for lack of more of this fictitious money, but because of the superabundance of paper money which we already have. It always happens that an excess of currency leads to its use to develop trade beyond the real demands of the people, and this results in low prices and no profits. Low prices are the result of producing more wheat, or growing more corn, or manufacturing more calico, or digging more silver, than is demanded to supply the world's needs. It must not be forgotten that in the greatest panics that have ever existed, there always has been as much real money as was really needed. The panic arises because so many people are demanding money they really need, wishing to get it in their own possession lest it may be lost; and once they get it, they lock it up by keeping it in their own possession, in place of allowing it to pass into circulation again. Hence there is an apparent scarcity produced in this way.

"NATIONALIZING" THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The People's party convention in Ohio took a remarkable departure in the plank of its platform which declares in favor of the governmental control of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The idea is not a new one, for it is practiced in Switzerland, where the government maintains an absolute monopoly of the liquor traffic. It is singular, however, to find a convention of Ohio people recommending such a solution of the drink problem. The plank, we are informed, was formulated in Cleveland, and came from a club of Bellamyites in that city. It is on a par with the general idea of that school of political cranks, that the government should do everything, thus extinguishing all competition and compelling everybody to labor for it, receiving only his support in return. That is what they mean by "nationalizing" all forms of productive enterprise.

The manufacture and sale of liquor is in no sense a semi-public affair, like the operation of railways and telegraphs, and other things of like nature. If it is to be pursued at all, there is no reason why it should be made anything but a private occupation, the same as the grinding of grain, or the making of vinegar, or the sawing of lumber. The government has no share in it save that of regulation and control, although some of our friends—the third-party Prohibitionists—assume that the government is a partner in the liquor traffic, because it insists that every man who enters on that occupation shall pay a special annual tax to the United States government, and obtained its receipt before he begins operations. This they assume to be a license, which it is not; and on that narrow ground claim that the government is a partner in this iniquitous calling. Even were it a license by the federal government, it would not make the government a partner. There are other occupations requiring licenses; for instance, engineers and pilots on steam vessels on our lakes, rivers and on the ocean. No one ever dreamed, however, of saying that this made the government a partner in the business of a pilot or of a steamboat engineer.

We have an idea that the plank was intended primarily to attract Prohibitionist voters. It certainly cannot have that effect. The Prohibition party is utterly opposed to the existence of the liquor traffic in any form, and its dominant idea is that it should be swept out of existence through the exercise of the police power of the government. How any one entertaining that view could be expected to support a platform providing that the government should go into the liquor business, passes our comprehension.

If this wild scheme were enacted into law, it would have two results, both pernicious. The first would be that it would cheapen the price at which all kinds of liquor are sold; for it is not the government's duty or business to into any occupation of a gainful nature, hence it would be expected to sell all liquor at cost price. This would make it much cheaper, and hence would largely increase the consumption—that is, if the liquor traffic obeys the laws of trade that govern all other articles; for in every case, to cheapen a product, means its increased sale. The second result that would follow, would be the creation of a large number of additional government officials, and those of a very questionable nature—that is, the men having charge of the manufacture and sale of liquor.

In point of fact, the one thing that would reduce the use of liquor most largely, aside from the utter extinction of the traffic, would be to increase the price to such a degree as to render it too costly for men to indulge in its habitual use. The traffic should be taxed to death. The dictum has been laid down by American courts more than once, that the power to tax involves in reality the power to prohibit; for if an occupation or a product may be taxed by the government, there is no limit to which the taxing power can be carried regarding it. It would be within the power of the government to impose a tax of 500, or 5,000, or 10,000 per cent, and thus prohibit through high taxation. The plan of the People's party is diametrically the opposite of this. It is to cheapen Rum in all its forms, and thus increase its use.

The taxing or the licensing of the liquor traffic fails to have the beneficial effect that it should, because the tax or the license is not high enough. Of course, any restrictive measure fails in the one vital point in not stopping the way for men to become drunkards. Imagine, too, what a festering mass of corruption our politics, not only local, but state and national, would become with the liquor traffic in the hands of politicians! The scheme would be one for the compulsory corruption of the American people. There can be, from the very nature of things, but one thorough and complete remedy for the evils of the drink traffic; that is, to exterminate the manufacture and sale by stringent prohibition laws, honestly and thoroughly executed. That is the only possible way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TIN PLATE FACTS.

We have received a number of letters recently, making inquiries of various kinds as to the manufacture of tin in the United States. We had supposed that any regular reader of THE BLADE would have followed the editorial and other references to this subject, and been fully informed on every point on which these recent questions have been asked. However, for the benefit of those who have become subscribers recently, as well as those who have not followed the discussion of the subject, we will summarize the following facts as to the manufacture of tin plate in the United States:

The manufacture consists of two seperate series of operations—first, the rolling of the tin sheets of iron and steel, which are the basis of the tin plate; second, the cleaning of these plates, coating them with the metallic tin, and polishing them for the market. To erect a plant in which both these operations are carried on requires extensive capital, and the building of expensive machinery for rolling the iron and steel to the requisite thinness. It has been estimated that it will take a year to erect a complete plant for carrying on the two series of operation necessary to turn out finished tin plate from the crude material.

As the new duty on tin plate did not go into operation until this summer, and as the new tariff law was not operative until last October, no complete plants for both operations have yet been finished. There are, however, a number of establishments in which the second series of operations is carried on. They buy the sheets of iron and steel from American rolling mills making other grades of sheet iron, and carry on the business of cleaning these plates, coating them with tin, and preparing the sheets for the market. There are five tin plate manufactories in operation which are now turning out American tin plate made from American iron and steel. These five are:

1.—The United States Tin Plate Co., limited, Demmler, Pa.
2.—Norton Bros., Chicago, Ill.
3.—P. H. Laufman & Co., Apollo, Pa.
4.—N. S. Taylor Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
5.—The St. Louis Stamping Co., St. Louis, Mo.

We believe that, of these five firms, the last-named rolls its own plates, as it was already engaged in the business of manufacturing articles from sheet iron and galvanized iron, and hence had already in operation the expensive machinery necessary to roll sheets to the thin gauges required. The following tin plate works we know to be in actual course of erection:

1.—The Britton Rolling Mill company, Cleveland, O.
2.—The Lewis Steel Sheet and Tin Plate company, Joliet, Ill.
3.—Somers Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y.
4.—The Welsh American Tin Plate company, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following tin plate companies have been organized, but have not yet begun the erection of their works:

1.—The Chicago Tin Plate company.
2.—The Anderson, Ind., Tin Plate company.
3.—The Elwood, Ind., Works; at the head of which is Hon. A. L. Conger, of Ohio. This company has accepted plans for buildings, and is now arranging for machinery.

In addition to the above, the following companies and firms are preparing to go into the business of manufacturing tin in the near future, and sent representatives to the conference of tin plate men, held about June 1, in New York city:

1.—Bellaire Nail Company, Bellaire, Ohio.
2.—Falcon Iron and Nail Company, Niles, Ohio.
3.—McCullough Iron Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
4.—Arethusa Iron Works, New Castle, Pa.
5.—Fleming & Hamilton, Pittsburg, Pa.
6.—Marshall Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
7.—Scottdale Iron company, Scottdale, Pa.
8.—Schoenberger & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
9.—Reeves Iron company, Canal Dover, Pa.
10.—Joseph Carns & Sons, Massillon, Ohio.
11.—Piqua Rolling Mill company, Piqua, Ohio.
12.—Dewees, Wood & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
13—Standard Iron company, Bridgeport, Ohio.
14.—Jennings Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.
15.—Cannonsburg Iron and Steel company, Cannonsburg, Pa.
16.—Kirkpatrick Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.

These are facts which cannot be disputed. Any one interested can write to the firms named, at the addresses given above, and satisfy themselves. All the free trade liars in the world cannot upset the fact that tin plate is being manufactured in the United States. The editor has on his desk at the present time, two sheets of roofing tin manufactured by the Philadelphia firm mentioned above.

Several free trade organs are exploiting the fact that certain tin plate factories do not roll their own sheet iron as if it were something derogatory. There is no more reason why they should do this than there is why a tailor should run a woolen mill to make the cloth for the garments which he sells. It amounts to the same thing, whether one firm makes the sheet iron and another coats it with tin, or whether one firm does both. It takes just as many American workmen in one case as in the other; just as much iron, and just as much tin.

Another of these sophistries is that the block tin used is largely imported from the East Indies. The Temescal mines, in Southern California, are the only tin mines in the United States which have yet been developed sufficiently to be able to ship block tin. The mines in Dakota, in the Black Hills region, are very rich, but their owners have not yet put up the machinery for reducing the ore and entering on the production of block tin in large quantities. Again, it is a fact to be remembered that the Cornish tin mines in England, and the Welsh mines, do not produce nearly enough block tin for the use of the tin plate manufactories there; and much of the English tin plate is coated with block tin from the East Indies—from Banca and the straits of Malacca. If English tin plate manufacturers import their block tin, why not the American ones also? The free trade tin plate liar will soon find his occupation gone. The falsehoods that are now being circulated by the free trade press are the last efforts to deceive the American people.

UNCLE JOHN SEITZ.

The gentleman who has a doubtful honor of being the nominee of the People's party for governor of Ohio, has a record which is not particularly creditable to him in the eyes of the Ohio voters. The *State Journal* has taken the trouble to look up his political career and make it public. It shows that SEITZ has belonged to every party we have had in Ohio since he became a voter, except the Republican; that he has been a chronic office-seeker for years; that when a member of the Ohio General Assembly, he voted as Democrat against the ratification of the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution, which gives negroes the right to vote; that he voted against the establishment of the State Soldiers' Orphans' home, being the only member of the House who voted in the negative; that he even went on record as voting against the appointment of a committee to pay a visit to that home; that he opposed most bitterly the placing of the Lincoln memorial in the rotunda of the capitol at Columbus; that he opposed the passage of the law equalizing the bounty of soldiers and sailors; that he favored a joint resolution instructing Congress to buy Arlington, the estate of General LEE, of Confederate fame; that he voted against the purchase of portraits of Generals THOMAS and MCPHERSON, now hanging in the rotunda of the capitol; and in fact, that he never lost an opportunity to show his hatred of Union soldiers. Nor is his record with the workingmen one whit better. In 1871 a resolution was offered in the General Assembly authorizing the appointment of a committee to inspect the coal mines of Ohio, as affecting the health and safety of the miners. There were only four votes in the House against this eminently proper and humane measure, and JOHN SEITZ cast one of these. Altogether Mr. SEITZ's record is not creditable to himself, nor does it show common sense on the part of the Springfield convention that they nominated such a man for the governorship.

A FACT AS TO THE TARIFF.

We wonder how many of those who habitually read the wild assertions of the free traders concerning "favoritism" the tariff is alleged to show to manufacturers, notice the frequent failures of manufacturing firms noted in the newspapers, and especially in business journals. Every one who does so certainly must be struck with the fact that the free trade argument is not a valid one. It is a fact that does not have its due prominence in discussions of the tariff question, that as large a per cent of manufacturers fail as do those engaged in other lines of business.

This shows to any unprejudiced man the truth of the position of protectionists, that the tariff simply equalizes conditions as to manufacturing between the United States and other countries. It makes up to the manufacturer the difference in wages, and puts him on the same level as his foreign competitor. If the absurd assertions were true as to the enormous per cent of profit made by American manufacturers, we should never find any failure among them; on the contrary, we would find them all rolling in wealth. It is proved beyond dispute that the average profits of manufacturing, instead of being some 40 or 50 per cent, as the free traders would have us believe, are only about 7 per cent.

"But," shouts the free trader, "look at the number of wealthy manufacturers there are!" Very true; but look at the number of wealthy merchants there are, the number of millionaire importers, the number of wealthy farmers, of wealthy stock breeders, of wealthy men in all lines of business. Why single out wealth in one particular line of business and assign a special cause? Business tact and knowledge counts in any line. Brains will tell, every time.

THE BLADE published, a year ago, from a New York paper, a list of the 35 wealthiest men or estates in that city. In only one of these cases was the wealth made by a manufacturer, and in that case it was a patented article—the original Singer patent on the sewing machine.

If our free trade friends will make an investigation, they will find that, of the extremely wealthy manufacturers, the great majority grew wealthy through patented articles. A patent gives a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of that article during the life of the patent. Its owner can charge whatever price he sees fit; the tariff has nothing whatever to do with it.

Outside of this particular field, manufacturing is not an exorbitantly profitable investment. A man can make more money with his capital in several other lines of business than in strict manufacturing. The farmers are doing so this year. The tariff, in place of granting a monopoly, opens the door to competition. The foreign manufacturers had the monopoly until protection enabled our own people to enter the field and compete with them; and it is the competition, first between the foreign manufacturer and the domestic one, and second, between domestic manufacturers engaged in the same line of business, which has steadily decreased prices and made protection a blessing to the people of the United States.

EXPOSING THE FRAUD.

Up to the present time the members of the Democratic party have not been free in their acknowledgment that the so-called Alliance party, North and South, was but an adjunct of the Bourbon organization, but of late they have become more bold in telling the truth. There is no doubt in the mind of any sane man who is following the trend of current events, that the Alliance has so far been but the cat's paw to aid the Democratic party in carrying out its efforts for office-holding against a popular will. The greatest advocates of the Alliance who have swept through Kentucky, and who have preached in Kansas, are now in Ohio, and others who are on the march for this state, are Southerners. The Charleston *News and Courier*, in a recent issue, printed a stenographic report of Governor TILLMAN's speech, in which occurs the following:

> In Kansas and other Northwestern states —"Bleeding Kansas," the blackest of black Republican states—which helped to make us in South Carolina, at least, subservient to the black horde that once dominated our state, the farmers with poverty staring them in the face and the sheriff behind them with their mortgages unpaid, have been driven to adopt Democratic principles in spite of themselves. [Applause.] They haven't the manliness to come out and say we have been wrong and you were right. Instead of joining the Democratic party outright, they want to organize a third party. They won't come right square into the Democratic party, although I admit it is hard for a fellow who has been voting one way for 25 years to confess he was wrong; but we don't care how they help us so long as they do help us. [Laughter and applause.] If they want to vote for Democratic principles in the third party, in God's name let us send them joyful greetings; for if we can divide these fellows up there we'll have a showing then, won't we, boys? [Applause.]

This extract should be read by every member of the Ohio Farmers' Alliance, and by every Republican who has in any way felt a leaning towards the sophistry of the People's party. Governor TILLMAN's testimony, added to that of MILLER PURVIS's, which we printed a few days since, shows fully that the People's party is but an adjunct to the Democratic organization, and its only aim in this campaign will be to draw enough Republican votes to elect a Democratic legislature and a Democratic administration.

The gauzy curtains which the People's party have drawn in front of its true movements are not heavy enough to deceive the Ohio Republicans. The South, without which no Democratic President could be elected, has its only hope in the People's party, and an increase of its membership drawn from the Republican ranks. The increase of numbers of the People's party means that the Democratic organization hopes to perpetuate the suppression of the free ballot in the South, assist in keeping up the minority rule which follows, and all the evils attendent upon such a state of affairs.

With the People's party in Ohio expecting the election of JOHN R. MCLEAN to the Senate, and the hope of electing Governor CAMPBELL, Republicans who are eternally antagonistic to the principles which both these men have advocated, will vote solidly against them.

AN IGNORANT WORLD.

The New York *World* appears to have a pain in the epigastric region because of the recent meeting of Ohio Republican editors at Columbus. It begins a characteristic article on this topic by saying that "fifty Republican editors in Ohio have met and decided to make free coinage the leading issue of the campaign." This is so near an untruth as to make it misleading. A correct statement would be that, it was the opinion of all the gentlemen present that the Republican party in Ohio has more this year to fear from the cheap money fallacy than from free trade. The tariff issue was exploited by the Democrats for all it was worth last year. They made a campaign of falsehoods and misrepresentations, which has been most thoroughly exposed by the Republican press of the state since that time. There can be no stampede of the voters on this issue, either during the present campaign or any future one. A majority of the voters of Ohio are to-day protectionists; hence there is but little to fear from all the agitation the free trade cranks may indulge in.

The real point of danger is in the newer issue injected into the canvass by the adoption of the free silver plank by the Democratic state convention at Cleveland; and the gentlemen of the press, after a very spirited interchange of views upon the topic, proved to be unanimous in the view that the currency question is the one that needs watching, and that therefore they will watch it.

The *World* is a shining example of the chronic inability of most of the New York press to understand the Ohio political situation at any given time. We are glad to repeat to it the fact that the tariff question is settled in Ohio. If the election were to be held to-day, and the tariff were the single issue, the Republican ticket would be elected from top to bottom by a majority of at least 25,000. With MCKINLEY and a number of other able speakers showing the fallacy of free trade and the solid evidences of the value of protection, there is no likelihood that their number will be diminished between now and November. The Democratic state committee tacitly acknowledged this a day or two ago when it decided to make the fight on silver. Another thing the *World* does not seem to understand is, that the people of Ohio know from experience that the tariff has not enhanced the price of the necessaries of life, and in November at the polls they will record their opinion of the free trade liars who misled them a year ago.

WHAT ABOUT BRICE?

The Ohio Democratic executive committee held its first meeting in Columbus a couple of days ago. CALVIN S. BRICE, of New York, who assumes to be a Senator-elect from Ohio, was in the city at the same time. He did not join the *hoi polloi* of the committee in the secret session, but remained in the seclusion of his suite of rooms at the Neil House, where he received certain favored ones for "consultation."

The halo of grandeur thrown about BRICE's personality by his aristocratic seclusion from the common herd may be all right at Mr. BRICE's palatial Fifth avenue residence in New York city; but it will probably lead the Democrats of Ohio to inquire "upon what meat doth this our CÆSAR feed that he hath grown so great?"

However, such upstart freaks on the part of this shoddy millionaire bank wrecker and Wall street monopolist are of no consequence to the people of Ohio; but the brazen attempt of BRICE to obtain a seat in the United States Senate from Ohio, in plain defiance of that provision of the constitution of the United States which declares that a Senator must be an inhabitant of the state from which he is chosen, is of the greatest importance to them. Are they going to submit, and allow New York three Senators to Ohio's one?

BRICE has no shadow of a right to the seat in the United States Senate to which he was elected by the Democratic legislature. That election is void, because of his lack of constitutional qualification to be a Senator from Ohio. This point needs more attention than it has received from the Republican press of Ohio. There needs to be full publication of the facts, that the people may know the truth. Every Republican editor should raise a protest against the violation of the federal constitution which has been attempted, and demand that the United State Senate shall, next December, declare the seat vacant.

THE "HARD TIMES" A MYTH.

There is entirely too much nonsense talk about this country not being prosperous. It is singular that any one can take stock in what these calamity shriekers say, with the evidence all around them that the country was never more prosperous. Our crops are not only the largest we have ever produced, but we have the largest foreign demand for many years, which will keep prices up, thus allowing the farmers to make a good profit. The crops are exceptionally large in every section of the country and in every product. Our exports of food products this year will be at least $100,000,000 greater than last year, and that immense sum will all go into the pockets of our farmers, in the shape of increased prices.

With plenty of money the farmers will diffuse prosperity through every line of trade and industry by their increased ability to purchase. Labor will be better paid and increase its own consumption of both the necessaries and luxuries of life; our railways will soon be overtaxed in transporting our abundant surplus crops to the sea coast for shipment. They will share in the general advantage, and make money for their stockholders. All these elements of prosperity are visible to every one who chooses to open his eyes. There is no reason for the cry of hard times on the part of anybody. Take it all in all, the outlook is better for a genuinely prosperous year than it has been since the war.

A CANADIAN VIEW.

The Montreal *Gazette*, being a leading Canadian newspaper, is naturally bitterly opposed to our new tariff law; but it is honest enough to tell the truth regarding affairs on this side of the line. Hence the following, on the results of last year's tariff legislation, is well worth careful reading, as the opinion of a disinterested Canadian authority:

> The scare produced by the McKinley tariff has worn off. Domestic trade is keeping well up, and foreign trade has increased. It is not established that a general increase in price has followed the operation of the McKinley tariff, and in certain articles of large consumption a decrease has taken place. The people are tickled with reports that as a result of the high tariff the tin plate used in the country will be made at home, and give employment to many thousands of United States workmen.
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> Mr. Blaine's reciprocity policy is working well, as is evidenced in the acceptance of its terms by Cuba, by which a preference is given to the United States farm and manufacturing products in a very large consumptive market. The Republican party, indeed, could not ask for much in the way of favorable conditions that has not been given them. On the other hand, the Democrats have not much to aid them but the record of their past success. Their fight will be to retain their advantage, and they are all but certain to lose some if not much of it.
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> They have neither the leaders nor the incentives of the Republicans, and wore the edge off the McKinley argument winning their last year's victory. November promises to bring so much gain for the Republicans that the fight for the presidency of 1892 will see the two parties on a much more even footing than they were a year ago, with the balance of power, perhaps, in the hands of the manipulators of the farmers' movement, who appear to be as arrant a set of demagogic humbugs as ever aspired to political power.

"GOOD OLD TIMES."

The "good old days" would be considered very hard times if they could come back. Our fathers of a hundred years ago paid 58 cents a yard for calico; in 1830 it was worth 29 cents; in 1860, 11 cents; in 1891, 5 cents.

Let us make the same comparison regarding the prices of sugar. In 1790, it cost 18¼ cents a pound for a cheap brown grade, such as nobody uses now; in 1830, it cost 15 cents a pound; in 1860, 11 cents; in 1891, 5½ cents for the best granulated sugar.

Take now something that the farmers sell in place of what they buy: In 1870, butter sold in Massachusetts at 11 cents a pound; in 1830, at 18 cents a pound; in 1860, at 26 cents a pound; in 1891, 30 to 35 cents a pound.

Take another instance, that of dressed beef: In Massachusetts, in the year 1790, it sold at 3½ cents a pound; in 1830, at 7¼ cents; in 1860, at 12 cents; in 1891, 13 to 18 cents.

Consider these facts when the free traders talk about the "good old days," when we had no manufactories, when our entire country was devoted to agriculture, and the number of those engaged in other occupations formed but a small percentage of the population.

SILVER THE OHIO ISSUE.

The secret meeting of the Ohio state Democratic committee determined that the fight in this state shall be made on the free silver issue. That body appears to be sick of the tariff issue, and determined to find a newer one with which to carry on a campaign of falsehood and misrepresentation. The Republicans of Ohio are ready to do battle once more in the cause of honest money, believing that the masses of Ohio voters are too intelligent to be misled by the cheap money doctrinaires.

A Columbus dispatch, speaking of the meeting, says "it is known that an effort is to be made during the campaign to show that the Republicans have committed themselves in favor of silver and have now denounced free silver." This is a characteristic Democratic falsehood. The Republican Congress passed the law which requires the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion per month, for which the government issues Treasury notes, payable in gold or silver. They thus provide for a large increase of the circulation, but guard against silver depreciation by placing all our gold behind these notes as well as the silver bullion which they represent. That lie won't work, Messrs. Democrats.

MARTINIQUE.

The Empress JOSEPHINE, of the French, was born upon the Island of Martinique, which has just now come into prominence once more through its devastation by hurricane. This island is famous in history, not only as the birth place of the wife of NAPOLEON, the Great, but because it was discovered by COLUMBUS, and has been a French possession for many years. The island has met with many devastations, its capital having been destroyed by fire only a year ago, large sums were necessary to be contributed by France to aid the homeless colonists. Of all the French colonies in the new world, the people of Martinique are most loyal to the home government.

It matters not whether the government is that of the empire, the kingdom, or the republic, the people are as loyal to one as the other. The inhabitants are contented and happy, and well-to-do. They do not want to be independent, and would refuse any offer should it be made to them.

ANOTHER TRUST GONE.

Another trust has collapsed. This time it is the great rubber trust, which included operators in the United States, Brazil, England and France. The capital of $25,000,000 invested in it was partly furnished in South America, partly in Europe and partly in New York city. Its purpose was to control the rubber supply of the world, but the attempt was a failure; the trust collapsed, and dissolved into its original elements.

There is a lesson here for those people who are ignorant enough to imagine that the tariff fosters trusts. The rubber trust operated in four countries: it aimed to control the rubber industry in free trade England as well as in protectionist America. In this respect it was like the great copper trust of three years ago, which covered North America and Europe in its operations, but broke down and involved every one who participated in its formation in complete ruin. It was also similar to the more recent lead trust, which had branches both in the United States and Europe, but which came to an untimely end.

The rubber trust, the copper trust and the lead trust all collapsed in spite of the tariff in this country, and of free trade in Great Britain. These three instances are enough to show that the tariff is not the parent of trusts. If that were true, how could the tariff operate in free trade Great Britain? If it were true, why did the trusts break down? We pause for reply from some free trade enthusiast.

M'KINLEY'S CRIME.

The New York *Sun*, Democratic, speaking of the howl of the Cleveland organs, because Major MCKINLEY insists upon discussing free silver as well as the tariff, pertinently comments thereon that these disgruntled personal organs are "not so silly as to suppose that Major MCKINLEY's chief concern in politics is to promote the fortunes of the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND. Neither the dullest Democrat nor the silliest mugwump editor could make so great a mistake as that," and then the *Sun* goes on:

> The actual sin of the major, which has excited sorrow and disgust in so many mugwump hearts, is of the nature of cruelty, rather than of cowardice or disloyalty. After Mr. Cleveland has conspicuously failed to appear on the stump in Ohio as an advocate of the Democratic candidate for governor and the Democratic platform, and when all of his idolaters were fervently praying that as little as possible might be said about his default, Major McKinley boldly dragged him before the Ohio voters and forced him to denounce the Democratic platform and to plead against the election of the Democratic candidate. For the purpose of this important canvass in Ohio, the Hon. Grover Cleveland is exclusively retained by the Republican side.
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> This was a Napoleonic move on the part of Major McKinley; but it was wicked. It has made Cleveland an impossibility for 1892 in Ohio, and in so many other states, East, South and West.

GENERAL FOSTER, who negotiated the Spanish reciprocity treaty, is an experienced diplomat, and performed his duties with an eye single to the interests of his own country. The first comment that was made on the treaty by the free trade press was that "it wouldn't amount to anything, because Spain has a commercial treaty with Great Britain and Canada, which contains a favored nation clause, and that therefore any advantages accruing because of the lowering of Cuban duties, would be shared equally with Great Britain and Canada and ourselves." This proves, however, to be untrue. The official gazette, printed at Madrid, when it published the reciprocity treaty with the United States, gave at the same time the announcement that all commercial treaties with European goverments would cease to have any force on July 1 of next year.

ONE of the meanest falsehoods of the free trade press is that one now becoming current, intended to break the force of the fact that, although the duties on some kinds of woolen goods were increased by the new tariff law, yet clothing made of those grades is cheaper than it was before the new law went into operation. They charge that the cloth, while looking well, is not as good in quality as it was a year ago; that it is "shoddy" cloth. This is a lie, stupid and indefensible. American goods have not been increased in price or debased in quality, because of the tariff. Imported goods have, but this works no hardships to any one. The American product is good enough for any American to wear. If he is unpatriotic enough to wear cloth of English manufacture, let him pay for it.

THE total amount of gold which went to England during the time of gold exports this year, was $70,000,000. It is now pretty certain that Europe will require $200,000,000 worth of our breadstuffs in excess of what she bought last year; that means that the balance of trade will be in our favor the present year by at least two hundred millions more, and that it will be paid in gold.

THE Ohio Democratic platform, in its tariff plank, favors cheapening men by cheapening labor; in its free silver plank, it favors cheapening money; in another plank, it favors cheapening whisky. Well, what more could you expect from a very cheap party?

OUR NEW STORY

IS BEGUN IN THIS ISSUE:

A Splendid Serial, Written Solely For The Blade—Send Us Names to Receive Sample Copies.

We have frequently of late had many requests from THE BLADE readers to publish "another serial story." Nearly everybody likes to read an interesting tale. Its perusal is relaxation to the business man, entertainment for the fairer half of creation in an idle hour, and a pleasure to everybody. In consequence of these frequent requests for another long story, we have purchased the exclusive right to the serial,

FOR LIFE AND HONOR.

The Story of a Rough Diamond.

Which is begun in this issue of THE BLADE. We think that a very large per cent of our readers will find it thoroughly entertaining. It is a story of action and incident. The reader's interest in the characters is awakened in the very first chapter, and deepens until the closing installment. The story has a strong plot, and presents a continued succession of striking scenes from real life, carried out with quick action. The narrative is clean and bright, without any morbid maundering or unhealthy incident—faults too often found in recent American stories. Pure and healthy in tone, quick and decided in action, abounding with strong situations and with good character painting, we think it will be found interesting by all THE BLADE's large constituency, and an added attraction to its pages.

We Want Names!

We desire to obtain a large number of names of persons not subscribers to THE BLADE, to whom to send sample copies, with the end in view that they may, by an inspection of the paper, become three-months' subscribers in order to get this excellent story. We ask all our patrons and friends everywhere to send us the names of such persons in their neighborhood, especially if they be Republicans. THE BLADE has many excellencies as a general newspaper not possessed by others, and we trust that this new serial will prove an an additional one. You can get ten or a dozen names and addresses on a postal card, and we shall be very much obliged to you if you will send them to us at once.

This story is written expressly for THE BLADE, and will be published in no *other* paper. It is not a "syndicate" story, which is peddled out to a number of papers in different parts of the country; but written for us, on special contract. Do not fail to send us list of names for sample copies!

THE London *Times* has become dreadfully worried over the inter-continental railway scheme, proposed by the Pan American congress last winter, and affects to belittle it, saying that there is no use for such a railway, and that it will not be built. If this be true, why need the *Thunderer* train its heavy guns upon a visionary scheme? It will probably be some years before that railway is built; but we have faith to believe that it will be an accomplished fact some time in the future; and when it is, we shall find the real reason for the *Times's* opposition—that it will enormously diminish British commerce with South American ports. That is the milk in the cocoanut.

THE Detroit *Tribune* complains that there is no money in national encampments. THE BLADE did not know that national encampments had heretofore been run to make money; but then Detroit was always a mercenary and peculiar place. It was but characteristic of the Detroitese to charge enormous prices for lodging at cheap hotels, and then to kick because the veterans of the Grand Army refused longer to be bled. Most any city would be satisfied with the knowledge that she had been honored with the greatest encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic which has or ever will take place.

JAMES G. BLAINE answers the charge that protection inures to the benefit of the few and that it creates large fortunes wrung from the laboring masses, in the following brief, but absolutely true statement:

> In no event can the growth of large fortunes be laid to the charge of the protective policy. Protection has proved a distributor of great sums of money; not an agency for amassing it in the hands of the few. The records of our savings banks and building associations can be appealed to in support of this statement. The benefit of protection goes first and last to the men who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces. The auspicious and momentous result is that never before in the history of the world has comfort been enjoyed, education acquired, and independence secured by so large a proportion of the total population as in the United States of America.

THE situation in the Democratic party in relation to the mugwumps is becoming embarassing, uncomfortable and complicated. The mugwumps do not believe in free silver, while agitating for free trade. While walking hand-in-hand with the Democratic party on the tariff issue, they are constantly fighting each other on the silver and currency questions. As the Indianapolis *Journal* remarks: "Could the mugwump get over his free trade theory craziness, he would join the Republican party."

SECRETARY OF WAR PROCTOR is to be appointed United States Senator, to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Senator EDMUNDS. The appointment will be a good one. It will involve the selection of a new Secretary of War by President HARRISON, and the *quid nuncs* will be all agog from now until November 1, the date on which Governor PAGE, of Vermont, signifies he will make the formal appointment.

THERE is a semi-panic among the exporters of fish, potatoes, lumber, etc., of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, over the reciprocity concessions obtained by the United States with Cuba and Porto Rico. A dispatch from Halifax says:

> The Dominion government has recently established by heavy subsidies special lines of steamers to Cuba and Porto Rico, for the purpose of still further developing our trade, but Mr. Blaine's treaty will kill both the steamship lines and the traffic unless urgent steps be taken to prevent it.

IT is the right of the farmer and wage-worker to have every dollar that is paid him worth 100 cents in purchasing power. Free silver coinage means a reduction of the dollar to less than 80 cents in purchasing power; hence every farmer and workingman should oppose the scheme.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A late freak is the black handkerchief exquisitely embroidered in delicate tints.

The Jeannette drifted through the Arctic ocean at the rate of two miles a day.

Upon the instep of the most elegant silk hosiery appear discs and flowers of black lace.

Francis Murphy has been remarkably successful in his temperance work in Montana.

Russia's oldest inhabitant is 124. His name is Nitchinorenko, and he lives at Belgorod.

The Grand Duke Alexis has the gout and is generally suffering from the effects of high living.

The Rev. Dr. Moore proposes to find the volcano in the Everglades of Florida and write it up.

Senator Voorhees names Isaac Pusey Gray as the Democratic Presidential candidate for 1892.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's army, is known as "Umbrella George."

One of the most flattering colors to a brunette with a rich tinted complexion is the new Argentine gray.

According to expert figures the permanent tramp population of the United States numbers 60,000.

Associate Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme court, is taking a vacation at Bethlehem, N. H.

The gant de Tyrol, in yellow and white, has become, on account of its washable qualities, an especial favorite.

The archbishop of Canterbury is a warm personal friend of Mr. Spurgeon and a constant visitor at his bedside.

Outing shoes of maroon or dark chocolate are worn by stylish women to the exclusion of the common russet shades.

Powder blue, golden, russet, and blush rose are among the newest shades to be found in the embroidered bengalines.

Women in Sweden have now obtained official permission from the government to be received as pupils of apothecaries.

The widow of Richard Proctor, the great astronomer, is to be curator of the Proctor memorial observatory at San Diego, Cal.

Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian statesman, is to be tendered a public dinner in Boston by the French-Americans of Massachusetts.

Miss Kate Field, who is the incarnation of modesty, is good enough to admit that woman is what man might be if spiritually refined.

Ellensburg, Wash., is elated over the discovery of gold in that city. It is said that nuggets as large as thimbles are being found.

A Puyallup brave is known as Yuhr Nawt Innyt, which is pronounced very much like one of the prevailing slang phrases.

Jacques, who in January last, at Christiana, Norway, fasted 47 days, is now in the midst of a 50 days' fast in London. He began weighing 142½ pounds.

Texas has a Fat Man's association, the initiation fee of which is one cent a pound. Men who weigh less than 225 pounds are ineligible to membership.

Fredrika Bremer said, while on her visit to this country, that Elmwood was the only house she had entered where two successive generations had been born.

A woman who solicited alms at an elevated railroad station in New York Thursday night received $37.19 in three hours. The fact was brought out in a police court.

Among the best known newspaper women in Paris are Mme. de Rute, a granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and the editor of *La Nouvelle Revue Internationale*.

The czarina will accompany the czarowitz when he visits Paris this autumn, in order that she may curb somewhat the young man's disposition to become a high roller.

Mrs. Langtry's 5,000 acre property on the Pacific slope has increased tenfold in value. Such is the report, at least, and it doesn't come from an advance agent either.

So far from being slothful, the sultan is one of the busiest monarchs in Europe. He possesses a wide knowledge of geography of international law and of European politics.

Sir Charles Dilke is a broad-shouldered, square-built man with clear gray eyes and full grizzled beard. His manner is serious and dignified and direct almost to abruptness.

There is so much depreciation of self in the character of John G. Whittier and his neice, who is engaged upon a life of the poet, finds difficulty in obtaining essential facts from him.

Dr. Seward Webb, of the Vanderbilt family, wants to buy a piece of land adjacent to his farm in Vermont, but he finds that the price has been marked up from $40 to $400 an acre.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, the novelist, is now 52 years old. He has for many years been a widower, but next month he will be married to Miss Frances E. Goode, of Madison, Indiana.

The Duke of Edinburg is a good fiddler. He is also considered the handsomest man in London, being over six feet in height, muscular in build, ruddy complexion, and regular features.

Ex-Senator Moody, of South Dakota, a Minnesota paper says, has accepted the attorneyship of the Harney Peak Copper Mining company, recently tendered him, at a salary of $6,000 per annum.

Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, the Philadelphia specialist, is regarded as a literary wonder. His poems are excellent, his medical works standard authorities and his play, "The Miser," scored an instantaneous success.

Secretary Bayard's daughter, the Countess Lewenhaupt, intends to pass the fall and possibly the winter in Sweden. It is not improbable that she will make her permanent home in King Oscar's kingdom.

Miss Susan M. Dunklee has just resigned the treasurership of the Newton (Mass.) bank, a position which she has filled for seventeen years without once having to justify herself before the board for errors.

Miss Rachel Gurney, the protege of the Duchess of Bedford, who is to marry the young Earl of Dudley, is, besides being very handsome, extremely accomplished, and one of the best amateur singers in England.

Miss Anna Dickinson's present home is in Goshen, N. Y., where she delivered her lecture upon Joan of Arc a few evenings since, under the auspices of the Grand Army corps of that place, to a large and interested audience.

In the revival of the long, old-fashioned chain may be found many of silver gilt, divided here and there with colored stones and pearls. These pretty fancies are used for holding eye-glasses, fans and other feminine knick-knacks.

Jeweled veils are just at present in high favor. A fine black net, thickly powdered with amethysts, turquoises, and pearls is the prettiest, although even it requires to be carefully adjusted in order to produce the desired effect.

Young James R. Garfield is likely to be the Republican nominee for State Senator from Lake county, Ohio. Since his father's death he has lived at Mentor, at the old homestead, and practiced law, besides superintending a farm in the vicinity.

Miss Theo Alice Ruggles, Boston's woman sculptor, is only 20 years old. When she was only 17 two of her works were accepted by the Paris Salon. She has just submitted a model for the statue of Shakspeare which the city of Providence is to erect.

Rene Raoul Duval, to whom Mrs. James Brown Potter's sister is engaged to be married, is a nephew of Leon Say, the French statesman. The young man's father is a the head of the gas works of Naples and Paris. M. Duval is said to have an annual income of 1,000,000 francs.

Count Montebello, the new French embassador in St. Petersburg, has the reputation of being one of the best diplomates in the service of France. "No one," once said a French minister, in speaking of the count, "understands better than he how to dissolve an opponent in sugar water."

In spite of his old age Prince Bismarck has lost none of his gallantry. To a young lady who lately asked to be allowed to kiss his hand, he replied: "Oh, no! That is not good enough for so charming a damsel!" whereupon his excellency, without further ado, gave the young lady a kiss.

Humor is not entirely unknown among the Britons. In a recent debate the question of pardoning certain dynamiters came up in parliament, when Mr. Haldane, a Scottish member, alluded to Daly, who attempted to blow up the House of Commons, as "much respected in dynamite circles."

General Custer's venerable father, now eighty-four years old, was at Detroit the other day, at the cyclorama of the battle of Big Horn. As he gazed upon the portrayal of his son's death he wept, and finally turned to leave, when a lot of veterans of the civil war, who were present, recognized and greeted him, and an affecting scene ensued.

The ex-emperor of Brazil heads the list of water drinkers at the alkaline Vichy springs. He has his son-in-law with him, because this personage needs the waters and wishes to look after the discrowned South American monarch, who is not yet quite rid of the danger of gangrene, the cut inflicted on his toe joint by a chiropodist remaining unhealed.

Mr. Lease got into a scrape at Wichita with an Alliance man who refused to pay the expense incurred by Mrs. Lease in giving a lecture before the Mutual Protective association. Mrs. Lease is still so busily engaged in fighting Mr. Ingalls that her husband is compelled to attend to all subsidiary rows which may come up in connection with his wife's political career.

The duke of Cleveland, who died recently, had one pet aversion—Lord Brassey. The latter, whose father was a day laborer, is immensely wealthy and correspondingly vain of his riches. He built an imposing mansion near the historical edifice owned by the duke and known as Battle Abbey, which stands upon the battle-field of Hastings, and called it Battle Castle. The duke has not for years permitted the name of Brassey to be mentioned in his presence.

Publishers' Desk.

PARTICULAR NOTICE!!

The large double-column announcement of Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book, found on the fifth page of this issue, will not appear after the last issue for September. These books are going very fast, and those who desire a copy will please order very promptly in order to obtain it.

THE CAMPAIGN SEASON.

We are now preparing and arranging our terms for campaign three months' subscribers to the Weekly BLADE in clubs. We want from 20,000 to 30,000 short-time subscribers, and we are going to offer confidential terms to agents for three-months' clubs, which shall be very profitable. We want at least one person at every postoffice in the United States to act as agent. Send on a postal card an application, and we will send our confidential terms by mail. This will give you an opportunity to make several dollars by a very few days' work. Our campaign terms for club subscribers to the Weekly BLADE will be very low. Send for our confidential terms, and when you apply, don't forget to ask also for a sample copy of the Weekly BLADE

OUR NEW OFFER WITH DR. CARLIN'S RECIPE BOOK.

We give, on the fifth page of to-day's issue of THE BLADE, our new offer for he new edition of Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book. We ask every one to read it carefully, because its terms are entirely different from those of the first offer. Under that, we offered the book as a premium to each one dollar subscriber to the Weekly BLADE. Under the present one, we offer the book for 4 three-months' subscribers, at 25 cents each, to the Weekly BLADE.

Our object is now, to put on our list from 20,000 to 30,000 new names of three-months' subscribers. We wish them to read THE BLADE during the campaign, until fall, that they may get acquainted with its many merits as a family newspaper, and become regular patrons of it.

While we expect to give the most of this new edition to new three-months subscribers, we will, until further notice, receive subscriptions for one year at $1 each, and send a copy of the book free, under the old offer, in order to save disappointment to those who read the first offer, but did not find it convenient to send the dollar at that time.

The first edition of 5,000 copies was snapped up quickly, all being taken within eight weeks' time. This is the most remarkable sale of a book we know of, from an advertisement in only one paper. The second edition is now being printed, and we hope will be bound and ready for mailing by the middle of August. We expect, before we mail the first copy of the second edition, to have on file the names of enough subscribers to exhaust the entire edition. This will be the case, if we judge by the rapidity with which the first edition was snapped up; hence it is important for you to act at once on our new offer.

We have no plans made for a third edition, and shall not print one this year, at least; therefore, if you want the book, you must get us four campaign subscribers at once, so as to be in time to get a copy of the second edition. None will be printed beyond the 5,000 already ordered. This is simply a summer offer, and we cannot afford to make such a one during our regular renewal season.

TO BOYS WHO WISH TO MAKE POCKET MONEY.

A considerable demand has sprung up in many quarters for copies of the Weekly BLADE, to be sold on the streets in towns and cities. This demand is increasing, and we refer to it here because we think many boys and young men—boys in school, for instance—can make some spending-money by selling the Weekly BLADE in the town or city in which they may live.

If you wish to try it, write us a letter asking for terms and instructions for selling the Weekly BLADE on the streets Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

Last fall we printed the new tariff law, occupying nearly four of THE BLADE'S pages, and sold many thousand copies. The Ohio campaign has renewed the demand; so we have just issued a new edition, which is now ready. It contains the full text of the McKinley bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes—complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added notes to the different schedules, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send *two* 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send two copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy and the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21¼x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

OUT OF PRINT.

All our copies of "Social Etiquette," by Miss Bouton, are sold; and there is no use of sending in any further orders for the book as we cannot fill them. It is out of print.

We have a few copies left of Miss Bouton's Health and Beauty." When these are gone, this book will also be out of print. Those who desire a copy of this, Miss Bouton's best book, should order immediately, before the few still remaining on hand are disposed of. The price is $1 per copy, postpaid by mail. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Gen. Grant.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin.

EMINENT MEN—Benjamin Harrison.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait.............................. 25c

Any three portraits........................... 50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR NEW PICTURES.

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, *in colors*, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE, each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for 25 cents each. They are the following:

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. **Price 25 cents.**

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the emotions that animate each.

The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors; the price has hitherto been $1, but our price is 25 cents.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame as a splendid colorist; and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $100,000. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city-roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice.

The picture is 17x22 inches, black and white, faithfully reproducing every detail of the original. Price 25 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

LOUIS PAULSEN,

The Famous Chess Player, Recently Dead in London.

There is something in the atmosphere of the United States that seems to favor the development of skill in chess. Paul Morphy, probably the greatest chess player who ever lived, was an American, and while Paulsen was not a native of this country, he became famous here. Louis Paulsen was born June 15, 1833, in the principality of Lippe-Detmold, Germany. His father was a strong chess player. When 4 years old Louis watched his father teaching the moves to his

LOUIS PAULSEN.

two elder brothers and his sister. Louis was intended to become a gentleman farmer, but in 1854 he emigrated with his brother Ernest to this country and established a business in Dubuque, Iowa.

He cultivated chess with such success that he received in 1857 an invitation from Chicago to take part in a tournament. Having beaten the strongest players in that city, he was persuaded to take part in the first American chess congress in New York in 1857. Paulsen won the second prize, Morphy being first. Morphy was the only player who beat him. He lost against him five games, won one and drew two. In New York Paulsen first tried his skill as a blindfold player. Out of five games played simultaneously he won four and drew one. This achievement created such a sensation at that time that the New York Chess club gave him a gold medal. Subsequently he played seven, then ten and finally fifteen games simultaneously.

It 1869 he returned to Europe and challenged Morphy, who refused to play with him. He engaged in a number of contests, the most memorable one of which was with Kolisch. This match was drawn after Paulsen had won seven, lost six; there were eighteen draws. In the London tournament of 1862 Paulsen won second prize, but afterwards beat the winner, Anderson. His life almost up to the time of his death was a series of triumphs and he was several times first. In 1889, in Breslau, he divided the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prizes.

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

That's What a Man From Maine Says, and He Ought to Know.

Toledo Daily Blade, Aug. 29.

"Yes, I am from Boston," said Mr. O. R. Tredway, at the Hotel Jefferson the other evening, "but that is not my home. I am from Maine, but travel for a Boston house." After a pleasant little chat with a BLADE reporter, the conversation drifted to prohibition as it exists, or is supposed to exist, in that state.

"Lots of people say that prohibition doesn't prohibit," said Mr. Taedway. "The commonest thing nowadays is for people to sneer at Maine's prohibition laws, and reporters have been sent there with tacit instructions to discover that prohibition doesn't prohibit. Nevertheless, I can tell you that prohibition has prohibited in one way. I have lived in Maine for 20 years, and I know that the children grow up in the country places there with almost exactly the same feeling in regard to liquor sellers, as a well-bred boy entertains toward a man who conducts a gambling hell or keeps a fence for thieves. It is the law that has done that. The authorities prosecute offenders in such a way as to leave the impression on the youthful mind that some henious offense has been committed. The boy observes that a man to sell or consume liquor must act like a thief. Hardly a week passes that does not leave the memory of a liquor case on trial, where the offender pursued much the same way as one would suppose a thief would pursue. And the boy knows all this. If he should want a drink he'd pause and consider quite awhile before he'd take it. It wouldn't be like pushing through a swinging door as you do here in Toledo. Of course, it isn't expected that prohibition will absolutely prohibit this generation, but the effect is prohibitory on generations to come."

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

A Remarkable Sentence in a Recent Imperial Decree.

There is a remarkable sentence in the decree recently promulgated by the Emperor of China through his council of ministers, providing for the protection of the Christian missionaries in all the provinces of his vast and populous empire. The emperor, after notifying all Tartar generals and other functionaries throughout his dominions that they must punish those miscreants who interfere with the missionaries, or spread false reports about them, and after saying that Chinese converts must be allowed to live in peace, makes this marvellous announcement, unparalleled in the annals of China: "The doctrine of Christianity has for its purpose the teaching of men to be good."

The imperial degree in which the Christian religion is thus spoken of is promulgated for the information and guidance of all his subjects, who number between three and four hundred millions. It is issued to a people, the great body of whom are here called pagans, by an emperor who is apt to be described by Christians as a pagan, through a council of ministers who do not believe in the Christian religion. Yet this emperor attributes to Christianity the sublime purpose of "teaching men to be good."

The imperial decree, which has by this time been promulgated over China, must give the Chinese people a new and amazing idea concerning the nature and purpose of Christianity.—[New York Sun.

The Heiress Returns.

Tompkins—I suppose you have brought back with you all the bric-a-brac you picked up in Europe,

Miss De Million—Yes, all except a duke papa bought for me in Paris. He is coming to New York on the next steamer.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Philadelphia's Kick Against Sleep Disturbers.

The one thing that stands in the way of the more general use of the alarm clock, is that it invariably wakes up the wrong fellow.—[Philadelphia Record.

Science Causerie.

Summer Sleep of Animals.

Many animals pass the cold season of the year in sleep, while the similar phenomenon of a summer sleep is known in serpents and crocodiles of tropical regions. Even in the temperate zones, it appears, there are reptiles and amphibious animals that spend the hot days in sleep. According to Dr. Franz Werner, these animals will be seen in July and August in noticeably fewer numbers than during the spring; and search will reveal them, in a condition very similar to sleep, hidden under stones, brush, or leaves, or in the edges of marshes and ponds. The frogs sit huddled together, and make no attempt to flee. Lizards and salamanders lie almost motionless, with their tails over their heads; and snakes are coiled in spirals, with the head concealed. Unlike that of the land animals, the summer sleep of the water animals is not always at the time of the greatest heat, but occurs only when their usual dwelling place is dried up. Contrary to general supposition, reptiles do not always thrive best in hot weather, but many, such as lizards and snakes, succumb very quickly under a hot sun, and only turtles can bear the exposure for any considerable time. The summer sleep of these animals varies with the character of the hot season, and does not appear at all in animals kept in a comparatively even temperature in captivity.

Thinking a Hole Through a Board.

Not long ago a celebrated electrician stated that he could easily "think a hole through an inch board," and by connecting a drill so that it could be actuated by the current produced he actually did it. A. E. Dolbear, writing on this subject, says that the experiment, far from being new or impracticable, was carried out in this country more than twenty years ago by Dr. Lambard, of Harvard College. A thermopile was connected with a delicate astatic galvanometer, and a person selected for the test. The individual was placed in a reclining posture, and the thermopile touched his head. A certain place was found where temperature changes in the skull were more quickly apparent than elsewhere, and the instrument was fixed at that place. So long as the subject remained mentally passive the galvanometer needle remained at zero, but as soon as a word was spoken to attract his attention, the needle would at once be deflected, though no muscle had moved. A noise outside, a door opening, or any incident that would cause concentrated attentions would have a marked effect on the needle. It is now proposed to measure the relative strengths of various mental efforts, as, for instance, working out problems in mental arithmetic or geometry, reading English, Latin, German or any other language, in all of which processes it will be easy to ascertain by the movements of the needle the respective degree of effect made by the person experimented upon.

How the Earth Looks from the Moon.

It is evident that to a lunar observer the disk of earth appears to be equal to about 16 areas of the solar disk, says the New York *Times*. The solar disk, as seen from earth, is on an average equal to the lunar disk seen from the same point, for, in a solar eclipse, the disk of the moon covers the sun as in an annular eclipse. Therefore, the apparent sizes of the bodies must average about equal in size to a terrestrial observer. Again, the solar disk will appear to the lunar observer just equal to what it seems to be when seen from earth, because the distance from the sun to the moon averages equal to the distance from the sun to earth. Furthermore, the diameter of earth is equal to about four lunar diameters, and of course the area of their disks vary as the square of their radii, and this makes the terrestrial disk about equal to sixteen lunar disks, and, of course, if the lunar disk is equal to the solar disk at a given distance, then the terrestrial disk will seem to be about sixteen times as great at the same distance.

This enormous disk of earth must be blue in color to the lunar observer, because earth's atmosphere is blue, and all things seen through it seem blue. Even interstellar space seems blue through this medium, and the unilluminated parts of the moon cannot be distinguished from the space that abuts it. Bright, direct and reflected light is not affected appreciably by its passage through our atmosphere; therefore, stars, moonlight and distant illuminations are not noticeably blue from that cause.

Perfumes of Plants.

A German botanist, Mr. Regel, has made public the result of his researches as to the cause of the perfumes of plants, and the factors which diminish or increase them. "Light and heat naturally play a very important role. Darkness prevented the development of perfume in flowers of which the buds were only slightly advanced, and when submitted to its influence, and even the plants whose flowers exhaled perfume only at night, lost their odor if compelled to live in continued darkness."

Bleaching Paper.

Very satisfactory results are now being obtained by some of the English paper manufacturers in bleaching paper by electricity, the process rendering the paper perfectly white, without in the least injuring its strength. The process in question depends on the use of a solution of magnesium chloride, which is decomposed by the action of a strong electric current into chlorine and oxygen on the one hand, and into magnesium and hydrogen on the other. Plates of platinum are used as electrodes.

Notes.

Watch crystals are made by blowing a sphere of glass about one yard in diameter, after which the disks are cut from it by means of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg.

The distance of the horizon is determined by the height of the eye above the earth or the sea. On the sea, with the eye at a height of five feet, the distance would be three miles; at sixty feet in height, ten miles.

By means of a powerful jet of compressed air a German military engineer drives dry cement down into the sand or mud at the bottom of a stream, so that the water immediately fixes the cement, and it becomes like solid rock, suitable for foundations.

The electrostatic resistance of the Atlantic cable reduces the speed of the electric current more than one-third, requiring three seconds for it to travel to Europe.

The latest improvements in the long distance telephones have raised the question of the probability of their being put into operation between this country and Europe.

The following metals will conduct electricity in the following proportions, viz: Silver, 100; copper, 96; gold, 72; aluminium, 52; zinc, 26; platinum, 16; iron, 15; nickel, 12; tin, 11; lead, 7. Of the above, copper and iron have the greatest commercial value as electric conductors.

He Asked No More.

A well known clergyman of Pittsburg was riding in a Penn-avenue car the other day, when a lady and child got aboard. The minister gallantly offered his seat, as the car was crowded, and it was graciously accepted.

As the gentleman hung to the strap with one hand he patted the child's head with the other, and the following conversation ensued:

"Fine child, madam."

"Yes, sir."

"Very fine, indeed."

"We think so. It is the only one we have."

"I am very fond of children."

The lady nodded.

"Now this boy will grow up to be a great comfort to you, and perhaps a support. You ought to be very proud of him."

"Yes sir."

"What is his name?"

"Annie."

At this the whole car roared. The minister joined in the merriment, but not in a hearty manner.

He asked no more questions, however. —[Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Accounted For.

Since Brown's wife died he's grown quite gray.
Not that he grieves so much, they say;
But—and the fact there's no denying—
When she stopped living he stopped dyeing.
—[Judge.

PERRY'S BATTLE SHIP.

The Niagara Will Be Raised and Sent to the World's Fair.

If the spirit of old Commodore Oliver Perry could materialize and spend the next few months at Erie, Pa., it would be a very popular spook. The memory of the noble old hero is soon to be revived there and in a manner that is interesting to every patriotic American.

For the past 78 years the wreck of an old vessel has been partly visible in Misery Bay, about 1½ miles from the harbor at Erie, says the Buffalo *Enquirer*. It is all that remains of the old brig Niagara which played so important a part in the great marine battle fought between the American and British lake navies September 10, 1813. The hulk now is in about thirteen feet of water and it is said to be in a good state of preservation. But little more of it remains above water as it has been carried away by piecemeal by relic hunters for the last half century.

What has recently brought it into notice is the plan of Capt. D. P. Dobbins, of the life-saving service of this city, to raise the old hulk and have it placed on exhibition at the World's Fair along the new gun boat Chicago in the naval exhibition of Jackson Park. Captain Dobbins owns the hulk, and will begin the work of raising it as soon as he returns from a trip to California. The guns which were used on the old brig are still in existence, and will be in position on her decks when she is placed on exhibition.

Those who are familiar with the history of the battle will remember that the Niagara and the Lawrence were the principal American vessels. Both of them sunk soon after the battle. The Lawrence was raised in 1875 and taken to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and put on exhibition the year following.

The hulk of the old gunboat was in such a good state of preservation that many were disposed to regard it as a fraud. They could not believe that so crude a vessel ever withstood the terrible fire from Capt. Barclay's ship for so long a time. After the centennial was over the hulk of the Lawrence was sold at sheriff's sale where it stood, and was cut up into canes and relics and carried by piecemeal all to parts of the world.

According to history the Niagara played the more important part in the engagement. The terrible fight had been going on for several hours. Commodore Perry was still on board the Lawrence, but the terrible broadsides from the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, commanded by Capt. Barclay, had rendered her almost defenseless. Much of her rigging had been torn away, several of her guns were dismantled, and her decks were red with blood, and strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying. Only 17 men who had escaped death or severe wounds were left on board. It was a terrible moment for the brave commander. Above him still floated the flag having in blue and white letters the dying words of Commodore Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship." But it was only a matter of another hour when the sturdy old ship must be given up and the life or at least the liberty of the soldiers on board.

But a glorious moment of deliverance was at hand. A short distance away Commodore Perry saw the Niagara uninjured, and decided to leave the Lawrence and take the old flag to the other ship. It was a perilous undertaking, but with the inspiration, "if a victory is to be gained I'll gain it," he carried the old flag safely to the Niagara, and turning his guns upon the British vessels soon had them entangled and so badly riddled that a few broadsides forced Capt. Barclay to surrender. It was then that the proud Perry sent out the message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." It is said that when Perry left the Lawrence to go to the Niagara, even the oars in the row boat were torn to splinters by musket balls fired from the British ships. But Perry even stood erect in the boat most of the time, and with the glorious old flag wrapped about him made a target for the British soldiers.

There is yet an old gentleman in Erie who will be one of the most famous men at the World's Fair if he is only able to be there. His name is Osborn, and he distinctly remembers the day of the terrible battle. A few years since the writer visited him in the interest of a Chicago paper, and at that time he talked of the big fight as though it was only a matter of a week ago.

"I remember well," said he, "how we all stood along the lake shore that day and listen to the terrible thunder of the cannons away out on the water and watched for the little clouds of smoke that we could sometimes see after a heavy broadside. I remember wondering why I couldn't hear the men cry if they were hurt and why some of them didn't come in with small boats. At length when the firing ceased for a time our hearts all sank for we feared the skalping knife and tomahawk if the British carried the day. In fact, all the settlers had made arrangements to fly to Pittsburg as rapidly as possible if the Americans were defeated.

"But what a happy time it was when our own victorious soldiers began to come ashore after the battle wos over. I can remember how I clung to their legs and cried with joy. For years I dreemed of that awful battle and great victory."

WOLF'S COMET.

It Will Pass Through the Pleiades Next Month.

Prof. Barnard, of Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, furnishes the following to the New York *Sun:*

"An interesting phenomenon will be witnessed by astronomers during the 3d, 4th and 5th of September. Wolf's comet, whose return was first announced from the Lick Observatory on May 3 last, will pass through the Pleiades on the above dates. I believe no comet has ever been seen to pass through the cluster.

"This phenomenon will be of interest principally from the probable occultation of some of the considerable stars. From the dimensions and rapidity of motion of comets occultations of the fixed stars by them are not unfrequent. The passage of a comet in front of a star cannot, in the true sense of the word, be called an occultation of the star, for it does not disappear when the comet passes over it. Although occultations or transits frequently occur, it is quite seldom that any but small stars lie exactly in the path of a comet.

"The passage of Wolf's comet through the Pleiades will therefore be of more than ordinary interest, as it will give an opportunity to test the problem. The comet will not pass over any of the brightest stars. It will, however, pretty certainly transit the two bright stars, Asterpe and Pleione. The passage over the first of these will occur on the morning of September 4, at about 3:15 o'clock, Mount Hamilton time; the second on September 5, at 2 o'clock p. m. A 9¼-magnitude star will probably be centrally occulted on the 6th at noon. These last two cannot be seen here, but will be observable in Australia. It will also perhaps partly transit the second star of Asterope at about 5 o'clock a. m. September 4."

TO JESSIE'S DANCING FEET.

How, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art,
Do thy light footsteps, every one,
Cross and recross my heart!
Now here, now there, and to and fro,
Their winding mazes turn;
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
They seem the earth to spurn.
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something, when you dance,
That serves to tangle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes blow,
Thy soft and filmy laces in
A swirl around thee flow!
The cobweb 'neath thy chin that's crossed
Remains demurely put,
While those are ever whirled and tossed
That show thy saucy foot;
That show the silver grayness of
Thy stockings' silken sheen,
And mesh of snowy skirts above
The silver that is seen.

How, as the spider, from his web,
Dangles in light suspense,
Do thy sweet measures' flow and ebb
Sway my enraptured sense!
Thy flutt'ring lace, thy dainty airs,
Thy every charming pose—
There are not more alluring snares
To bind me with than those.
Swing on! Sway on! With easy grace
Thy witching steps repeat!
The love I dare not—to thy face—
I offer, at thy feet.
—[W. D. Ellwanger, in Century Bric-a-Brac.

1791—Spinning Wheels—1891.

Her grandmother sat at her spinning wheel neat
Demure and sweet,
Her work complete,
With one foot working the treadle;
But the bicycle maid gets there with both feet,
As up the street,
Both fair and fleet,
She presses the flying pedal.
—[N. Y. Herald.

SOUTH DAKOTA TIN.

A Chicago Man Tells of the Mines Near Harney Peak.

Chicago Tribune.

Henry C. Wicker, general manager of the Harney Peak Consolidated Tin company, limited, of Hill City, S. D., is at the Wellington. He is in the city on business in connection with the mines owned by his company at Hill City, and talked enthusiastically of the prospects for the metallic tin industry of the country, but more particularly of the Hill City mines.

"If you were to ask me," said Mr. Wicker, "if we are manufacturing metallic tin I should say no. People have an idea that all we have to do is to scoop up metallic tin with a shovel like sugar out of a barrel. In a year from now we will put metallic tin on the market in large quantities. We have mills erected capable of crushing 250 tons a day, and by February we will have another mill erected which will double our capacity. Our shaft is down 300 feet, and at every 100 feet we have lateral levels. We have crushed some ore, but only for the purpose of assaying. The ore runs from 2 to 5 per cent. of black oxide and the tin produced is superior to the best Dutch Straits Settlement tin.

"Hills City is now a town of a thousand inhabitants and a branch of the Burlington railroad connects it with the outside world. It was solely on account of the tin that this road was put through, which shows that the Burlington officials have faith in the Harney Peak mines. Our company is spending from $25,000 to $30,000 a month on the mines, and that ought to be an indication that there is no stock jobbery to be feared.

"When we get down 800 feet and have worked out laterally so that we can command a sufficient body of ore we will have suitable tin to put on the market. In Cornwall the shafts are sunk down 3,000 feet, 1,000 feet under the ocean. When we have got down a reasonable distance and have produced no tin, then will be the time for people to say that we don't know what we are talking about. The Harney Peak mines are among the richest in the world. I have convinced myself thoroughly of that fact, by personal inspection, and any one else can do so who wishes to inspect the mines. We are not hiding our light under a bushel, but court inspection."

"DO YOU KNOW ME?"

If the Cashier Says No, Spring One of These on Him.

A novel and ingenious plan to enable a person to identify himself under all circumstances, as when cashing a check or money or obtaining registered letters or mail matter, has been invented. It is in the form of an "identification card," which is enclosed in a morocco case so that it can be carried around by the owner conveniently.

The card contains in one corner a miniature photograph of the person to whom it is issued, with his signature below. Beneath this is the attestation of a notary public to the genuiness of the photograph and signature.

On another division of the card is registered the name, occupation, age and citizenship of the possessor, together with an accurate description of him and his place of residence. Room is also left in another column for signatures and addresses of any references that the bearer may have.

Beer in Chicago.

Some one has been figuring in the Chicago *Mail* on the amount of beer-lager—that is drank in that city, and the sum is worked out in this way: "Chicago has about 5,800 saloons. To keep the computations within reasonable limits place the total at 5,500. Big and little, these saloons average more than five kegs of beer per day. Five kegs each gives a total of 27,500 kegs. Each keg averages 95 glasses, a total of 2,612,500. At 5 cents per glass Chicago beer drinkers pay $130,625 per day. Again making a big cut in order to keep within the truth, it is safe to say that Chicago's beer bill amounts to more than $100,000 a day during the heated term. The saloon profits average $2.50 per keg, since the saloon keeper pays from $3 to $3.25 per keg and sells 95 glasses at 5 cents each, or $4.75 worth of beer from each keg."

Only Right.

"I love her, but I cannot marry her! Not because her father was my father's steward—I have no false pride—but because she is wealthy and I am not."

"But, my dear fellow, by marrying her you only get back what her father stole from yours."

"That so. Guess I'll try it after all."—[Epoch.

September.

All golden in the autumn sun
The waving corn-fields shine;
Purple and full of ruddy juice
The grapes hang on the vine.
A blessing hovers in the air,
As Earth, from toil released,
Holds, with a hush upon her face,
Her sweet Communion feast.
—[Bessie Chandler, in Sept. Lippincott's.

The German of It.

"That Blythe is a good deal of a hypocrite."

"In what way?"

"Why, he's the kind of a man that would strain at a beer and swallow a kummel."—[Puck.

TO EVERY UNION SOLDIER

The Census Bureau is anxious to obtain detailed information respecting the record of Union survivors of the war. It is found that the census enumerators neglected the most important inquiries, made on the blank given below. Union soldiers and their widows are requested to fill out the blank below in pencil, cut it out, and send to Washington, addressing the envelope to "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C."

Write full name below. If a widow, write given name only, and add "widow of," supplying the soldier's name.

1

Name enlisted under, if different from above.

2

Rank at muster-out.

3

Letter of company.	No. of regiment.

4

State mustered from.

5

Arm of service—cavalry, artillery, infantry, or navy.

6

Date of enlistment.

7

Date of discharge.

8

Present P. O. address.

9

If a pensioner or applicant, No. of certificate or application.

10

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If in regular army, write U. S. A. on line 6; if in navy, U. S. N.; if in marine corps, U. S. M.; if in colored regiment, U. S. C. T.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

The Curious Little Creature That Meets You at Night.

Nothing curious about a flea, eh? Let us see. Put one under a strong microscope. What a transformation! It seems to be clothed in armor "from head to foot," formed of brown, overlapping plates, that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indestructible. Its head is small and very thin, with a single black eye on each side, the rays of light scintillating through the tiny optic like sparks of fire.

Puget managed to look through the eye of a flea with his powerful glass, finding that its surface diminished objects in size, while it multiplied them in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flame of a candle becoming a thousand tiny stars.

From the shape of its head, and for other reasons, the flea is supposed to use but one eye at a time. The offensive weapon of the little creature is composed of two palpi, or "feelers," two piercers and a tongue. When it feeds it stands erect, thrusting this sucker into the flesh and will eat without intermission if not disturbed.

The flea's manner of breathing is still undetermined, but it is thought to be through two small holes at the end of the palpi.

The Wrong Dog.

Captain (to green sailor)—Pat, I want you to take the dog-watch at 4 four in the morning.

Pat—And phwat would I do wid him at that airly hour?

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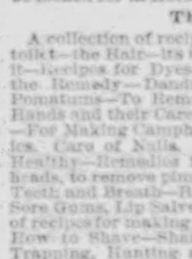

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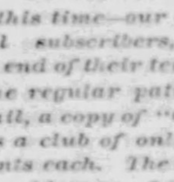

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SECOND 5,000 EDITION

—OF—

Old Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book

A Reliable $2 Book Given Away with the BLADE,

In a little over six weeks after we announced the first 5,000 edition of the above book in connection with a years' subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE, every copy was exhausted. We now have a second 5,000 edition in process of making, which will be ready to mail about August 15th. We gave every copy of the first edition free to all subscribers who remitted us one dollar for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE. We reserved the privilege of withdrawing that offer after exhausting the first 5,000 copies of the book, and therefore do so now. Such is the popular demand for the book, however, we have concluded to bind a second edition of 5,000 copies to offer in another manner, which we predict will be appreciated even more than our first offer. Please read now our description of the book, after which we will tell you how to obtain a copy of the book free—the most remarkable offer ever made in connection with any newspaper.

A few years ago the BLADE publishers, at great expense, put out one of the best general recipe books ever issued to the general public, called "OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES." It was a compilation of the best recipes and formulæ known up to the date of its publication on all household subjects, including cooking, the care of the house, the care of furniture, carpets and clothing, recipes for baking, cooking, washing, care and culture of flowers, for bee keeping, for the general care of and cure of the diseases of horses, cattle, sheep and swine; and in fact a compendium of useful and handy knowledge on any topic needed by any member, male or female, of any household in the United States. It was suited to the wants not only of the country, but also of the dwellers in towns and cities; in fact, it was an extremely valuable book for anybody and everybody.

This book was published in a large volume of 600 pages, octavo, with the subjects closely classified and indexed, so as to make it extremely convenient to find the information on any subject. It was originally published for subscription, and many thousand copies were sold through agents at $2 per copy. The book has never sold for a less price than this until last summer, when we closed out all the remaining copies we had on hand to subscribers of THE BLADE at $1 each.

But as the book is entirely too valuable to stay out of print, we have decided to bring out a new edition of 5,000 copies, which will be printed from the original plates, on good paper, and bound in flexible cloth covers. We are preparing this edition entirely for the purpose of presenting a copy to everybody who will send us four three months subscribers with $1, according to particulars given fully below.

The book is positively fully worth the original price—$2 per copy—and this makes the present offer the most remarkable one ever made by a newspaper publisher. Our present design is to issue but 5,000 copies for this special offer, and we apprehend they will all be taken by if not before September 1st. This offer will not be continued after September 1st, unless it be necessary in order to close out some copies remaining on hand. Anyhow, this offer will be withdrawn at the end of the warm season, and the book will not be obtainable after we enter upon the time for yearly renewals next fall. Therefore it is important to act at once. Get your name on file early, not only to secure a copy EARLY (we shall commence to mail about August 15th), but in order to make sure of a copy at all. You know how quickly we sold the first edition; the second edition may go MORE QUICKLY. The following is a description of the book:

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

General Household.

Cleaning—How to Clean Carpets, Clothing, Casks, Gloves, Brushes, Matting, Mattresses, Silk, Sponges etc., and a vast number of other Recipes. How to Dye all Colors on all Kinds of Fabrics—two pages of Recipes for Different Kinds of Inks. The Laundry—How to wash Different Kinds of Delicate Fabrics—To Wash Flannel, Fine Cotton Goods, Stockings, Lace, and Table Linen. To Remove Stains, Mildew, etc. To Gloss Shirt-fronts—Recipes for Soap—for Removing Different Kinds of Stains. To Make Starch—and several pages of other recipes useful at different seasons of the year in the household. Pests of the House—How to Destroy Ants, Bugs, Caterpillars, Cockroaches, Moths, and Other Insects—11 pages of Recipes for Cleaning all Kinds of Household Tinware, Tableware, Marbles and Metals—in fact a compendium of useful information of every kind for the household.

House Plants and Birds.

The General Care of all kinds of House Plants—To Make Them Blossom—How to Fertilize Them—To Keep them in Winter—Earth for Pot-plants—To Destroy Insect Pests. Care of Birds—Their Food—Mocking Bird Food—Diseases of Birds. Medical and Surgical Symptoms of all Common Diseases, 6 pages. List of Drugs suited to Domestic Use, with the Proper Dose—4 pages. Prescriptions for Various Diseases, 20 pages. Baths—Different Kinds—General Rules for Giving Baths—Directions for Each Kind of Bath. Surgical Recipes—for sprains, nose-bleed, blisters, boils, burns, ulcers, carbuncles, chafing, chilblains, corns, deafness, cuts, earache and discolorations, etc.; Diseases of the Eye, Care of the Feet, Felons, Inflammation, Neuralgia. Liniments, ointments and salves—5 pages of recipes. Seven pages of recipes for food for the sick room, for children, etc.

Poultry.

Their Food and General Management—Kind of Food Necessary—Green Food—Water Supply—Poultry Houses—Hatchery—Rearing Chicks—How to Prepare for Market—Diseases of Poultry, 9 pages—Breeding—what varieties should be kept—Capons—The Different Kinds of Fowls, with the Characteristics of Each Variety—Pea-fowls—Ducks and Geese.

The Stable and Occupants.

The Building—Floor—Manger—Stable Utensils—Feeding and Watering—Grooming Horses—Exercise—Horses' Clothing—Pasturing—Diseases of Horses, with remedies, 4 pages—Tricks and Vices of Horses, and how to cure them—Things to Know About Horses—How to Buy a Horse—the points to be looked for in Horses for different uses.

The Toilet.

A collection of recipes and prescriptions for the toilet—the Hair—its Care—how to Curl and Crimp it—Recipes for Dyes—Loss of Hair—Baldness and the Remedy—Dandruff—Hair Oils—Pomades—Pomatums—To Remove Superfluous Hair. The Hands and their Care—Recipes for Chapped Hands—For Making Camphor Ice, Cold Cream, Cosmetics, Care of Nails. The Skin—how to Keep it Healthy—Remedies for chap, sunburn, for blackheads, to remove pimples, tan and wrinkles. The Teeth and Breath—Recipes for Tooth Powder—for Sore Gums, Lip Salves, etc. Perfumery—3 pages of recipes for making different kinds of perfumery. How to Shave—Sharpen Razors—Shaving Paste. Trapping, Hunting and Fishing—Directions for Making the various kinds of Traps, with hints for Trapping—Different Kinds of Game—The use and Care of Guns—How to Dress the Different Kinds of Skins—To Clean Furs—To Tan Skins with the Fur on—To Tan Sheep Skins. How to Fish—Different Kinds of Bait, flies, hooks, rods, etc. Varnishing, Polishing and Papering—Recipes for Varnishes of all kinds, 7 pages. For Polishing, 4 pages. Papering—How to Prepare the Walls—Glue Sizing—How to Paper a Room.

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Recipes of All Kinds, 37 pages, for a vast number of things, all useful for the farm or household, the orchard, the garden, or the field.

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Six pages on prompt aid in various kinds of accidents, and household antidotes for poisoning from most common causes.

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Fourteen pages on this pursuit. Different kinds of bees in the hive—the Queen, Drone and Worker Varieties of Bees—How to Make Bee-keeping Profitable—Honey Extraction and how to Do It—Raising Queens—Wintering Bees—the whole subject concisely treated.

Cements, Glues and Pastes.

Aquarium Cement—Architectural Cement—Cement for mending Boots and Shoes—Cistern Cement—Earthenware Cement—To Cement Glass to Metal—Hydraulic Cement—Cement for Lamps—Cement for Leather—Cement to Unite Leather and Cloth—Cement for Stoves—Cement for Water-pipes—White Cement—Grafting Wax, and nearly two dozen others of every character. How to Use Glue—Draughtsman's Glue—Flexible Glue—Liquid Glue—Mouth Glue—Mucilage. Paste—Six different recipes for all purposes—To Soften Putty.

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Food and Its Uses—Giving a description of the constituent parts of all the principal articles of food—Table of Kitchen Weights and Measures. How to Make Essences, 12 different recipes—Bread, Yeast and Yeast Cakes—17 well-tested recipes for different kinds of Bread—34 recipes for Biscuits, Muffins, Rolls, Rusks, Short-cake, and Waffles, Batter-cake — 11 different recipes. Breakfast Dishes—36 recipes. Dinner Dishes—How to Set and Arrange the Table—Dinner Bills of Fare. Soups—40 different recipes. Fish—38 recipes. Clams and Oysters—16 recipes. Salt Fish, Poultry and Game—a vast number of recipes for cooking every kind. How to Choose Meats of All Kinds—To Bake Meats, Boil Meats, and Broil Meats, Fried Meats—Roasted Meats. Miscellaneous Recipes. Sauces, Salads and Ketchups—16 pages of recipes. Vegetables—Recipes for the Different Modes of Cooking all Kinds. Puddings—12 pages of recipes for different kinds. Pudding Sauces, 2 pages. Pies, 8 pages of recipes. Custards, Creams and Ices, 8 pages. Pickles, 5 pages. Preserves, Jams and Jellies, 6 pages. Supper Dishes—Cheese—Household Drinks—a vast variety of first class recipes. Domestic Wines—Cake, 12 pages of recipes. Cookies, Jumbles and Snaps, 3 pages. How to Can Fruits and Sausage-meats—Vegetables—Home-made Candies, 6 pages. To Serve Fruits and Melons—Food for the Sick, 8 pages—Table of Time of Digestion of Different Foods.

Disinfection.

Directions for disinfectants for household use in case of disease or otherwise.

For Farmers.

The Dairy—Rooms and Utensils Necessary—The Cow-house—Dairy-maid's Duties—How to Make Butter, Cheese, etc.—Diseases of Calves—Treatment of Cows—Cures for Cattle Diseases—How to Feed and Water Cattle—To Make Cows Gentle—Milking—Rules for Dairymen—Miscellaneous Recipes for a vast number of useful things about the Farm, Garden, Orchard and Household—How to Construct Ice-houses—A Cheap Ice-chest—Strength of Ice—Various Farm Measures—Cultivating Squashes, Strawberries, Tomatoes and Potatoes—How to Make Vinegar—To Destroy Weeds—Kalsomining Walls—Whitewash—Wounds to Trees—The Meaning of All Flowers and Gems.

HOW TO OBTAIN A COPY OF THIS BOOK FREE

We want three months' subscribers this time—our object being to add at once several thousand new trial subscribers, who will become acquainted with the Blade, and at the end of their term a large percentage will renew for one year and become regular patrons. herefore, we now offer to send FREE, postpaid by mail, a copy of "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes" to any person who will send us a club of only four (all at one time) three months' subscribers at 25 cents each. The money enclosed to be one dollar in current funds, with the addresses of four people to whom we will send each the Weekly Blade three months, and we send the book to the sender of the club. Of course it is understood that the book is not mailed to the three months' subscriber, but only to the sender of the club.

The club can be easily raised, as no one will hesitate to pay 25 cents for a three months' subscription to so good a paper as the Blade.

The 5,000 books, therefore, ought to bring us 20,000 three months' subscribers very quickly. The subscriber who pays 25 cents will get good value for his money, and the club raiser who gets the book will be amazingly well paid for an hour's work. If the club raiser be already a subscriber to the Blade, simply send us four new three months' subscribers. If the club raiser be not a subscriber, your own name may be sent as one of the four.

As stated above we want each one of these 5,000 books to bring us four three months' subscribers. We, however, believe a large number of people are yet intending to send us $1.00 on the terms of our first edition offer. In order not to disappoint those who were a little tardy on the first offer, we will continue until further notice to accept one dollar for a year's subscription to the Blade with a copy of the book free. Many subscribers whose time will expire next winter should quickly take advantage of this by renewing now, because the book offer will be withdrawn before the coming fall and winter renewal season. Send a dollar now, and your time will be extended one year, and the book mailed soon as ready.

We advise quick action in this matter. We promise nothing beyond 5,000 copies now being made. The first 5,000 copies were taken in less than eight weeks; the second 5,000 may be exhausted in less time. We shall enter names in order as received, and will probably commence to mail the books soon as ready—about 10th to 15th of August.

Under no circumstances will any one be entitled to a copy of the book unless the book is asked for when the order is sent.

We will under no circumstances recognize any claim sent afterwards for those who have heretofore remitted $1. Our object is to present this book only to subscribers who remit to us after the reading of this advertisement.

So far as the sale of the book separate from THE BLADE is concerned, it is out of print. It cannot be bought nor obtained in any other way except with the subscription to The Weekly BLADE.

We make this offer during the dull season, to obtain new subscribers to THE BLADE. We could not afford to make such an offer during our renewal season, which would involve our giving away 112,000 books. In point of fact, this is simply an experiment.

Remittances must be made either by New York draft, money order, express order, postal note, or by registered letter. Checks on local banks are not par with us, because we have to pay for collection, and we must get $1 cash for each subscription under this offer. As many orders as you wish may be sent in one letter; but we cannot in any case allow any discount from the $1 mentioned above, nor use the club rates with this offer. We must get $1 cash with each order, in par funds.

The order for printing and binding the second edition of 5,000 copies has already been placed; the printing is now in progress, and we do not think the books will be bound and ready for mailing until August. But all orders will be entered on our books as soon as received. THE BLADE will start at once, and a book will be mailed as soon as they are ready, in the order in which we have received these subscriptions. So send in your order at once The papers will start immediately, and the book follow as soon as it is ready. Address all orders,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

HOME TALKS.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

A Question That It Is Exceedingly Hard to Answer.

"CAN you suggest any way for a woman with small children, to earn a living? We have to live with my mother-in-law, who is continually scolding us and finding fault with all we do. I have to work very hard, and never have a cent of money to use for myself or the children. I have five of them, the youngest not quite eight years old. They are growing up wild and uneducated; their tempers are just dreadful, because their grandmother scolds and frets at them, till they do not care for any one. I want my husband to make a little home for us where we can be by ourselves, and be near a school, but he is his mother's only child, and she humors him so much that he hates to leave her and work for his own living; so I have thought that I would take the children and try to do something for them myself, and would be thankful if you could tell me of something I could do."

There are but few families where there is not some trouble, but when it comes to such a stage that the mother feels that the only way of saving her children from growing up ignorant and disobedient, is to undertake their support herself, there must be something radically wrong somewhere in that family. That the husband is the chief offender we can easily believe, or he would not suffer his wife and children to be scolded and ordered about, even by his mother. He is, probably, a lazy, weak-minded man, who is willing to be taken care of at the expense of his wife's comfort and his children's welfare, and excuses himself on the ground of his duty to his mother. It is undoubtedly the duty of every man to love and care for his mother as long as she needs his care, but that duty is not paramount to the one he owes to his wife and family. They have rights which he cannot, in justice or honor, ignore.

From the remainder of the letter of which we publish the above extract—and which is bona-fide—it seems that the mother insists that her son be well, even extravagantly, dressed while the wife and children "look like beggars," and are obliged to stay at home while the mother and her son attend church, and other places. Then comes her pitiful moan: "He took me from a good home, where I was made much of, and this is the life he leads me in exchange."

Allowing for her morbid and perhaps exaggerated statement of the case, there must be some foundation of truth, and it is one of the mysterious things of this life why such a man as this, should be permitted to exist; but there are very many such, who will take a girl from a good home, where she has every comfort and "is made much of," only for his own selfish pleasure, with no thought of his responsibility to make for her the best home he possibly can, and to do all he can to make her feel that in marrying him she has *gained* a home, not *lost* one. And these men, when trouble comes to them, and they find that it is hard and discouraging work to earn a living for their families, either commit suicide, or drop all responsibility and leave the wife to bear the burden they have found themselves unequal to, with the additional burden of the disgrace thus brought upon them by the one who has promised to care for them.

The mother-in-law in the above mentioned family is also to blame. She should in no manner interfere in the management of the children, even though she is certain that she could do much better with them than their mother does; such interference will invariably cause trouble in any family, and the children, quick to notice any disagreement between their elders, become disobedient and disrespectful to both parties. As the older woman, the mother-in-law is entitled to much respect and courtesy from the wife, and her advice and counsel will be very valuable to her, but, also as the elder woman, she should set the example of patience and kindness, overlooking many faults, and remembering always that she will sooner gain the love and confidence of her son's wife by sympathizing with her, and encouraging her to talk of the home she has left, and the dear ones there who always "made much" of her, than by calling her foolish for having occasional fits of homesickness and discouragement with her new duties. She should treat her daughter-in-law, just exactly as she would wish some other woman to treat her daughter, if she had one who was away from her. Such a rule, if followed, will give to her a better conscience, and to all, a happier home.

As for the wife who sends this sorrowful letter, and to all others who are similarly situated, the offering of warm sympathy is all that any one can do for them. There are very few ways by which a woman with young children can earn a living, and those are very hard ways. Where one woman will succeed in supporting her family—ninety-nine will fail. Think, if you have honestly done *all* you could to bring about a better condition of things in your home. Have you been as patient as you could be? and have you not sometimes imagined slights when none were really intended? Have you not some time refused to accompany your husband and his mother in some of their visits, in such a manner that they had no inducement to urge your acceptance, or to repeat the invitation? It is very hard to be *always* patient, and pleasant, or to accept graciously, an ungraciously given invitation, but something *must* be conceded by a woman in your position—either you must give up your wishes, or live unhappily all of the time, especially when it is two to one. If you decide that it is better and easier to give up your way, do it as gracefully as you can, and endeavor to get every bit of comfort out of your life that is possible, and then pray daily—not that your husband may see the error of his ways and turn from them, for a man such as you describe your husband to be, will never see that there are any errors in his ways; but pray most earnestly that you may have grace and strength given you to endure unto the end. Remember you took this life upon yourself with all of its possibilities of happiness or misery, of your own free will, and if it has proven to hold more of sorrow than of joy, try and accept it patiently, remembering always that "Life is short, and if our cross is heavy, we have not far to carry it." W.

Household Conveniences.

ONE of the most convenient articles for use in a family, especially where there are children or invalids, is a rubber water bag. They can be obtained in all sizes, from a cute little bag just large enough to lay against your face when you have a toothache or an earache, up to those holding four or five quarts, and which will retain the heat all night.

In any case of neuralgia, pneumonia or kindred diseases, hot applications are the very best of remedies. If your shoulders ache after working, placing a bottle of hot water against the aching place will give immediate relief.

For such applications, there is nothing equal to a rubber bag. They can be filled with boiling water with no danger of breaking, as with glass bottles, and can be placed in any position without danger of leakage; they can be held any where by slipping a bandage through the loops at the top and bottom of the bag, and then passing the bandage around the body and fastening it, thus maintaining a steady heat in that location for several hours if needed. If a bag is made of smooth, old flannel, just lage enough to slip over the rubber bag and tie tightly about the neck of it, it retains the heat longer, and feels more comfortable to the flesh than the contact of the rubber. The bags can be obtained with flannel covers made on them, but as these are apt to become wet in filling, they are not as desirable as the separate covers which are put on after the bag is filled.

One of these bags filled with hot water, and placed in the bed of children, or those who suffer with cold feet, will, almost always, insure a comfortable sleep, and with very little trouble and no danger of scorching the bed clothing as when hot bricks or irons are used for this purpose.

In filling these bags, it is a good idea to first pour in a little cold water before putting in the hot. It prevents the unpleasant odor of rubber to a certain degree, and also the "binding" around the bag from becoming loosened, which would cause it to leak.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

CENTER-PIECE.—A very beautiful floral center-piece is described in the following fashion by a recent writer: Get a tin dish of the size desired—a medium sized pan with slightly sloping sides will be best. Around this fasten close to the top a wire, another at the bottom, and another half way between; then get good clothespins which are clean and white, selecting those that are the smoothest and most nearly free from defects, and gild them carefully. Cover the pan with white enamel paint; now slip the pins through over the wires, placing them closely all around the dish. The effect is exceedingly pretty. Any other shape than a round pan may be used, and the enamelling may be of any other color than white. The pins may also be enamelled and only the heads gilded or silvered, if this decoration is preferred. These may be filled with flowers for the table.

A PRETTY WAY.—The *Delineator* describes a very pretty way for making a fire-place beautiful in the summer. Get a box about a foot deep, and long enough and wide enough to fill the space. Set this box in a shallow tin pan after having bored holes through the bottom of the box. The edge of the pan may be covered by a piece of moulding put around the bottom of the box; cover it with either oil-cloth of a very small pattern or enamelled cloth, or, it may be decorated in any other way that pleases the fancy. Fill the box with rich soil and plant different kinds of ferns in the center, putting vines that will thrive in shady places around the edge to train up the sides of the mantel.

FRIEND'S COOK BOOK.—Get a blank book with a flexible cover, no matter how plain it may be, providing the paper is good. Make a cover of linen in the way that has been described before in HOUSEHOLD, decorating the outside with flowers in colors and letters in gold. If one prefers embroidery to painting, that may be done, or no decoration need be put on the outside except the gilt lettering, which should then be in antique characters. Have this book lying upon the table where it will be handy when friends come in, and ask each one to write down some tested recipe for a favorite dish with the signature of the writer. A book of this kind would possess great value, for the contents would be not only useful, but full of pleasant associations.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LACE OR BORDER.—This may be used either as a thread lace pattern or in wool as a border for knitted garments. Cast on 12 stitches. 1st row—k 3—o—n—o twice—n—k 2—o twice—n—k 1. 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 4—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 1. 3d row—k 3—o—n—k 1—o twice—n—k 3—o twice—n—k 1. 4th row—k 3—p 1—k 5—p 1—k 3—o—n—k 1. 5th row—k 3—o—n—k 2—o twice—n—k 4—o twice—n—k 1. 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 6—p 1—k 4—o—n—k 1. 7th row—k 3—o—n—k 3—o twice—n—k 8. 8th row—b off 7 st—k 2—p 1—k 5—o—n—k 1.

CROCHET EDGINGS.—Make a chain of 15 stitches. 1st row—Miss 3—1 tr in 4th ch st—*—1 ch—miss 1—1 tr in next ch st—repeat from * 4 times. Then make 2 ch and 1 tr in 1st st of ch. 2d row—Turn—3 ch—6 tr in last hole—*—1 ch—1 tr in next hole—repeat from * 3 times. 3d row—Turn—3 ch—1 tr in last hole made—1 ch—1 tr in next hole—1 ch—1 tr in next hole—1 ch—1 tr in next hole—1 ch—1 tr in the last of the 6 tr st—2 ch—1 tr in the first of the 6 tr st. Repeat from 2d row until the required length is made.

Correspondence.

I do not wonder that "Farmer's Wife's" husband brought her a cook book when he came from the city. Poor man, he must be almost starved. If he will first move out to Iowa, his wife will have no reason to complain of want of variety of food, and the farmers' wives here will gladly teach her how to prepare many dainty dishes that would tickle the palate of an epicure, and she would have no more need of a cook book.

How do I know she does not live in Iowa? O, by those huckleberry pies. I was born in Iowa, have always lived in Iowa, and never saw huckleberries but twice in my life, and if they were fair specimens of the fruit I should not want to live where I could have nothing but huckleberries for pies all summer. Then she said that "farmers as a general thing do not have much of a garden." If she had said nothing about huckleberries, I should have known by that that she did not live in Iowa, for farmers as a general thing do have good gardens here, and their wives have silver knives and forks, too. She says she is "tired of boiled victuals and salt meat and potatoes, which, with bread and butter, is the bill of fare in many farm houses week in and week out." If she is tired of boiled victuals, why does she not cook them some other way? There are just as many ways for farmers' wives to cook things as there are for other people. If she does not like salt meat, why not have a young chicken occasionally for variety? But perhaps farmers back there do not have chickens. Nobody expects farmers to have fresh meat in the summer, unless they buy it of the butcher just as everybody else has to do.

But it seems hopeless to try to help a farmer's wife who has no garden, or not much of one, and who has nothing for pies but "rhubarb in the spring, huckleberries in the summer, pumpkins in the fall and dried apples in the winter." By the way, can't you get green apples to grow back there? I think you would like them much better. Why, our trees don't bear dried apples at all; if we want dried apples we just have to dry them ourselves.

The salads that are so highly recommended because of their healthfulness, she says must not be attempted, because the writer of the cook book says pure oil is indispensible. Perhaps she meant pure oil in contradistinction from rancid oil. I do not suppose she expected anyone to use castor oil. She probably thought that anybody would know that salad oil was the proper thing to use. But it is not always necessary to think because somebody says a thing is indispensible that it is so. We are all at liberty to exercise our own judgment and taste. We dispense with oil for salads because we prefer cream. I have heard persons say that onions were indispensable to all kinds of soups, and I have known others who would not taste soup that had onions in it.

Consult the tastes of those who are to eat the food, and don't get something that no one will eat, nor dispense with the dish just because somebody says certain ingredients are indispensable. And the puddings she says are the same old thing from year to year. I could give her a good many recipes for puddings, probably one for each week in the year, but then she has nothing to make them of.

I often read of farmers living so poorly, having no gardens and no fruits, but I don't know where they live. Here we grow nearly all kinds of vegetables, and all kinds of fruits except the tropical fruits and dried apples and huckleberries and we can buy all of them. But we have to work for all these things, even in Iowa. — IOWA FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Don't you think the philanthropical ladies of the "upper class" are inclined to be a little arbitrary with those who are under obligations to them? Are they not apt to forget the difference made by circumstances and surroundings, when they lay down laws for their *proteges* to follow?

I'm not good at generalizing. Let me tell you an instance from my own experience. A friend who is a model housekeeper—having every modern convenience and a corps of excellent servants to assist her—complained to me of the disorder she had found in the two roomed cottage of a German woman we had assisted:

"The beds were not made, nor the floors swept. The children's faces were dirty, and their hair was uncombed."

A bad state of affairs, truly, but considering that the woman went away to work before the children were awake in the morning, it is not so strange that the beds were not made, and who of us can mention five children, who will not litter up a room if they are left to their own devices in it for one hour, and these were there all day. The oldest of the five was a boy of 10 or 12, who, though he insisted on his small brothers and sisters behaving themselves while under his charge, probably thought their faces and heads would do very well until "die mutter" came back at night. House and children would be well scrubbed and put in order then before she slept; that was the best she could do, and up comes the old question again. Could we do any better under the same circumstances?—LIBRA.

Correspondence Clippings.

Christmas seems a long way off these hot, summer days, but I have already begun to prepare for it, and I find the time none too long. Besides, I believe I feel the heat less when I am doing some fancy work and thinking of the time when it shall be given to my friend with Christmas greetings. As fast as I complete a piece of work, I mark it with the name of the one for whom it is intended, and lay it away in a drawer I have devoted for that purpose, and when the time comes for them to be used I shall not be so hurried as I used to be just before Christmas. I think, too, that if I should not be with my dear ones when the blessed Christmas-tide comes, that they will find in their drawer something to recall to their minds the loving thoughts I have had for them through the year. Besides gifts for "my own," I try to have some bright and comfortable things in the same place for those who have no one to provide such things for them; and there is always a pair of cold little hands or feet ready for every pair of mittens or stockings that I put there. I do not know *who* I am making them for always but I *do* know that *some* one will need them. If any one would like to know some of the things in that "Santa Claus" drawer, as the children call it, I will tell them, but not to-day lest this letter be too long. —FRANCES HOWARD.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to hear again from Frances Howard on this subject.—ED.

As there are so many readers of THE BLADE who have "opinions" to give, I think we might learn very much from the HOUSEHOLD department if some one could suggest some question of more importance than whether "Laura" should sit on the door-steps with her husband, or the minister should, or should not attend the circus, and kindred topics. Let some one suggest a subject of some consequence, and then have the opinions of these many BLADE readers upon it.—OLIVER OYSTERMAN.

Why does not our friend "Oliver" make the suggestion which he calls for? Surely that would be better than fault-finding about things which interest others. The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to hear from him.—ED.

I would like to know what the members of THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD think as to the right any one has to go to a place of entertainment and take young children who can not appreciate the entertainment, and by their restlessness prevent all around them from doing so? I went on a moonlight excursion on the water a few evenings ago. The boat was crowded and I counted fifteen little babies in the part of the boat where I was. They were tired and sleepy, and as they were prevented by their surroundings from sleeping, they revenged themselves by crying. I did not blame the babies. I pitied them, poor little things, but I think it very wrong for people to take them to such places. The passage ways through the boat were blockaded with baby carriages, and when we attempted to land, at the close of the evening, these carriages were pushed through the crowd with the most charming disregard of every one's feelings. What do you think? Is it right, or am I prejudiced because I am—AN OLD MAID?

Inquiries.

I have received a legacy from a dear friend, a china tea-set that has been an heir-loom in her family for 75 years. Besides the other articles are one half dozen little cups, with handles, shaped like a child's mug. Can any one tell me what they are intended for? They are a little larger than an after-dinner coffee cup, but of a different shape, and have no saucers.—ELLEN M. GUERNSEY.

Will some one tell me if the commom grapes can be dried to use in cakes, like raisins; and, if so, how to prepare them? Also how to ornament an old clock that has a square box. I wish to keep it as a souvenir.—MABEL.

Will some one give recipe for making peach jelly, and blackberry jam?—CALLA LILY.

Will some one tell me how to make a mask that will beautify the face, removing wrinkles, freckles and imperfections of the skin, without injury to health? Something that will make an old face look young again. I do not mean a regular cosmetic, but something harmless, that can be used in connection with the mask itself to restore a permanent beauty.

Will some one send a pattern for a bed-spread to be made on linen and embroidered with drawn work; also bolster cover to match?

Can some sister give recipes for Spanish cooking?—GEORGIA.

Will some one tell me how to use gelatine?—LENA BRUNTE.

How is walnut water that is used to color the hair, which is turning gray prepared?—M. B.

Answers to Inquiries.

The correspondent who wrote from Neligh, Neb., neglected to sign any name to his, or her, letter. If the name is sent the questions asked will be published.—ED.

In answer to "Violet Verney" I will say that a person can easily learn to operate a knitting machine from the printed instructions that always accompany a machine. Second—The time required to knit a pair of stockings would depend much on the expertness of the operator. Third—A knitting machine is not more complicated or liable to get out of order than a sewing machine, and is of quite as much use in a family where there are children to wear stockings and mittens.—MRS. A. BATTLES.

A lady asked some time since whether there was an organization in existence known as the Episcopal Sisterhood. I would say there is such an organization in New York city. Branch institutions are at Wilmington, N. C.; Nashville, Tenn.; St. Augustine, Fla. The order was established nearly 25 years ago. Its workings are similar to the "Sisters of Mercy" in the Catholic church, with the exceptions that they are less restricted in their manner of living. A distinctive garb of black, with white cap but with no ornament of any kind except the black or gold cross which is worn suspended about the neck, and a plain white collar and cuffs are worn. An orphanage is attached to the home where girls of all ages are taught to sew, cook, wait upon table and fit themselves for any and all branches of domestic service.—CHRISTINE B.

Miss Bertie L.:—There are still a few of the books "Fancy Work and House Decoration, No. 3," left, which are sold at the reduced price, 15 cents. When these are gone no more will be printed.—ED.

Will "Christine Brownlee" accept the editor's warm thanks for her kind letter? It is such words as hers that strengthens brain and hand to go on with their labor.—ED.

At an evening party is it just the thing for the host, and all his family, to play cards all of the evening when there is one invited guest who cannot play? I know from experience that it is very dull and embarrassing for the "odd" guest.—SYLVIA.

It is not proper that even *one* guest should be neglected in such a manner. If cards were to be the sole entertainment of the evening, the guests should be informed of that fact in order that they may decline an invitation where they can neither give or receive pleasure. The host and hostess should see that every guest is provided with entertainment of some kind as long as they are their guests.—ED.

Recipes.

RHUBARB WINE.—For "E. S. M."—Peel and slice the stalk of the leaf as for pies; cut in pieces, put a very small quantity of water in the kettle, only just enough to cover the bottom; cover the kettle and gradually bring to a slight boil; then strain, pressing out all the liquid; add an equal quantity of water. To each gallon (after it is mixed) add 4 or 5 lbs. of brown sugar, set aside, ferment and skim like currant wine. Leave the wine in the cask as long as possible. This is a good remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa. —DR. MARSH.

LOG CABIN CAKE.—Beat 1 rounding tablespoonful butter; 1 cupful sugar and the yolks of 2 eggs together until light; then add ½ cupful milk and 1½ cupfuls sifted flour. Beat well and stir in 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder, and the beaten whites of the 2 eggs. Flavor with lemon or vanilla, and bake in a moderate oven.—W.

CHICKEN CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.—Two gallons of water; a piece of oak bark twice the size of your hand, both the inner and outer bark. Put it in the water and let them drink it. Do not empty the drinking trough, but fill at night. If the water gets pale, put in new bark. To make chickens lay, cut up big red pepper for them to eat.—FARMER.

FOR SUMMER BLOSSOM.—Recipe for choke cherry jelly: Take of choke cherry juice and pie plant, or grape juice, half and half. Make a nice jell. Sugar same as for other jelly.—E. C. BILYM.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—2 cupfuls sorghum molasses; 1 cupful lard or butter; flour to mix smooth. They are better after they stand awhile.—PHILLIPPA.

SORGHUM MOLASSES COOKIES.—1 cupful molasses; ½ cupful sugar; 1 egg well beaten; 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ginger and cloves; ½ cupful shortening; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in 1 teaspoonful boiling water; ½ teaspoonful salt. When well mixed, flour the hands and take pieces the size of a walnut, roll slightly, put in buttered tins 1 in. apart, and bake in a quick oven.—LENA MAY.

TO REMOVE INK AND RUST.—Moisten the spots and apply salts of lemon until they disappear, and then rinse well. Salts of lemon are made of equal parts of oxalic acid and tartaric acid. If ink is spilled on colored goods that will not bear acids, soak them immediately in sweet milk boiling hot; or hot melted tallow poured through ink spots will also remove them.—SUBSCRIBER.

Oxalic acid is poison, and must be used with care.—ED.

What It Does.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
1. Purifies the blood.
2. Creates an appetite.
3. Strengthens the nerves.
4. Makes the weak strong.
5. Overcomes that tired feeling.
6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc.
7. Invigorates the kidneys and liver.
8. Relieves headache, indigestion, dyspepsia.

About Your Nose.

There are those now who pretend to read character by the shape of the nose. They say that large nostrils show courage. People of fearless disposition breathe fully and freely. All the fiercer animals have dilated nostrils. The drooping nostril shows histrionic talent. If the nose also droops, it denotes a tragic power, and if only the nostril the capacity is marked for the interpretation of comedy. Where the nose is thin at the bridge it shows generosity; while a nose that is thick at the bridge argues acquisitiveness. When it is "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower" the person is inquisitive. A projecting nose argues a disposition to investigate. It is ahead of the person, as it were, and wants to scent out things. Look at your nose in the glass and see what sort of a person you are any way.

A Woman's Logic.

They say that lettuce makes one sleep,
It's worth while to repeat it:
I proved the saying true last night;
The baby didn't eat it.

Or old or young, or grave or gay,
Those who now let their teeth decay,
With breath we can't endure;
The thought their after life will haunt,
That they neglected SOZODONT,
That would have kept all pure.

OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT

THE STORY OF A STRANGE LIFE.

Mrs. Oliphant, a Relative and Friend, Writes His Memoirs and Includes Those of His Beautiful Wife

"WRITE him down an unmitigated crank," were the words uttered to me in regard to Laurence Oliphant, while speaking of the recently issued "Memoirs" of himself and of Alice Oliphant, his wife. Naturally this judgment was based upon that part of his life which it is hard to understand, and upon his production of a book which appears to the majority the wildest ravings without a foundation in reality. It is, however, only another evidence of the proneness of the world to a wholesale condemnation when a part is, or seems to be, not in accord with what is judged by it right and proper.

Whether Laurence Oliphant was or was not a crank with respect to his religious views, it is certain that he possessed a brilliant intellect, a courage invincible, a resolution indomitable and withal a bright, cheerful disposition that kept him always hopeful. That these qualities were all true of him anyone who reads this most pleasantly written biography by Margaret O. W. Oliphant will readily concede. Regarding him with warm affection and appreciation, but apparently with no belief in his special line of religious thought, Mrs. Oliphant has yet endeavored to show him as he really was, both in his public and his private life, and she has done her work well. There is in the story of these lives a charm woven that will hold the reader, for it is that which comes from sincerity, sympathy and affection, joined to an earnest purpose to be just. It is something more than a biography, for it furnishes food for an almost infinite amount of thought and speculation.

Mrs. Oliphant has written many novels that are exceedingly popular, and she is the author, too, of "The Makers of Venice" and "The Makers of Florence," two books that have found delighted readers everywhere. In her "Little Pilgrim" and "On the Dark Mountain" she has discovered to us the quality of thought that has enabled her to give such a clear interpretation of a life like that of Laurence Oliphant's, which seemed from beginning to end dominated by unseen forces, and working itself out in a strange and incomprehensible manner.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT entered this life at Cape Town in 1829, the son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, the Attorney General at the Cape of Good Hope. His parents both belonged to good Scotch families, and were people of strong religious convictions, whose greatest anxiety was that their son should grow up firm in the faith of his people. Everywhere this is made apparent in his letters, especially those which he is constantly writing to his mother, as the following, taken from one penned when yet a little fellow first away in England at school: "You asked me," he says, "to speak to you as I used to do. I should tell you of some of my besetting sins. One of them is not saying my prayers as I ought, hurrying over them to get up in the morning because I am late, and at night because it is cold; another is my hiding what I do naughty and keeping it from Mr. Parr's eyes, not thinking the eye of God is upon me, a greater eye than man's; and another, my cribing things from other boys, which is another word for stealing—not exactly stealing, but leads to it."

We are carried along by his schoolboy letters, on his voyage to Ceylon, whither his parents had emigrated, and to which he was summoned from England because Lady Oliphant could not bear the separation from her only child. At this time he was between twelve and thirteen, a wide awake boy, "his whole being agog for novelty and incident."

Under the care of a tutor his education was carried on in a somewhat desultory manner, and without any severe educational discipline. Speaking of this, Mrs. Oliphant says: "He was one of the pupils of Life, educated mainly by what his keen eyes saw and his quick ears heard, and his clear understanding and lively wit picked up amid human intercourse of all kinds. He was in no way the creature of school or college."

It was intended that he should go through Cambridge university, but he pleaded so earnestly for freedom to travel that the plan was abandoned. In its stead he went with his parents through Europe—his father having a two years' leave of absence from Ceylon—roaming over Germany, Switzerland and the Tyrol. Then they went into Italy, where he once found himself in the midst of a mob, animated by hatred of the Austrians, which crashed into the door of the Propaganda. And this is what he was always doing, rushing into the thickest of any fray in order to know what was going on.

RETURNING to Ceylon he studied law; but his restless nature constantly craved excitement and he went with Sir Jung Bahadour upon an elephant hunting expedition into the then almost entirely unknown region of Nepaul. This gave him material for his first book, which was the beginning of his literary career.

He returned to England to fit himself for the bar, but becoming discouraged by the long time required, he went to Scotland and entered there, passing his examinations well, and settled down to practice. Then came his journey through Russia and to the Crimea, where he inspected Sebastapol. Later on, the knowledge acquired there gave him high hopes of an appointment by the government, but these ended in a trip to the United States as secretary to Lord Elgin, who came hither upon a special mission.

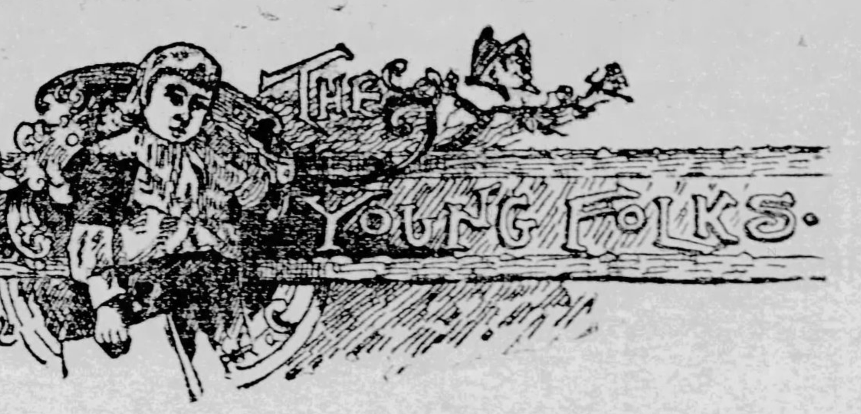
IT is impossible to follow this versatile genius through all of his wanderings, but for the first thirty-five years of his life he was traveler, diplomate, and a writer of books, besides being one of the most brilliant social characters of his time. Then came his meeting with Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, truly a man of strange power, who acquired the strongest influence over Mr. Oliphant, even while apparently repelling the latter's advances. The story of this part of his life, of the way in which he was led to give up all of his earliest religious views, to retire from the public life which he had hitherto delighted in, to go to Brocton, Pa., upon Lake Erie and live the life of a common farmer, renouncing everything which he had formerly delighted in—all this is told at length by Mrs. Oliphant, giving us a picture of the complete subjugation of one of the strongest of characters to the will of another.

IN the early seventies, when in Paris with his mother, he met Alice le Strange, a most beautiful woman, intelligent and charming far beyond the ordinary. Our biographer says of her that she was "one of the most attractive and charming of God's creatures," and that she possessed "that inexplicable fascination which is more than beauty, so that it was possible her actual gifts might have been overlooked in the pleasure of encountering herself, the combination of them all; so that the beauty, the wit, the sweet vivacity, the pure and brilliant intelligence, became so many delightful discoveries after the first and greatest, of finding oneself face to face with a being so gracious and delightful."

This is the woman who became the wife of Laurence Oliphant and joined the community founded by Harris at Brocton.

Time will not permit me to follow these two gifted beings through their after experiences, until they liberated themselves from the sway of this man. Then there came a beautiful season of enjoyment together, and a little later the death of Alice. The biographer says that she was absent from him but a few days; that she returned to him and thenceforward, though unseen, influenced all of his work. It was thus that the book, "Scientific Religion," was written—a book that is deeply spiritual in its tone, though its philosophy is what few at the present time are prepared to accept.

This work is published by Harper & Bros., New York.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GARDEN CITY, MO.
Mary L. Rundell, Nellie M. Beker,
Anna S. App, Alice A. Stevens,
Flora A. Rundell.

AUSTIN, MO.
Mattie A. Hobart, Clara Hobart,
Grace Hobart, Emily A. Hobart.

NORTHFIELD, MINN.
Guy A. Riddle, Roy W. Riddle.

NO TOWN GIVEN.
Bessie Johnson, Carrie Tyson,
Edith M. Vanhyning.

Names this week, 14. Total, 31,390.

The above embraces all names received up to August 31.

For the Young Folks.

Mamma's Daughter.

Our own dear little daughter,
Mamma's little pet,
Playing in the water,
Getting clothes all wet;
Opening the door screen,
Letting in the flies,
Never see the floor clean
Hard as mamma tries.

Playing 'round the kettles,
In the dirt to dig,
Into mamma's victuals
Like a little pig;
Sitting on the door sill
Bread with butter thick,
Now she's after more still—
Will it make her sick?

Playing with her dolly,
Sitting in the swing,
They are both so jolly,
Hear her try to sing!
Sitting in the high-chair,
Holding out her plate,
Now there is a sigh there,
'Cause she has to wait.

Out of bed so early,
Back again at night,
Little head so curly,
Little eyes so bright;
She is our little beauty,
We call her mamma's daughter,
She only does her duty,
Aren't you glad we've got her?
—[J. Gordon Temple.

Marion's Resignation.

MAUDE S. PEASLEE.

"I am not as well as I was," Marion said, in a low, mournful tone, to her friend Nellie Akers, who was visiting her. "The doctor says I ought to interest myself in something, and not think so much of my poor back, but what can I do? Everything tires me so. When any of the girls come to see me, they tell me of what they are doing outside, and it only makes my own helplessness all the more apparent to me."

Mrs. Washburn, who had just come in the room, leaned over the couch and kissed her daughter, as she said:

"Don't think of that, dear; you know how happy we all are to do for you."

"But," said Nellie, quickly, "of course Marion feels that she, too, would like to be doing something for others. Why don't you let her prepare and write the labels I heard you say you wanted for your jelly and preserves?"

Mrs. Washburn looked somewhat doubtful, but when she found Marion would really like to do it, she brought them to her.

Little Kitty, the pet of the house, stood watching, and when the labels were written, begged sister to make her a pretty paper doll with the paper that was left.

By the time the doll was made and dressed, watchful Nellie saw that Marion was tired, and sending little Kitty away, read to the invalid until she fell asleep.

Mrs. Washburn was delighted to see her resting so quietly, but feared she had overtaxed her strength.

Nellie said nothing, for she had thought out a plan for the future, and dreaded opposition.

The next day she proposed that she and Marion should hem and mark some towels and table-linen that had long been waiting a few leisure moments from the mother's busy fingers.

The sick girl seemed much brighter than usual, and worked away with a good deal of interest.

As the bright needles flashed in and out of the soft, white cloth, the girls chatted about a book they had been reading.

"Where do you get so many books, Marion?" asked Nellie. "You have almost more than you can read."

"Yes, I really have; distant friends have sent them from time to time."

"I have an idea, Marion,—a chance for you to do some of the outside work you thought you had missed."

"Oh, tell me!" cried Marion, with unwonted energy. "I have tried to be resigned to a useless life, but it makes me unhappy to think of the years before me."

"It is to have some shelves fitted up here within your reach, and your books all on them. Then offer to lend them at five cents a week."

"No, it wouldn't be stingy," she continued, in answer to an exclamation from Marion; "it would teach them the value of the books, and prevent their being careless with them. If they thought you cared nothing for your books, they might treat them accordingly."

"Well, I believe you are right," said Marion, slowly. "I'll try it, at any rate. I know there are several girls and hard-working women around here who could afford to pay 5 cents a week, but can't afford to buy books or to subscribe for papers and magazines. Then I can see how I could help them by talking over what they had read, and helping them to decide what to read."

"Of course you could, and you can do so many little things for them here at home, that, if you were strong and well, would go undone because of greater things that would take up the time. Some one has to do these little things, and why not you, dear?" said Nellie kissing her; "and you must let me help you in your 'circulating library.' I can send you a number of books when I go home, and some of my friends will be glad to help you provide reading for those who hunger for it, and cannot buy it."

Other things, helpful in their nature, grew out of this little plan, and Marion became happy and contented in her enforced confinement.

The library grew and flourished, for she could devote much thought and time to it without feeling, as a well person would have, that she was neglecting anything else.

Her "resignation" had come to Marion, though in a different way than she had expected. It brought happiness because her shut-in life was a means of help to others.—THE HOUSEHOLD.

Howling and Whirling Dervishes.

I will only describe the howling and whirling dervishes. First we went to the whirling dervishes. After we had been sitting around the circle the dervishes came in one after another. The first one was the sheakh. He was a very old man and he had a great big hump on his back. He was clothed in a brown mantle thrown over his shoulders and he walked very, very slowly indeed. His step was about a half foot long. After they were all in they sat down on the prayer mats. Then they all came and bowed to the sheakh, then they began whirling. It was beautiful to see their white skirts all stand out. They stuck out as if they were made to stick out. Every one of them held their right palm of the hand down and the left up towards heaven.

Then they stopped, and all sat down on their mats again. They did this same thing over several times. The second time we went away to the howling dervishes. When we got there it was quite crowded, and after a while the door opened and everybody went in. We had not been sitting there long when the dervishes came in. When they had all seated themselves they began to say Alla, Alla. First they said it very slowly and soft, and then they said it louder and faster, more louder and faster. They shook their heads, every time they said anything, from one side to the other, and every time they said it loud and fast they would shake them very violently, indeed. Some of them had straggling long hair. I thought the sheakh was very good looking. He had a very pretty little son there with him, and when we went out he made such a broad smile at us. One of the men got kind of crazy, and he made a frightful noise, and called Alla, Alla. The Arab right next to him took ahold of him all through until the end. They did the same things over and over again. When it was through we went home to the hotel.—[Lucy Morris Ellsworth in St. Nicholas.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We are a genus of birds with a moderately long, angular bill, which is slightly curved at the point and around the base. Our hairs or bristles are directed forward, and help us to secure insects, which form our food. We have the habit of remaining perched for a long time in the same spot, only leaving it to make a sudden dart at a passing insect, which we seize with a snap of the bill and then return to our perch again. We do not chase insects in the air as swallows do, but run along the ground or branches of trees. Our bodies are brownish gray above, and white beneath. Our head and neck are marked with dusty spots. Our voices are mere chirps. We choose rather queer situations for our nests—often on a beam in an out-house, on the branch of a tree trained against the building, and sometimes even on a lamp post in the streets. We feed our young very often—hundreds of times during the day—and our motions are so rapid as to confuse persons who are watching.

2.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In bats, not in mice;
In water, not in ice;
In tame, not in wild;
In cleat, not in mild;
In look, not in gaze;
In cane and in maize;
In rough, not in rude;
In fop, not in dude;
In wait, not in go;
In bean, not in bow;
In tack, not in nail;
In end, not in tail;
In rat, not in bunt;
In small, not in runt;
In bok, not in buck;
In fop, not in duck;
My whole was one of the greatest battles ever fought.
A FRIEND.

3.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 10, 20, 19, 11, is identical.
My 23, 3, 21, 7, is to fix.
My 30, 16, 1, 27, 15, 8, is to squirm.
My 5, 13, 18, 9, is all.
My 24, 4, 25, 27, 20, is to stroll.
My 2, 23, 6, is to spoil.
My 28, 23, 12, 21, 15, is dewy.
My 22, 4, 7, is a constellation.
My whole is an old saying.
EVELYN KERN.

4.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Express three 9's in such a manner that they will equal 10.
EVELYN B. KERN.

5.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A county in Texas; one in Illinois; in New York; in Iowa; in North Carolina; in Louisiana; in Alabama, and in Kentucky. My *primals* name a town, and my *finals* the state in which it is situated.
MABEL.

6.—PRINTER'S PI.

N—o—r—s—e—c—a—t.

Arrange so as to form a word of three syllables. It will be something that everyone has.
EVELYN.

Answers.

1. Falcon.
2. The following words are to be supplied in place of those inclosed with parentheses, in regular order: Grandfather, Christmas, Salmon, Victoria, George, Rosalia, Herbert, Sebago Pond, Herbert, Newfoundland, Paul, Henry, Candy, Fear, West, Snow, Black, Turkey, Race, Despair, Farewell, Paul, Fox, Farewell, Valentine, Grandfather, New, Blue, Hood, Christmas.
3. Bandage, Mucilage, Postage, Ravage, Rampage, Cabbage, Savage, Village, Coinage, Advantage, Vintage.
4. Evart.
5. DEAR BOB:—You said that you would come to see us after we moved out here in the country; so now I want you to come. I've got a hunter and a gun, and we'll just have lots of fun, cooning. My father has an orchard for us to steal apples from; and there's a pond full of frogs near here, too; but I won't catch any until you come (if you hurry up). I know you'll like it; so pack up your things and come on. If you haven't any money, you can foot it. It's only twenty miles up here. I am your friend,
DICK THOMPSON.
6. Shad, Pike, Herring, Cod, Bass.

Wrinkled Hose.

Every one, at least every one who is a woman, knows that "Thou shalt not wear wrinkled and untidy hose" is the first and great commandment in the woman's decalogue—its violation the one unpardonable sin. The woman with wrinkled stockings, like the man who cheats at cards, is despised and dishonored by her kind. But how many know that it was a great lady who originated this test of womanly virtue, and the lady was no less a personage than she of the stately collars—Catharine of Medicis? Up to her time stockings were worn wrinkled upon the ankle like evening gloves, and what dreary days it must have been for the thin ladies of her court, when her royal and doubtless shapely sovereign insisted on smooth and tidy stockings!

WEST BROOK, NORTH CAROLINA,
Sept. 6th, 1889.
DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir*:—The two boxes of Pills you sent me did everything you said they would. My son was the victim of Malaria, deep-set, by living in Florida two years, and the Antidote has done more than five hundred dollars' worth of other medicines could have done for him. I have had one of my neighbors try the medicine, and it cured him immediately. I now recommend it to every one suffering from Malaria. Respectfully yours,
W. W. MONROE.

Curing Mosquito Bites.

A German chemist, after a somewhat learned dissertation on the various kinds of mosquitoes and their respective characteristics and virulence, condescends to give a useful piece of practical information. He says of the various remedies recommended for mosquito bites—such as ammonia, oil of cloves, chloroform, carbolized glycerine, etc.—none are better than ordinary soap. He is an ardent naturalist, and on his frequent excursions in the country he invariably carries a small piece of soap, with which, in case of a bite, he makes a lather all over the affected part and allows it to dry on. He almost invariably finds that the relief is instantaneous, and that all pain soon ceases. Should it continue, however, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary to repeat the application.—[Rochester Democrat.

Confirmed.
The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago, has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers the California Fig Syrup Company.

Both Needed.

Fair Querist—Husband, dear, are there two "i's" in business?

Wide-awake Husband—Certainly there are, my love. A man who goes into business with one eye is going to be badly left.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

—Fret not your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can stop all grayness and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.

CLOTHES FOR THE BOYS.

How Small Lord Fauntleroys are Dressed This Season.

It used to be a great deal easier to dress a boy than it was to dress a girl, but the ingenuity of dressmakers has been at work with such success that it is now possible to make the little Lord Fauntleroy of the family as pretty as the little Lady Gwendolen.

Instead of putting the little Lord Fauntleroy in a velvet coat, with an impossible collar and knee breeches that would be sure to catch each floating speck of dust and be ruined beyond redemption, the most exclusive and fashionable little Fauntleroys are clad in something that will wash.

The smartest suits are made of no less common a stuff than plain brown Holland. But it is a brown Holland glorified and got up in such an exceptional style that it is pretty almost beyond description, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Fancy a brown Holland blouse waist for a boy, with a deep collar, a broad hem and deep cuffs, all daintily edged with a frill of either the same brown Holland or ecru lace. Fancy, also, trousers of the same material, with three brown buttons decorating the side of each leg, and long brown stockings and tan shoes buttoning with a strap over the instep.

The beauty of these brown Holland suits is that they can be washed as often as the young chap who wears them sees fit to roll in the dirt, go crabbing or make mud pies. Two such suits a day will keep him looking quite respectable, because the brown is of that lovely convenient shade which does not readily show dirt, and which, even when slightly soiled, appears quite clean.

For Sunday white drill or white "duck" makes a very good material, and can be made up in the same way. When the white suit is worn black stockings should accompany it and black leather patent ties.

The advantage of dressing children, and especially boys, in something that can be readily washed, is so patent to every woman who wishes to make her child comfortable and happy and pretty at the same time, that at the most fashionable summer resorts it is seldom that

THIS SUMMER'S LORD FAUNTLEROY.

one sees, even on dress parade, a boy dressed in a velvet suit or any heavy material that must be worn out without enjoying the advantage of being occasionally renovated with good soap and water.

The old way of disfiguring boyish outlines with a great hampering sash, an immense lace collar, tarnishable steel buttons and useless decorations has almost passed away, and instead of having recourse to the severe and disagreeable simplicity of tweed and broadcloth, we have chosen the happy medium of wash fabrics, tastefully made and provided in such large quantities that a boy can always look neat, stylish and pretty.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Tired Brain
from over-exertion. Try it.

DREAMS.

My little girl upon my arm
Awoke last night and cried
Amid great sobs: "Oh, mamma, dear,
I dreamt that papa died."

I soothed her; told her that the morn
Would chase her fears away,
That papa lived, we'd go to him
With kisses, soon, some day.

* * * * * * *

So when our darlings wake again
From out death's little sleep
Upheld and soothed by loving words,
They will no longer weep.

For oh! we do but *think* them lost,
Our loved ones passed away,
We'll go to them and tell our dreams
With kisses, too, some day.
—[Ella J. Jones.

The Child's Catechism.

Little Florence, 2 years old—her mamma was trying to explain to her infant mind, in reply to her question, "Who is God?"—listened very attentively to the explanation, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, said, "I love God, don't you, mamma? He's a good old man."

And after listening to the story of Jesus, she said: "Wasn't he nice when he was a little baby? Were you his mamma?"

Another time, after being naughty, she was told she would have to be punished. She ran to a large chair, climbed hastily into it, seated herself firmly, grasped each arm of the chair, and, with a look of mingled defiance and mischief, said, "Now you can't, mamma."

In the infant class one Sunday the lesson was about disobedience and its punishment. "Little children have to mind or they are not nice," said the teacher. "Older people have to obey laws or be punished. Do any of you know how older people are punished?" She answered, "O, yes, I know! The husbands scold the wives and the wives scold the husbands."—[New York Tribune.

A Girl's First Money.
MR. EDITOR:—I am so pleased with my first effort at making my own living, that I wish to tell others who may need a way to make money.
I am collecting jewelry, watches, knives, forks and tableware to be plated. I send the goods by mail to Henry F. Gray & Co., of Columbus, Ohio. They plate them nicely with gold, silver or nickel, as I order, and return them promptly. The plating is done so nice and quick, my customers are delighted with it, and I have no trouble to get a large number of articles every day. I first sent $2 worth as a sample, and with the aid of the samples, I made $6 the next day. I can make as much every day. I advised two of my cousins to try this business, and both are doing splendidly. This firm has been very kind to me, and I think they will assist any one who will write to them, as much as they have me.
This letter may not interest you, Mr. Editor, but people who are not rich feel the hard times, and there may be many of your readers glad as I was of a chance to make money, any any person can do this business because every person wants their goods plated.
CORA PHILLIPS.

Look Out For Wrinkles.

"The Summer girls are going to come home in the Fall wrinkled like hags," said a Madison avenue oculist, who sat in the sand at Spring Lake and eyed the belles and buds with a field-glass.

"I know just what I'm talking about," he continued; "there is no protection for the eyes under those rick-rack straw hats, and the gauze-covered parasols are as good as tissue paper. If you will take the trouble to observe you will find that all the fashionably dressed women on the beach have to squint like sailors to see where they are going.

"Now that makes wrinkles gather round the eyes, across the nose and forehead and frequently about the lips. They don't come in pairs, but in companies and, what is worse, they come to stay.

"To save your life you can't get them away, but with a good shade for the eyes, either from a peaked hat, a dark umbrella or both combined, they can be kept off. Actually, the popularity of those filmy parasols surprises me, for women of fashion as a rule are careful of their good looks."

And the doctor is about right.—[New York World.

TWO VALUABLE BOOKS FREE.
Those who are in search of ways by which their old clothes can be made to look like new, will find many hints and helps in *Successful Home Dyeing*. This 32 page book tells how the faded and old-fashioned clothes are easily dyed any desired color with Diamond Dyes.
Art and Fancy Work contains full and simple directions for coloring photographs; cameo, lustra, tapestry, and water color painting; dye embroidery, etching upon cotton and linen, and other novel and fascinating work. Many women, by the aid of these instructions, make articles that sell readily at good prices.
Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., will send one or both of these books to any address on receipt of stamp for postage. Don't put it off until to-morrow, but write to-day and get these books that may save you many dollars.

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

SECRETARY FOSTER

Outwits the New York Bankers and Replenishes the Gold Supply in the Treasury.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—When Secretary Foster found the gold supply in the National Treasury running low, with the 4½ per cents due September 1, he was puzzled to know how to replenish the supply. The express companies charged 75 cents on $1,000 for shipping currency from the East to the West, and when the demand began to come into the New York banks from the Western cities for money to move the great crops all the shipments were at first made that way. The Eastern banks, of course, sent legal tenders to their Western correspondents. Then Seretary Foster caused it to be made known to the Western banks that the Treasury department would ship money to any part of the West for 15 cents per $1,000. Therefore the Western banks accompanied every draft on a New York bank with an order to ship through the Treasury. When the New York banks went to the subtreasury in Wall street to deposit money for shipment they found to their surprise that Assistant Treasurer Roberts insisted on the deposit of gold coin or gold certificates. When asked if the secretary had issued an order to that effect Mr. Roberts admitted that there had been no official order, but he said: "It was the practice." The bankers called Mr. Roberts's attention to the fact that it was an entirely new practice to insist upon all gold for such shipments, but the assistant treasurer was obdurate.

The bankers protested, but there was no help for them. The result has been that every New York bank which has received during the last two months an order for currency to supply a Western bank has been obliged to deposit against it either gold coin or gold certificates in the public treasury in Wall street. Then the government, instead of sending the gold to the West, has simply put it in the vaults and sent out a telegraphic order to the subtreasury at Chicago, or the nearest government depository to the bank wanting this money, to transmit to the bank legal tenders. So successful has this policy been that the gold reserves in the national treasury have increased about $12,000,000 in about six weeks. June 30 the supply of gold in the treasury aggregated $117,667,721. At present the total is $129,402,9?7. Meantime the gold reserves in the New York banks have fallen so low through this strong drain that many bank officers have become somewhat alarmed.

There is no doubt that serious action by the bankers in that direction would have been attempted had it not been for the action of Secretary Foster, Wednesday. He had kept his eye upon the New York banks, and, finding them growing restive, he determined to throw them a rope. He privately communicated with National Treasurer Roberts, and to-day, when bankers sent to the sub-treasury to make the currency shipments to the West, they were pleased to be informed by the suave Mr. Roberts that the "practice" of the department had been changed, and that the treasury would accept one-half gold and one-half legal tender. This concession satisfied the New York bankers for the time being. It has put a stop for the present to the talk about a systematic combination of the bankers against the secretary of the Treasury. In financial circles Wednesday it was admitted that Mr. Foster has been very shrewd, and has fairly outwitted the New York banks.

IT IS EQUAL TO ALL DEMANDS.

Plenty of Funds to Redeem the 4 1-2 Per Cents.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The amount of 4½ per cent bonds continued at 2 per cent to date is $21,338,100, and Secretary Foster said that it was the impression that the amount would run over $30,000,000 before the transaction closes. If his expectations are realized there will be less than $20,000,000 of the 4½ per cent loans subject to redemption after September 2, the limit within which it must be presented for continuance. Secretary Foster said to-day that there would be no difficulty whatever in meeting this payment, or a larger one if necessary, without to the $100,000,000 gold reserve and the $17,000,000 on deposit with national banks. The secretary said that, including $49,000,000, representing disbursing officers' balances, outstanding checks, the national bank redemption fund, etc., there is an available balance of $106,000,000, exclusive of the "gold reserve" of $100,000,000, and he regarded that as ample to meet all current obligations of the government. The bonds, he added, are, of course, redeemable in gold if demanded, and there is over $20,000,000 of that coin in the treasury in addition to the "gold reserve," an amount in itself more than sufficient to redeem all the 4½ per cents that will be outstanding September 2.

The secretary said also that he regarded the amount of public funds in the hands of disbursing officers as greatly in excess of the needs of the service and that he was considering a plan whereby it may be greatly reduced. There is now, he said, a balance of $35,000,000 in the hands of these officers for a considerable portion of which there is no immediate need, and it is his opinion that this amount could be reduced to about $20,000,000 and maintained at that figure without embarrassment to public business.

THE MONEY IN THE TREASURY.

An Examination Shows that Every Penny Has Been Accounted for.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—Yesterday another evidence was received of the absolute integrity with which the financial affairs of the government are administered under the present administration. The committee, consisting of Ed. L. Mills, W. W. Uttz and Enos Webster, appointed to examine the contents of certain vaults in the office of the controller of the currency, made a report yesterday.

The committee found everything correct. The vaults of the reception division contained $275,115.50.

Referring to the division of issues, the report says: "The result of the examination shows that the important and responsible transactions with nearly four thousand national banks, involving the receipt and issue of many millions of dollars, have been conducted by the division of issues without the loss of a single penny."

The Geologists.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 29.—The geological congress, now in session in this city, will close Tuesday. Wednesday a party composed of 60 foreigners and twenty Americans will start West on a special train of Pullman vestibuled cars, furnished by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company. The train will run independent of regular trains, and will be the home of the party during the principal part of the journey. In each region of special geological interest the party will be guided by a geologist familiar with the ground.

Confirmatory Reports.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—Senor Lazcano, the Chilian minister at Washington, today received a cablegram dated Valparaiso the 26th, from M. M. Aldunate, the minister of foreign affairs, saying that on the 25th the insurgent army was completely defeated in Vino del Mar. A division of the Chilian government army cut off their retreat to the ships, and obliged them to surrender unconditionally. All the country, the dispatch adds, applauds the valor and skill of the government army.

Has Ceased to be a Free Port.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The department of state has been officially notified that on July 1, last, the city of Trieste, Austria, ceased, by law, to be a free port, and is now on the same footing with regard to customs duties as other ports of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

BALMACEDA DEFEATED.

Valparaiso Fallen, and the Chilian Congressional Party Triumphant.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—At a late hour yesterday afternoon a new aspect was given the situation in Chili, when Mr. Junio M. Foster, who is assisting the congressional envoys in this city, received the following dispatch, dated at New York:

Balmaceda is defeated. Valparaiso in our power. Viva Chile!
[Signed] TRUMBULL.

The sender is Richard Trumbull, one of the congressional agents, who is now under indictment for violation of the neutrality laws in connection with the

GEN. BALMACEDA.

equipment of the Itata. The dispatch gave great comfort to the congressional partisans here, and Mr. Foster did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction.

The absence of official information at the departments has puzzled the officials. Certainly if a decisive engagement has taken place it was to be expected that Minister Egan or Admiral Brown would promptly report the fact, if communication were open. Admiral Brown is at Valparaiso and Minister Egan at Santiago, through which place cablegrams from Valparaiso must pass to reach Europe and the United States, or run the risk of falling into the hands of the insurgents on the Pacific coast. The only theory advanced which is plausible enough to find acceptance is that the telegraph lines being under military control, will not transmit cipher dispatches, such as would be sent by our government representatives. It is not presumed, however, that if the Balmaceda forces had achieved a signal victory they would attempt to prevent confirmation of the news of the event from reaching this country; so that the official judgment here is that no decisive combat had taken place up to Thursday. An hour after the dispatch from Mr. Trumbull came to hand the following dispatch from Mr. Viel, the confidential agent of the insurgent party at Lima, Peru, dated yesterday and addressed to Mr. Pedro Montt, the principal congressional envoy in this city, was received at the headquarters of the party here:

Triumph complete. Valparaiso surrendered.

A Confirmatory Cablegram.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Acting Secretary State Wharton received the following cablegram last night:

VALPARAISO, Aug. 28.—Battle fought near this city this morning. Government forces badly beaten. Heavy loss both sides. City surrendered to opposition, but in hands of admirals of the American, German, French and English fleets for good order. No communication with Santiago. Opposition forces now entering the city.
MCCREARY, Consul at Valparaiso.

This is the first information received by the State department from its representatives in Chili relative to the state of affairs there for some time, excepting a meager cipher dispatch received yesterday morning from Minister Egan, dated Thursday at Santiago, stating that a small fight had taken place that morning and the decisive battle would probably be fought yesterday.

Mr. Wharton said that Santiago had been cut off from communication with the outside world, the wires probably being in the hands of the insurgents, or Minister Egan would have communicated with the department, giving more of the particulars of the situation.

As Valparaiso is only 30 miles from Santiago it is expected that the consul will soon be able to communicate with Minister Egan.

Mr. Wharton declined to say what action would be sent to Minister Egan, but he said nothing would be done until further news had been received by the department.

Nothing further has been received at the Navy department from Admiral Brown, commanding the United States naval forces in Chilian waters, but as the dispatch from Valparaiso stated that the American admiral, with the naval commanders of foreign nations, were preserving order, it is presumed the American ships must have reached the scene of action, as the admiral in his last communication to the department, dated Coquimbo, received Thursday, said he would soon sail for Valparaiso, if he deemed his presence there necessary. The Baltimore and San Francisco are the ships under his command.

The Chilian minister could not be found last night, but it is generally supposed he must have received the news of the defeat of his government, and for this reason declines to receive any one.

Mr. Lascano, the Chilian minister, said later that news had been received by him from Chili since Thursday, stating that a battle had been fought on the 25th, in which the government forces were victorious. The minister thinks the reason he had heard nothing from Santiago in regard to the reported fight is because of the seizure and censorship, probably, of the cable and telegraph lines by the insurgents, and he can account for it in no other way, believing he would, if possible, have been informed immediately of the result of the encounter between the opposing forces. While the minister declined to say whether he placed credence in the reports of Balmaceda's fall it was apparent by his demeanor that he was not very hopeful of receiving good news, and seemed not over-sanguine that the government had not been defeated. "All is possible in war," he said, "and I can't understand how the situation could have so suddenly changed since my dispatch yesterday announcing victory, though it may be so." Futher than this the minister declined to speak.

IS EXCITED AND JUBILANT.

Mr. Foster, the Congressionalist Agent, Tells of Balmaceda's Overthrow.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Mr. Julio Foster, agent of the Congressionalist party, was brim full of excitement and exultation when seen by a reporter and was willing to talk freely.

"What will the Congressional government do with Balmaceda now that it has defeated him?" he was asked.

"Let him go," replied Mr. Foster.

"What, you will not shoot or execute him?"

"The worst punishment that can be given him will be to make him an outcast, an exile, a wanderer on the face of the earth, branded like Cain. Balmaceda is an intensely proud man. He believes he is better capable to conduct a government than anyone else. He wanted to prove that and has failed. We know all this, and we know how to punish him. Banishment from Chili will be a living death for him. As to those with him—the leading men—they will fly away for a time, but after awhile all will come back and be forgiven. The Congressionalists are not bloodthirsty. All we want is the reestablishment of the old constitutional government—not revenge. I am confident that there will not be a single execution. It will be just as it was when the South rebelled against the United States government. The North conquered but there were none of the Southern leaders, not even the chief one, shot or executed. You became a band of brothers again; so shall we."

"Still you think Balmaceda will be banished?"

"Perhaps not by the government, but most certainly by his own act. I know the man, and I know he cannot live in Chili again."

"Do you think he is by the fall of Valparaiso utterly crushed?"

"Not utterly, just at this time, because he will retreat to the capital, Santiago. But we have him like a rat in a trap. We will march on Santiago, but will probably not attack it. You see the Congressionalists own most of the property there and they will not storm the town. They will take it in the end peacefully, because Balmaceda cannot hold it. The people will rise up and overpower him. His money is all gone, for we now have control of the whole seacoast and will have the customs receipts, which have been Balmaceda's main source of revenue. Without this income, he can not carry on the war. His paper money is now worth nothing. Still he may hold out two or three weeks.

"We shall be in no hurry to take Santiago. It will take itself. We will move the seat of government from Iquique to Valparaiso, call an election for representatives, the Senate holding over, restore the old judges, and as quickly as possible get things running as they were before. Balmaceda may and probably will try to enlist support from other countries, but that will not avail him. We are the people and he is an overthrown dictator. How he can get out of Santiago, I can't see. He can't get to the coast, for we have possession of the whole country. He is cooped up. He can't get over the mountains into the Argentine Republic, because it is winter in Chili now, and the snow will not be out of the passes until November. I don't know whether this government will continue to recognize Balmaceda or not.

"I should think our victory would entitle us to recognition as belligerents and gave us the right to be heard on all questions."

All army and navy officers here are taking the keenest interest in this Chilian war, and every feature of it will be a subject of professional study by both services. It is the most valuable object lesson of the times in modern warfare. Five years ago the Chilian government commenced availing itself of the latest developments and designs in war material, including guns, ships, torpedoes and other modern war equipments. The work then commenced has progressed to a point which places that country in possession of the most modern war materials, and as they are all now in practical use, it will be the policy of our war and naval officials to make a close study of every detail of war from the beginning to the end.

BALMACEDA IS ON THE WING.

Further Particulars of the Overthrow of the Usurper.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The following dispatch, dated Valparaiso, August 29, has been received at the Navy department from Rear Admiral Brown:

The insurgents have possession of the city of Valparaiso; was taken Friday morning after very sanguinary engagement. The government had advantage—good position—but bad generalship. Troops disaffected. Insurgent ships were not present. Forts not engaged. Lynch, with three second-class torpedo boats, captured. The foreign admirals demanded guarantee in protecting lives and property of foreign subjects. I have 100 men at the consulate. Many refugees aboard. Provincial president here.

The only news received here by the envoys of the congressional party besides the dispatch from Iquique saying that Junta was on its way to Santiago, was a message from Lima stating that Santiago is in the hands of the congressional party and that they have established a temporary authority looking to the safety of persons and property, and that Balmaceda's whereabouts are unknown. Mr. Montt says there can be no doubt but that the capital has fallen and that the insurgents will soon be in full control of the government.

WILL BE OPEN IN SEPTEMBER.

The Grand Trunk Tunnel Under the St. Clair River.

SARNIA, Ont., Aug. 27.—The Grand Trunk tunnel, under the St. Clair river at Sarnia, will be formally opened on Saturday, September 19. The opening ceremonies will be most brilliant in their character. Sarnia, on the Canadian side, and Port Huron on the American side, will give up the whole day to celebration and enjoyment. Arrangements are now being made for an opening which will include a banquet in the tunnel, at which President Harrison, many of the American state governors, the governor-general of Canada, Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk railway and other Grand Trunk officials will be present. The tables will be laid on the boundary line, and during the entertainment and banquet the Thirteenth battalion band, of Hamilton, will play a programme of music. On the Canadian side the band will play "God Save the Queen," and on the American side "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Freeman's Journal to Change Its Politics.

DUBLIN, Aug. 28.—An extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Freeman's Journal company, limited, took place yesterday at the Imperial hotel, this city.

The meeting was a stormy one, and hot words were exchanged between the supporters of E. Dwyer Gray, son of the founder of the paper, who was desirous that the *Freeman's Journal* should no longer support Mr. Parnell, and the present board of directors, who recently overruled Mr. Gray when he took his stand against his former friend.

Finally, upon the shareholders being polled, a vote of censure was passed by a large majority. The directors were blamed for the policy which they had adopted in regard to Mr. Parnell.

The office of the paper was guarded by police yesterday.

At a meeting this morning the shareholders of the *Journal* company carried the motion of E. Dwyer Gray, changing the composition of the board of directors. The latter, who were mainly the supporters of Mr. Parnell, have resigned, and to-morrow the *Freeman's Journal* will be published in the interest of the opponents of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gray's motion was carried by a vote of 1,200 to 900.

Effects of the McKinley Bill.

LONDON, Aug. 27.—The leading manufacturers and exporters engaged in the American trade at Dundee are divided in opinion on the effect of the McKinley law in the linen trade. The prohibitive tariff has killed the exportation of cheap domestic linens, and manufacturers are using smaller yarns and exporting only expensive goods. The jute trade has been little affected. The abolition of the duty on raw jute, it is held, should create a jute industry in the United States. Capitalists, however, are shy of laying out money to erect works in America which a popular vote might at any time render useless. Besides, it is argued, the tendency of protected countries is toward over production, and at such a heavy cost the exportation of the surplus would be impossible, the result being, as in the French linen trade, an occasional glut and shutting down of factories. Therefore, it is contended, the McKinley law tends to scare capital. A heavy demand is commencing for British burlaps, the American farmers preferring to pay the duty on such goods rather than pay an exorbitant price to the syndicate of American manufacturers.

New French Minister to Washington.

PARIS, Aug. 28.—M. Roustan, the retiring French minister at Washington, is expected in Paris in a few days. His successor, M. Patenotre, has been for some time French minister at Tangiers, and was in the diplomatic service in China, when M. Constans, now minister of the interior, represented France there. It is believed in Paris that M. Constan's influence secured M. Patenotre the appointment, which was sought after with more than usual spirit on account of the new importance to be given the mission during the Chicago World's Fair.

$10,000,000 Damages.

PARIS, Aug. 29.—The official estimate of the damage done by the recent cyclone which swept over the island of Martinique, places the amount at $10,000,000 and says that 378 people lost their lives. President Carnot has signed a credit of $200,000, which sum is to be used to assist the Martinique sufferers.

To Suppress Drunkenness.

BERLIN, Aug. 27.—The *Reichsanzeiger* prints the text of the projected bill to suppress drunkenness. The measure proposes to place habitual drunkards under the restraint of special guardians. The Radicals will oppose the bill as too drastic, declaring that existing legislation is sufficient to meet the end.

The Population of Canada.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 27.—The census returns were brought down in the House of Commons, last night. The total population is 4,823,344, an increase in the decade of 498,534.

PICKED UP.

Capt. Andrews Compelled to Abandon His Little Boat in the Middle of the Atlantic.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—The British steamer Elbruz, from Baltimore August 11, arrived at Antwerp yesterday. On board of her was Capt. Andrews, of the dory Mermaid, which sailed from Boston some time ago on a trans-Atlantic race with the dory Sea Serpent, which was sailed by Capt. Lawton. Capt. Andrews became exhausted in mid-ocean and in consequence, when the opportunity offered, abandoned the race.

Capt. Andrews was interviewed on his arrival at Antwerp. He said he had good weather until 35 days out from Boston, when a storm compelled him to reef his sails and allow his boat to go before the wind. The Mermaid advanced very slowly.

On August 16 a terrible wave filled the Mermaid with seven inches of water. The same day he met the steamer Stag from Shields, and profited by a lull to empty his boat of the water and put everything in order. On the next day the tempest broke out with renewed violence. A wave capsized the boat, and Captain Andrews, who was in the cabin, thought he was lost. He prayed to God, "for the sake of my family give me another chance and I shall stop this business." He managed to open the hatch, and swimming round the vessel, climbed upon the keel.

There he clung by a rope for half an hour, when the vessel was righted, but everything had been lost. He closed himself in the cabin, lighted the lamp to warm his hands, and remained the whole night dripping wet. He passed two days and nights in the same way, and then by laborious work put things in passable order. He saw a shark following, and harpooned it in the eye. The storm continued all this time, the wind blowing with such force that when he opened the hatch the little wind he respired caused a sound like a big whistle, the lamp oil was also now exhausted, and being too fatigued to keep watch, he lay on the bottom of the boat for four days.

On Saturday, the 22d, the water was all gone. On the same day he saw a black point of smoke on the horizon and two hours afterward he found himself aboard the steamer Elbruz. Capt. Andrews asked for ballast and water, desiring to continue his voyage in the Mermaid, but Capt. Brown strongly dissuaded him, insisting that he should remain on the steamer. Capt. Brown gave Andrews the first warm food he had touched in two months. Andrews was then so feeble that he could not walk and he remained prostrate for two days.

Capt. Andrews, who is only 43, looks to be at least 55 years old. He declares he will never attempt the voyage again. He is a piano maker and has a wife in Boston and several children and grandchildren.

ITALY'S DEBT.

A Syndicate Formed For the Purpose of Sustaining the Price of Italian Rentes—Work of the International Congress.

ROME, Aug. 28.—Official statistics just published show that the provincial debts of Italy amount to 14,902,000 lire ($2,980,500,000), or 514 6-10 lire ($103), for each inhabitant, and 513 3-10 lire on each hectare of land. This is, of course, in addition to the national debt, which is upwards of 24,000,000,000 lire, or nearly five thousand million dollars.

It is stated in financial circles that a syndicate has been formed in Rome which is to have at its disposal 100,000,000 lire, of which one-half has been already subscribed, for the purpose of sustaining the price of Italian rentes. The resources of the syndicate will not be restricted by the amounts pledged, for many large and strong institutions and bankers, as well as those not so strong, have formed as it were a committee of defence against foreign attacks on the rentes.

Emigration from Italy continues on a vast scale. From January 1 to July 31 the single prefecture of Rovigo issued 5,046 emigration passports for 16,564 individuals. The greater part of these emigrants went to Brazil. The government will shortly issue a decree of amnesty to all who escaped (by emigrating) the levies from 1851 to 1871. This amnesty concerns upwards of 400,000 persons, many of whom are now living in the United States.

AMERICAN CATTLE IN CANADA.

The Minister of Agriculture Refers to Contemplated Regulations.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 27.—In the house of commons, Mr. Carling, minister of agriculture, said that the announcement made by Premier Abbott in the senate that there would be permitted at an early date the importation of live American cattle to be slaughtered at certain designated points within the Dominion, where meat packing concerns will be established, especially at Three Rivers, where the Bender Dead Meat company will start a large establishment, had no reference to any contemplated tariff change in that respect. "The cattle will be brought into Canada," he said, "in vestibuled cattle cars and will have to pass a Canadian inspector at the border, in whose charge they will be until they reach the point at which they are to be slaughtered, from which they will issue only in the manufactured article. The regulations which Sir Abbott spoke of as having been submitted to the imperial privy council and approved by it are simply quarantine regulations to guard against any possibility of infection."

Disturbance of a Serious Nature.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 28.—Details of the rioting at Vitebsk, capital of the government of that name, occasioned by the people's protest against the exportation of rye, show that the disturbance was of a serious nature. The governor reports that there was evidence that a general revolt of the peasantry had been planned. The peasants attacked the railroad officials, claiming that no more rye should leave Vitebsk, and severely beat the Jewish grain dealers, who are to blame for the whole trouble. The peasantry also plundered the residences of these grain dealers, and finally combined in an attack upon the railroad station.

The railroad officials sent for the assistance of the military, and the latter tried to dislodge the rioters from the positions in and about the station. The rioters resisted stubbornly, and their supporters outside the railroad station made a fierce attack upon the soldiery. Finally the officer in command of the troops, after repeatedly threatening the crowds, gave the order to fire upon the rioters. The soldiers then fired a volley, killing two of the peasants and wounding a number of others. This seemed to dishearten the rioters, for they soon after dispersed.

Other and somewhat similar disturbances are reported from Dunaberg, Vinta and other places, but no details have as yet been made public.

The Consumption of Maize Advised.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—The *Standard* today, in discussion of the grain shortage, advises the consumption of maize, saying that the United States could export 400,000,000 bushels of maize, and that an extra shilling per bushel would attract all the maize in America necessary to supply Europe with wholesome, nutritious food. "Therefore, we can feel assured that there will be an abundance of grain for all the people of the world, although we must be prepared to see wheat much higher."

The Scheme Will Be Opposed.

TORONTO, Ont., Aug. 27.—The proposal to slaughter American cattle at Three Rivers, for canning purposes, is to be vigorously opposed. The exporters have held a meeting here to consider the matter. Opinions were unanimous that the scheme would most injuriously affect the cattle trade of the dominion, and a delegate was dispatched to Ottawa to lay the views of the meeting before the government. The Montreal exporters are expected to make a similar move immediately.

MOSCOW, Aug. 28.—The Moscow town council is debating a proposal to compel all employers to supply their workmen with rye bread at the normal price, or about one-half of the present price. Men employed in the grain trade believe that the rye ukase will only serve to enrich a few dealers who are holding grain in order to sell it at famine prices.

LABOR CANDIDATES.

A Large Number of them Acting as a Disturbing Element in English Politics—Trades Unions Represented.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—The liberal electoral executives hardly know how to treat the extraordinary crop of labor candidates finding acceptance in radical constituencies. The length of the list of names already adopted threatens to give a new character to the general election, tending to accord predominance to social questions in many districts where the electoral managers prefer to see the contest waged on the ordinary party lines. The men selected in the labor interest chiefly represent the trades unions. Ben Tellett will contest Bradford, Burns will run in Battersea, and the socialist, Hyndman, will run in Chelsea. The other candidates include the nominees of the Sheffield trades council, the Scotch miner and the Seamen's union, the Railway Employes' union, the Agricultural Laborers' union, the Navies' union, and other large bodies, every one of whom rely upon the liberal party to work out their salvation.

As a test of their practical earnestness the supporters of the labor nominees in most instances pay the expenses of the contest and guarantee a yearly allowance to the candidate if elected. If the movement succeeds, as it promises to, it will place in the next parliament a compact phalanx of 30 labor members, determined to make questions in labor interests dominant over all others, after home rule is settled. Attempts to draw Mr. Gladstone to pronounce in favor of several of these labor candidates were met with the following response, especially referring to the agricultural labor: "You may rest assured that the Liberals, who in the teeth of the House of Lords, procured the franchise for the laborer, did not thus arm him for nothing. They hope to do him full justice, bringing local government to his door and securing him a freer access to the use of land."

Liberals and Conservatives alike interpret this reply as promising the creation of parish councils on a popular basis, thus sapping the domination of the local landlords and parsons. This change would effect an immense practical reform in English rural life.

India Fermenting.

A number of exceptional meetings of the India council have been held recently, due to advices from Simla, on the disturbed state of India. The immediate question before the council, whether the government be authorized to proceed with a re-trial of the Bungobasi case and prosecute for sedition either native papers, was decided in the negative. The government seems to be afraid to risk the failure of the prosecution, which would result in a serious blow to the prestige of British rule. The *St. James Gazette*, always well informed on India, says the country is in a dangerous state of ebullition, and since the marriage reforms were passed, the discontent has been of rapid growth.

Many large cities are ready to burst into sedition, and will be difficult to control. The disaffected have lost their wholesome respect for British authority, which was sufficient for three decades to keep the peace. Any deliberate attempt to foment open sedition may readily succeed; the prospect is gloomy.

According to a high official in the India office, the government is aware of the tendencies to disorder in the great cities, but is satisfied with the general position. A native press association, forming under the sanction of the government, is expected to promote harmony by a moderate expression of views, based on accurate news.

GERMAN GRAIN CROP,

The Government Calls Upon the Agricultural Districts to Send in Estimates—Import Duties May be Suspended.

BERLIN, Aug. 31.—Orders have been issued by the government calling upon the agricultural district officials to report as to the condition and the probable yield of wheat and rye. These reports are to be made before September 8. Further reports concerning the potato crop are called for, and these must be in the hands of the government before September 20. The governments of the other German states have also been directed by the imperial authorities to expedite reports as to the condition and probable yield of the crops in their respective states. Numerous reports have already reached Her Von Berlepsch, minister of commerce, and the data derived from them have been submitted to the emperor.

Judging from the altered tone of the members of the official circle, a suspension of the import duties on grain is becoming a recognized necessity. The ministers will not wait till November to submit the question to the reichstag, but immediately upon the conclusion of the gathering and digesting of the statistics will declare the duties suspended.

In Bad Shape for Breadstuffs.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—Europe is going to be very short of funds next year. The latest skilled estimate of the deficiency of the wheat crop in Europe is 40,000,000 quarters, besides a deficit in the rye crop of 35,000,000 quarters. The potato crop a few weeks ago promised splendidly, but since then continuous wet weather has developed disease in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Holland and France. The net result of this concatenation of agricultural disasters will be to make a scarcity of breadstuffs in Europe to an extent unknown to any living man, and will tax the resources of exporting countries outside of Europe to the utmost to supply the deficiency.

Digging for Capt. Kidd's Gold.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 29.—A party of fifteen men from Colchester county have leased the late Anthony Groves property on Oak Island, Chester, and have commenced to dig for the great load of gold which tradition says was buried there by Capt. Kidd. It is said that they have considerable capital behind them and are determined to pursue the work until they discover the treasure or have every shovelful of earth on the island overturned. This is the same spot where several companies spent many thousands of dollars some years ago in prosecuting a fruitless search.

Mrs. Besant Will Go to India.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—Mrs. Besant, in a remarkable farewell address to the members of the Secular society, which had decided that she should no longer be admitted to speak at its meetings, claimed that she had received, since Madame Blavatsky's death, the same messages from unseen teachers that Madame Blavatsky formerly received. Mrs. Besant will go to India to propagate theosophy with Mr. Olcott. She forfeits an income of £200 yearly by the suppression of her Malthusian pamphlet.

Old World Notes.

ROME, Aug. 28.—Thirteen missionaries and 23 nuns will sail for New York shortly, to join Bishop Piacenza's American institute for the Italian emigrants.

PARIS, Aug. 31—M. Eiffel, the famous architect, strongly denies ever having submitted plans or proposals to Chicago for a tower like his celebrated one in this city.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—Mr. Gladstone has written a letter denouncing gambling as a formidable and growing national evil. Mr. Gladstone adds that he is ready to give his aid to any efforts aiming at the extinction or mitigation of gambling.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 28.—The granting of permission to the starving peasantry to use the imperial forests has led to many burglaries and depredations in the imperial farm, the famishing people fighting and in some cases shedding blood over the spoils.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—The annual report of the Northern Counties United Cotton Spinners' association, referring to grievances in connection with American cotton cargoes, expresses regret because the damp in American cotton does not abate and because no satisfactory regulations designed to remedy the defect have been agreed to.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 28.—Indications of distress among the peasants are becoming numerous. The German colonists along the Volga who have hitherto been prosperous farmers, are now in great distress. Riots among the people to prevent the exportation of rye are reported at Vitebsk, Dunaberg and other places.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—The *Standard's* Constantinople correspondent says: "The sultan has yielded to all Russia's demands respecting the Dardanelles, which henceforth will be opened to Russian vessels when closed to others. The sultan has abjectly apologized for the recent detention of a Russian vessel, and has dismissed the officers responsible.

SECRETARY PROCTOR

Tendered the United States Senatorship by Gov. Page, of Vermont, in a Cordial Communication.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Aug. 26.—Hon. Redfield Proctor has received the following letter from Governor C. L. Page:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
HYDE PARK, VT., August 25.

Hon. Redfield Proctor:

DEAR SIR—After careful consideration of all names suggested, I have decided to appoint you United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. George F. Edmunds.

Primarily I deem it my duty to satisfy my judgment as to what selection would best promote the welfare of Vermont and the whole country. I have at the same time felt that I was acting largely in a representative capacity; that if not doing injustice to my judgment I could meet the wishes of a large majority of the people of Vermont and it would be a duty and pleasure to do so. I have with considerable care sought and received personally by letter, the views of prominent Vermonters in every county of

SECRETARY PROCTOR.

the state. The result of my investigation leaves no doubt as to my official duty. If, therefore, on the first day of November next, it should be incumbent on me to fill the vacancy referred to, I propose to tender you the appointment. I inform you of my decision at this time, not only because I believe you should have reasonable notice of my intention, but having reached the conclusion above I cannot see that the public good would be subserved by further discussion. With much respect, I am yours truly,
CARROLL S. PAGE.

The Vermont legislature which met in special session yesterday, will take action in regard to the acceptance of the refunded United States direct tax, and consider the question of increasing the state's appropriation for the World's fair at Chicago. This last proposition may provoke some discussion. Mr. H. H. McIntyre, of West Randolph, one of the commissioners for Vermont, desires an additional appropriation of $15,000.

AVFUL WRECK.

A Passenger Train Plunges Into a Ravine 65 Feet in Depth—Twenty Dead Bodies Removed from the Wreck.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—A special from Statesville, N. C., says: A western-bound passenger train on the Western North Carolina railroad, jumped a trestle near here this morning about 3 o'clock.

A rail on the track had been removed at the entrance of the bridge, precipitating the whole train into the river. News from the scene is meagre, but it is certain that between twenty and thirty people were killed and others injured. Auditor Randerlin, of this state is reported among the passengers. The bodies are being taken to Statesville, as soon as they are recovered. Much anxiety is felt in this city, as friends and relatives of many here are returning from the mountains every day.

The train was composed of a baggage and mail car, second and first class coaches, Pullman sleeper and Superintendent Bridge's private car "Daisy." This sleeper, which was from Goldsboro, usually contains a large number of passengers from northern points, and last night was no exception. The run to Statesville was made on time, a distance of 25 miles, but just after leaving Statesville there is a high stone bridge spanning Third creek, and down into this creek plunged the entire train, a distance of at least 65 feet, wrecking the whole train and carrying death and destruction with it.

Twenty passengers were killed outright, nine seriously injured and about 20 badly bruised and shaken up. The scene at the wreck beggars description. The night was dismal, and to add to the horror of the situation the water in the creek was up. It was only through the most heroic efforts of those who had hurried to the scene of the wreck that the injured were not drowned.

The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails. The bridge was not injured.

Wedding at an Indian Territory School.

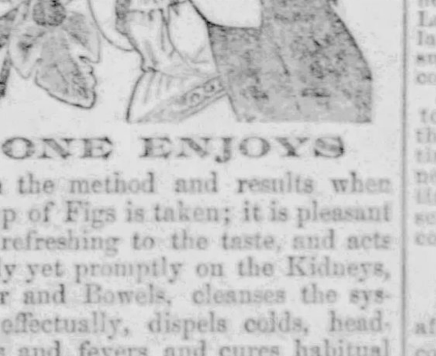
WABASH, Ind., Aug. 28.—The first wedding that ever took place at White's Institute, the large Indian training school near Wabash, occurred last evening, and many guests from a distance were present. The groom was Dr. Will R. Stewart, one of the prominent young physicians of this city, and the bride, Miss Della Reed, who was reared from childhood at this school, and was in early years adopted into the family of the superintendent, O. H. Balles. Miss Reed, however, is not an Indian. She became an inmate of the place before Indian children were admitted.

The Black Hawk Survivors.

GALENA, Ill., Aug. 29.—The first reunion ever held of surviving soldiers of the Black Hawk war of 1832, was held yesterday at Lena, the nearest village to Kellogg's grove, where the decisive battle of the war was fought. Seventeen white haired veterans, each more than 70 years of age, registered their names at headquarters. There are 34 known survivors of the conflict living in this section. All who were not too enfeebled by age to attend were at the reunion.

The first field trials of the new rifled cannon adopted by the ordnance department of the army were had Thursday at Gonzal, Tex. Six hundred shells were fired, and all exploded but one at the mark shot at.

SYRUP OF FIGS



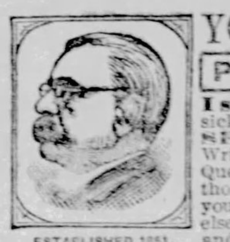
ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

WEAK, NERVOUS MEN.



ESTABLISHED 1851.

YOU who have been humbugged by the "Electric Belts," "Fellow Sufferer," "Bolus," "Crayon," "Troches," "Vacuum," "Free Cure Quacks," and who have found yourself growing older and worse; YOU who have given up in despair, saying "*I am doomed, there is no hope for me;*" to you I say, who are sinking into an early grave, or drifting upon a shoreless sea of sickness and misfortune. **PERFECT MANHOOD RESTORED.** UP, and SAVE YOURSELF! There is Hope! There is a Cure! Write me a full history of your case, and send for Question Lists. My resources are boundless, my skill is great. I have cured thousands. Forty years' experience is valuable. If you need treatment write me before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation personally or by mail, free and sacred. Medicines sent everywhere, no matter where you are. A friendly letter may aid and direct you to Health. Address

F. D. CLARKE, 186 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

JAMES G. BLAINE JR.

Objections Interposed to the Statutory Grounds Set Forth by His Young Wife—Interesting Developments Expected.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The social and professional friends of young Mrs. James G. Blaine have been much wrought up over a dispatch from Sioux Falls, S. D., in which it was stated that the youngest son of the secretary of State was taking steps toward contesting his pretty young wife's prospective suit for absolute divorce. Ex-United States District Court Judge John Carland, of Dakota, has received instructions from Mr. Blaine, it is said, to make an appearance for him when the case comes up, and to enter a denial of the statutory charge, and also that of desertion.

It is further hinted that Mr. Blaine will enter counter-charges against his wife that are said to be of a decidedly startling character. Just what the grounds of the contest will be have not been made public, but the papers will be drawn up, it is said, as soon as Congressman Struble, of Iowa, who has been retained to assist Judge Carland, arrives in Sioux Falls.

Mrs. Blaine's attorney, Judge Palmer, secured service on her husband at Bar Harbor a few weeks ago, thereby placing young Blaine under the jurisdiction of the Dakota courts.

Whichever way the case goes the decree will be as sound as if it had been granted in New York or any other state. The fact that Mrs. Blaine has not complied with the letter of the law of South Dakota, making residence there for a period of 90 days a necessity on the part of one or the other parties to an action for divorce, is given as one of the grounds for the contest.

Her friends here knew when she went out to Sioux Falls in the latter part of April that her only idea in doing so was to gain citizenship there for the purposes of her suit. She was accompanied by her young son, James G. Blaine the Third, and his nurse, and when she took apartments at Sioux City's leading hotel, the Central House, she announced that she meant to remain there for at least three months.

Within two weeks, however, Mrs. Blaine packed up and came on to New York, leaving behind as her representative James Third and the nurse girl. She shortly returned to her temporary home in the West, however, but almost immediately came East again in response to an urgent summons from her counsel, ex-Governor Hoadly, of the law firm of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson.

On this occasion Mrs. Blaine fell ill, it was claimed, and a month had passed before she again appeared in South Dakota. Now, the lawyers out there on the other side have been keeping a strict tally on the lady's comings and goings, and according to their count she has so far seen the sun rise within the borders of the new state an even twenty times.

This fact will be worked for all it is worth at the trial, which will be held before Judge Thomas, in Deadwood, during the last week in October. Judge Palmer, her attorney, claims that he not only has abundance of evidence in his possession for winning his case, but also that he will without doubt perfect her title to citizenship before the trial takes place.

THE REPUBLICANS OF MARYLAND.

A Lengthy and Caustic Speech Delivered by Chairman Hodgeson.

OCEAN CITY, Md., Aug. 27.—The delegates to the Maryland Republican convention were nearly all in their seats today, when Chairman Hodgeson called the convention to order. The speech of the chairman, which was the first made, lasted for nearly an hour. He caustically scored those who would establish a personal party within the party—reckless whether their names were linked with defeat or triumph—if they could only be kept in the public gaze to be talked of. Harmony among leaders he held to be essential to the success of the party in this state, and surrender of prejudices under the operation of a new and better light showed possession of the higher type of manhood. He counseled self-abnegation—if needful for the general good—then the Republican party would win success because it deserved success.

When the convention met it still looked as if Harry M. Clabaugh, of Carroll county would be the choice for the nomination for governor, but Col. Wm. G. VanNort, of Kent county, showed no disposition to abandon the contest, preferring, he said, to await and abide by the verdict of the ballot.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 28.—After the usual recess yesterday afternoon, the Republican state convention proceeded with its business. There were no contesting delegates. The temporary officers were made the permanent officers of the convention, with the addition of J. B. Webb, colored, of Baltimore, as second assistant secretary.

The committee on resolutions reported a platform that indorses the Fifty-first Congress and reaffirms the national platform of 1888; commends the "able and pure" administration of Mr. Harrison, and "the brilliant diplomacy of the department of State," condemning "cheap silver dollars" that "cheap labor of wages, and the farmer of values;" charging the state Democracy with plunder of the state treasury; and adopting as the party emblem the profile head and bust of Abraham Lincoln.

The platform adopted, nominations proceeded, and the names of Harry M. Calbaugh, of Carroll county, and of Col. Wm. G. Van Nort, of Kent county, were presented. Congressman McComas vacated the chair and withdrew the name of Mr. Calbaugh, as that gentleman had charged him to do in the presence of opposition to his unanimous nomination. Col. Van Nort was then unanimously nominated for governor and three cheers were given for Mr. Calbaugh. The other nominations are: Comptroller, Capt. J. McDonald; attorney general, George H. Sharp; clerk of the court of Appeals, Enoch B. Abell.

Movement to Colonize With Negroes.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Aug. 26.—A movement is on foot to colonize with negroes, the Indian lands which are soon to be thrown open to a general settlement. It has its origin at Langston City, the metropolis of the negro settlement, not far from here. The agents, 850 in number, of the Langston Colonization company, are now laboring in the Southern states to persuade negroes to come to the new country.

Hundreds of negroes have already gone to Langston and are being cared for there by their colored friends until the time for the invasion arrives. Many negroes are arriving daily and by the time the lands are proclaimed open to settlement, it is believed thousands of colored people will have arrived here.

The Pennsylvania Prohibitionists.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 27.—At yesterday's afternoon session of the Prohibitionists' convention, the resolutions committee finally reported a platform, which set forth, among other things, that the suppression of liquor would result in better wages and bigger profits; that the Baker ballot law is unconstitutional; that no naturalized citizen should be allowed to vote until one year after naturalization. The platform was adopted. W. W. Hague, of Warren, was nominated for auditor general, and George Drayton, of Media, was named for state treasurer and nominated without opposition.

Gen. Dyrenforth Jubilant.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Aug. 28.—General R. S. Dyrenforth, in charge of recent government rain experiments at Midland, passed through Fort Worth on his way to Washington. He is jubilant over his successful experiments. He says in three weeks, under great disadvantage, six rains were produced, three of which were downpours, and the last one was the heaviest rain in three years. Gen. Dyrenfurth says the principle is correct beyond question.

McKINLEY AT KENTON.

Address of More Than Usual Force to the Republicans of Hardin County Assembled in Convention on Saturday.

KENTON, O., Aug. 31.—The Republicans of Hardin county held the largest county convention Saturday ever held here. At 2 o'clock Major McKinley addressed the convention, keeping his hearers' best attention for an hour and a half. State issues were given but limited attention, the majority of his address being confined to the silver and tariff questions, on which he enlightened a number of the heretofore invincibles. Everybody was pleased.

Recently Prof. Lehr wrote Governor Campbell reminding him of his promise and, in reply, received the following letter:

COLUMBUS, August 2, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of yours and beg to thank you for your kind congratulations, and also to say that I have not forgotten my promise to speak at Ada during the campaign. I presume no political speeches will be made by us until late in September, as we are unable to open the campaign early, owing to our poverty. I may also add that if you think a joint discussion in your city will be desirable and will arrange for it, I will be agreeable thereto.
Sincerely yours, JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

When Major McKinley arrived Saturday morning Prof. Lehr called on him at the hotel and, explaining the circumstances, showed him Gov. Campbell's letter. At once McKinley wrote out the following response:

KENTON, O., Aug. 29, 1891.

DEAR SIR—Replying to your invitation to meet Governor Campbell in joint debate on the issues dividing the Republican and Democratic parties at Ada, which you advise me you have already arranged with the governor, I beg to say that it will give me pleasure to meet the governor at the place named on such date as the state committee will arrange, not to interfere with appointments already made. Yours truly,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

After the adjournment of the convention the farmers lingered in town for some time, gathering in crowds and commenting upon how simple all the issues of the campaign now look. Many a wavering voter has now being thoroughly reclaimed, and the few who were inclined to the third party are almost obliterated. Capt. Ravey, a member of their Executive committee, forsook them, and said he was appointed by them without his consent anyway. One candidate on their ticket went completely back on the whole affair, and said he had not been consulted when nominated. It is evident that all who did join the third party left some loophole to get back through as soon as they saw it was not popular.

INTRIGUING AGAINST BLAINE.

Alleged Scheme to Freeze Him Out of the Presidential Race.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 28.—A special to the *Dispatch* from Washington says:

It is apparent that the inner circle of the administration is very much concerned in regard to the position of Secretary Blaine, whether he is or is not a candidate for the Presidency. All of this inner circle are not at Cape May or swinging round the circle with the President. Many of them are here, but they are not inactive. They know that if Harrison be re elected they will probably be retained in office; with Blaine they are very uncertain.

These members of the inner circle are determined that if any Republican is to be elected it must be Harrison, and they are becoming less secretive in their conversation than formerly. It is determined that Blaine must be smoked out. When he returns three or four weeks hence, these men of the inner circle declare he must show his hand. He will be beset on every side to define his position, and if he admits his candidacy or palters by saying that he is not a candidate, but that if the people want he will accept him, then the fun will begin.

The cabinet will be made a very disagreeable place for him. He will be worried, in short, either into another period of nervous illness or be forced to resign. If the latter, it will be asserted that his retirement is on account of physical and intellectual inability to attend to his duties, with the idea that the country will not look upon so sick a man as available timber for the wear and tear of a campaign and for the trying life of a President. The work of drving Blaine out of the race will be proceeded with systematically.

Curiously enough, it is thought that the opponents of Blaine's candidacy will find their most powerful allies in Blaine's own family. It is well known that those nearest to the great secretary in his own household look with grave doubt upon the contemplated candidacy, fearing that its first effect will be to prostrate him completely. The family will be made to feel the presence and operation of the secret plotters, and will be impelled to beg of the secretary that he absolutely refuse to permit the use of his name, and that he add his voice to that of the inner circle in support of the nomination of Harrison.

THE RANGE OF TARIFF LEGISLATION.

A Sub-Committee of the Senate Finance Committee Taking Testimony.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 31.—For several days Messrs. Carlisle and Aldrich, with Secretary Durfee, of the sub-committee of the United States senate finance committee, have been hearing testimony at the Hotel Vendome from leading manufacturers in this vicinity, regarding the cost of producing the various commodities with which they are identified.

The shoe industry of Massachusetts has occupied a good share of their attention, as has also the manufacture of woolens.

Said Senator Carlisle Saturday: "There appears to be a belief that we are in some way attempting to gather material simply to show what effect the McKinley bill has had upon values and wages since it went into operation. Now, this is entirely erroneous. Our work comprehends the whole range of tariff legislation, both in this and foreign countries, and we go as far back in our research as practicable, gathering all the facts that manufacture, transportation, wages, etc., comprehend, and applying them in the final determination in a way that shall show to us what influence they have had in increasing the value of necessary commodities. We have had before us many eminent economists, and have obtained an enormous mass of statistical matter that will have its proper place in our final report.

"With regard to wages, we have an agent at work gathering statistics, and he is making a satisfactory degree of progress. Nothing that has been published or presented to Congress bearing upon this subject is of any practical value, as it is lacking in the very information that it purports to give. When our labors are finished, we will be prepared to give to the country a mass of data unequalled in value in the consideration of economic questions."

The New York Farmers' League.

ALBANY, Aug. 29.—The Farmers' State League met in annual convention in Agricultural hall yesterday and was called to order by the president. There were about 50 delegates in attendance. President Armstrong made a brief address, in which he said: "An important election is pending in which the interests and welfare of the farmers are involved. You are aware we are a non-partisan organization; yet still we are political when our interests are affected. We are not willing to be crushed. We want, at this meeting, to put ourselves into a position to enforce our demands when presented to the next legislature."

Boomers in Large Numbers.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 28.—A dispatch from Arkansas City, Kas., says: The boomers moved on the strip in large numbers yesterday and made several attempts to start large fires and destroy the pasturage, but the grass is too green and fires make little headway. Some of the cattlemen are becoming alarmed and are attempting to get their cattle out.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

OUR CRUISERS.

Arrival of the Guns for the Double-Turreted Monitor Miantonomah—Repairs on the Yantic Begun.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—The presence of two or a half-dozen of the big steel cruisers of the navy always diverts the attention of the ordinary visitor to the navy yard, especially the women. Once on board of a ship in commission, and under the escort of an officer—no matter whether he be a "pretty little cadet" or a gray-haired commander—the women visitors become bright, cheerful and vivacious; and they ask all sorts of questions about the ship, whether the boatswain's chair is upholstered, whether the top-hamper is something for stowing away luncheons, whether the captain's "gig" has anything to do with the Kentucky lottery swindles, whether the "spanker" is a robust individual, and lots of other like questions. With the absence of the handsome uniformed, or rather the gayly uniformed handsome officers, and the big ships, interest has been concentrated during the last week principally on the new work.

The fourth, which is the last, of the ten-inch breech-loading rifles for the double-turreted monitor Miantonomoh, has arrived at the navy yard, and will now be mounted in the vessel, which will then be ready for commission. These four guns weigh twenty seven and one-half tons each, and are thirty-one feet in length. The greatest diameter of the gun body is thirty-nine inches, and the total length of bore twenty-five feet seven and one quarter inches. The weight of the powder charge to be used is from 225 to 240 pounds. The thickness of the steel which the shot will perforate at the muzzle is twenty inches. Before these guns are mounted in the turrets wooden framework dummies will be put in position on the carriages to make sure that the adjustment and all other things are correct. Then the guns themselves will be mounted on the gun carriages and fastened in place. After this will come the somewhat long operation of riveting the roof of the turret into place, which will probably take about six weeks. The turret is completed, as is also most of the work on the vessel. Below decks the wardroom and other quarters have been put in order; on the deck men have been busy cleaning. Much of the old iron and other rubbish has been taken off, and the deck itself is being cleaned and put in order. A little paint here and there gives to things a fresh appearance. How soon the Miantonomoh will go into commission is not definitely settled, but it will be too late for her to take part in the Squadron of Evolution maneuvres.

The second of the two turrets for the Terror were lowered into place on the vessel during the last week. The work on the superstructure on that ship, to be used for the quarters of the junior officers, advances rapidly, as also does the other work on both the Terror and the Puritan. These two ships now lie side by side just beyond the granite dry-dock, while the Miantonomoh is moored just above the entrance to the timber dry-dock.

The sleeves for the shaft are now being put in place on the hull of the Cincinnati. The shaft-struts have already been erected. The placing and riveting of plates into position constitutes the other work being done on the hull of the partially completed cruiser. About July 1 it was estimated that the vessel was about 35 per cent completed. The work on the machinery for the ship is being pushed. The columns or housings for one set of the engines have already been erected, and some of the cylinders will be put in position this week. The low-pressure crank-shafts are lying in the erection shop. In the boiler-shop, too, work is going on in connection with the engines for the Cincinnati and the Raleigh. For some time men have been employed in constructing the corrugated flues for the boilers, and now the shells in which the various parts of the boilers will be placed are also being made.

The boiler, which was in the foundry at the navy yard, was too small for the work required of it, and consequently the two of the Intrepid's boilers now remaining unused, are being fitted in place there.

The work of fitting the Navy yard with an electric lighting plant is being pushed rapidly. The yard is now being wired, and the boilers to be used in connection with running the dynamos are being put into position. It is expected that the plant will be ready for use by the middle of October.

The Kearsarge, the historic old craft of Alabama fame in the civil war, is now once more about ready for sea, having undergone repairs at the Portsmouth navy yard during the last few weeks. Some of the spars from the wrecked Galena which were found to be in sound condition were used in the repairs of the Kearsarge. A new foremast and a main yard were put in, the Galena's spar being used for the purpose; the boiler keelsons have been renewed, and the saddles of the boilers have been bolted to the bottom of the ship, the decks have been calked, and some minor repairs have been made, and the copper plating on the bottom has been cleaned. The ship will now probably last for at least two years more of service.

Fastest Run on Record.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 28.—A mile in 39 4-5 seconds, or at the rate of over 90 miles per hour, is the fastest run ever made by a railroad train. This unparalled feat was accomplished yesterday on the Bound Brook railroad between Neshaminy Falls and Langhorne by engine No. 206, drawing two ordinary coaches and President McLeod's private car "Reading," which is equal to two coaches in weight. The fastest five miles in 3 minutes 26 4-5 seconds. The fastest ten miles in 7 minutes 12 seconds, averaging 43 seconds per mile.

Thanks Extended to Mrs. Harrison.

CAPE MAY POINT, N. J., Aug. 26.—The wife of the President to-day received a set of engrossed resolutions from the order of Patriotic Sons of America, at Bellevue, Ky., extending their thanks to her for her determined efforts in having nothing but goods of domestic manufacture brought into the White House, and congratulating her on her American ideas. Mrs. Harrison has acknowledged the receipt of the resolutions.

Gave Birth to Four Children.

GREENFIELD, Mass., Aug. 26.—North Leverett, a little hamlet in the eastern part of Franklin county, had a genuine sensation Monday, when the townspeople learned that Mrs. Alvia J. Moore had given birth to four babies—three girls and one boy. The three girls died soon after birth, but the boy is likely to live. The mother is a large, strong woman, while the father, who is a lumber merchant, is a frail man in poor health.

Her Maiden Trip.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—The steamship State of California, built for the Allen-State line, has arrived here on her maiden trip from Glasgow with 120 cabin and 154 steerage passengers. This is the first high-class steamer added to the Glasgow and New York trade for a number of years.

Mills in Full Operation.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 27.—The Pottsville Iron and Steel company started their twelve inch finishing mill at Fishback yesterday. All of the mills of the company are now in full operation and the puddling furnaces will start up next week.

Japan to England in 21 Days.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 1.—The Canadian Pacific mail train, with the mail for the steamer Empress of India, passed here yesterday. It is trying to catch a steamer that leaves New York for England Wednesday, and if it succeeds the mail will reach England 21 days from Japan—an unprecedented record. On the level prairie, west of this city, a speed of 70 miles an hour was reached at times.

SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

Secretary Foster Says it Had the Right Ring and Hit the Nail on the Head.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—Speaking of the outlook in Ohio, Secretary Foster said: "Senator Sherman's speech at Paulding was just the kind of speech I or any other man who knows him would expect him to make. He is by far the greatest student of finance this country or any other has ever produced, and he is able to make this question of finance so plain that anyone can understand it. His speech was an admirable exposition of the Republican financial policy, and showed the evils of free and unlimited silver coinage, so that every voter in the state can readily understand the conditions that will exist if the policy of the Democratic party prevails.

"No more dangerous theory than that of free silver coinage was ever advanced, and as the Senator said at Paulding Thursday, this plank was put in the Ohio Democratic platform as a subterfuge to catch votes. A very great proportion of the party are opposed to it, and fearing it may become a fixed principle if successful, there are many Democrats who will repudiate it when it comes to the election. Governor Campbell may attempt to dodge it, but the Republicans won't let him.

"With two such men as Sherman and McKinley on the stump Governor Campbell will be kept rather busy, I think. Sherman will take care of the financial end of that discussion, and the gallant leader in that contest will see that the subject of protection is properly handled. The speech of Senator Sherman will be productive of good in Ohio. It will open the eyes of the voters to what free coinage really means, and set the sober thinking men to considering how they can support the Democratic candidate standing upon such a platform, a platform which the candidate himself does not indorse, and from which he is vainly endeavoring to escape. When a man repudiates his platform, as Governor Campbell has practically done, he generally falls.

Referring to the attacks that are being made on Senator Sherman, Secretary Foster said he believed they would only strengthen the Republican party. "When Mr. Polk, from South Carolina, or North Carolina, or any other state," continued the secretary, "goes into Ohio to attack John Sherman, or defeat the Republican legislative ticket, he is arousing the wrong kind of people. The Republicans of Ohio are not the kind of men to let an outsider like Mr. Polk, or anybody else, carry such threats into execution, and the result will show that this kind of work will only arouse the Republicans to renewed efforts, ending in the election of a Republican legislature."

DENOUNCED BY SEN. WASHBURN.

The Attempts to Prove That Mr. Blaine Is a Very Sick Man.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, thinks there has been a conspiracy of defamation to drive Secretary of State Blaine from the Presidential field. The senator is on his way home after a long tour in Europe.

"A deliberate attempt was made," said the senator, in an interview, "to convince the world that his health was broken and that his brilliant mind had failed. They are trying to ruin Blaine's reputation, not only in this country, but also in Europe. It is a noticeable fact that all attacks on Blaine are printed at length in all English papers. Before I sailed, I saw Mr. Blaine at Washington. He told me he was in excellent health. When I read those stories in English papers, I at first paid no attention to them. Coming back from Cape North, I got a copy of the London *Times* at Drontheim. The first thing I saw was a flaming dispatch from Bar Harbor announcing that Blaine was dying. I cabled Senator Hale and promptly got a reply that Blaine was steadily improving. But I was scared and so were all the Americans in Europe."

In conclusion, the senator said he was of the opinion that nothing but his death or peremptory refusal to run can prevent Mr. Blaine's nomination by acclamation. The senator believes a free silver bill will be passed by the next congress, both house and senate, but that it will be vetoed by the President.

SAYS HARRISON MADE A MISTAKE.

Cattlemen Using the Land Recently Opened Up in Oklahoma.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Gov. Steal, of Oklahoma, who is in this city, says President Harrison made a mistake when he opened the strip 200 miles long and 54 miles wide to the Indians.

"The strip is being used by the cattlemen just as much to-day as it ever was," said the governor. "In the agreement it was understood that the cattlemen should not use the land for grazing purposes. The Indians could not lease or sell the land, so the cattlemen fixed up a deal with the Indians, whereby they were to own the stock and at a certain time the real owners were to purchase them. The result is that the land is being used for grazing purposes when it should be cut into farms for the benefit of settlers.

"There will be a great rush next month when 800,000 acres in Oklahoma will be opened for settlement. It is the finest kind of land in the world. There is no truth in the report that the farmers there are in a destitute condition. On the contrary they have a great plenty."

GRAIN SHIPMENTS FROM NEW YORK.

The Export During August Was the Largest on Record.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The shipments of grain from this port during the month ending to day have been the largest on record. About 1,000,000 bushels are now being sent abroad every day. Last week England became also a heavy purchaser of American stocks and bonds. The extent of this purchasing for investment may prove the most important financial fact of the year. The rates for sterling exchange fell last week to a fraction of 1 per cent of the point at which gold may be exported.

If the orders for stocks and bonds from London are as heavy this week as they were last week there will be shipments of gold to New York by Saturday's steamer. The foreign buying orders have included nearly the whole list of leading railroad stocks and bonds. At the present rate of export from this port American farmers are over $1,000,000 a day richer every working day in the week.

American Pork to be Admitted.

BERLIN, Aug. 31.—It is reported in Hamburg that all restrictions on American pork will be removed to-morrow.

The United States minister, the Hon. William Walter Phelps, when questioned upon this subject, smilingly refused to confirm the report, but said he would repeat what he said six months ago, to the effect that the American hog would enter the Bradenburg gate before this year's acorns fell. It is known, however, that Mr. Phelps in his last despatch to the German foreign office, intimated plainly to the officials of that department that the patience of President Harrison and Mr. Blaine would not last beyond September.

Tariff Reduction in Mexico.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 1.—A dispatch from the city of Mexico says: The new customs tariff, just published, makes a reduction on the duty on paper from ten to five cents per kilo. The reduction is due to the personal efforts of President Diaz, who considered that the education of the masses required cheaper tariffs to allow circulation of the leading journals of the republic.

Death of Ex-Senator Pomeroy.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 27.—Hon. S. C. Pomeroy, ex-U. S. Senator from Kansas, died at the residence of Mrs. J. C. Whiten, at Whitensville, this morning, aged 76.

FOUR KILLED.

A Passenger Train in Indiana Takes a Header Down a Steep Embankment.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 1.—About 10 o'clock yesterday morning, between Tell City and Troy, Perry county, Ind., a mixed train in which were 20 passengers, encountered a broken flange. The engine left the track, bumped on the ties for a while, then took a header down a steep embankment. All the cars piled on it. The passengers were all taken out, four dead and sixteen more or less scalded by escaping steam and otherwise injured. The wreck took fire and burned up completely. Engineer Jake App and his fireman escaped injury by jumping. Conductor Gordon in the coach was badly hurt.

BARRED OUT THE COLORED MAN.

He Cannot Join the Patriotic Sons of America.

PHILADELPHIA, August 26.—The National camp of Patriotic Order Sons of America opened here yesterday. An address of welcome to the delegates was made by Mayor Stewart, which was responded to by George P. Smith, of Chicago, national president of the order. Addresses were also made by State President Frank B. Spiese and Dr. F. P. Murdock, of Chicago, lieutenant-general of the military branch of the order. The business of the camp was mainly in the line of organization for the work it has in hand. At the afternoon session a heated discussion of the color question took place. An amendment by which the exclusive term white is to be excluded from the constitution, was, after much wrangling, made a special order for 10 o'clock to-morrow.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27.—The session of the national camp, Patriotic Order Sons of America, yesterday, was a secret one. The question of admitting colored members into the order consumed the entire morning. A number of ballots were taken, but each one resulted the same, 50 in favor of the admittance of colored members and 31 against it. Most of the opposition to the eliminating of the word "white" from the constitution comes from delegates from Illinois and Ohio, who voted as a unit against it. A four-fourths vote vote of the entire convention is necessary to make any alterations in the constitution of the order.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 28.—After a lengthy and heated discussion the question of admitting colored members to the National Camp Patriotic Sons of America, was settled in the negative for another year by a vote of 51 to 36. Lebanon, Pa., was selected as the next place of meeting, and the third Tuesday of September as the time.

Following are the officers elected for the ensuing year: National president, Clarence F. Muth, of Pennsylvania; national vice president, Joseph Williams, of Colorado; national master of forms, T. M. J. Reed, of Pennsylvania; national secretary, Frederick Stees, of Pennsylvania; national treasurer, John H. Hoffer, of Pennsylvania; national chaplain, Rev. J. B. May, of Pennsylvania; national assistant secretary, Clare H. Taylor, of Pennsylvania; national conductor, P. C. Hess, of Pennsylvania; national inspector, J. H. Hughes, of Pennsylvania; and national guard, J. B. Roberts, of Delaware.

The report of the committee on ritual in favor of adopting one degree instead of three was agreed to. Several minor changes were also made in the ritual.

At the conclusion of the afternoon session the camp adjourned.

DECREE OF EXPULSION RESCINDED.

Walter F. Payne Reinstated as a Member of the Sons of Veterans.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 29.—The commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans settled the long-standing question of Past Commander-in-Chief Walter F. Payne's status. He was court-martialed and expelled for misappropriation of funds. The committee of review reported to-day that he was absolutely innocent of any intention to defraud the order, but had, under mistaken judgment, wrongfully invested the funds. It recommended that the decree of expulsion be rescinded, and that Payne be censured. There was a bitter fight over the report, but it was finally substantially adopted, with the addition that Payne be deprived of his rank as past commander-in-chief. Judge John P. Rea, of this city, appeared as his counsel. Pgyne is from Fostoria, O.

The Sons of Veterans.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 27.—At an all day's session of the Sons of Veterans national encampment yesterday, Bartow S. Weeks, of New York, was elected commander-in-chief on the twenty-first ballot. The next national encampment will be held at Helena, Mont. St. Paul camp won in the competitive prize drill last night, with Tacoma second. The judges were officers in the Third Infantry, U. S. A., from Fort Snelling. The markings were: St. Paul, 93.6; Tacoma, 29.90.

SHORTAGE OF 100,000,000 BUSHELS

The German Grain Crop Has Fallen Off 33 Per Cent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Col. J. B. Montgomery, of Oregon, has just returned from Germany and is now at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was asked about the crop failure in Europe, and said:

"The crop failure in Europe is general and distress is sure to follow. I was all over Germany and saw that the rain had ruined the wheat and rye. In Germany there will be a shortage in the grain crops of 33 per cent, or just 100,000,000 bushels.

"The empire generally produces 240,000,000 bushels of rye and 80,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. With the great falling off mentioned the people will have to look to this country for relief. Russia is short and can't supply Germany, and France is not much better off. The potato crop in continental Europe has been more or less a failure, and the people look with longing eyes toward America. I am not a speculator in grain, but I predict that by Christmas wheat in this country will sell at $1.50 per bushel, owing to the great demand in Europe."

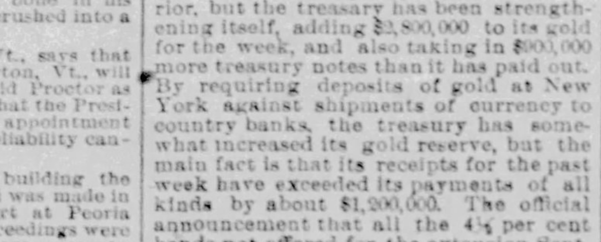
The Lincoln-Isham Nuptials.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—The Lincoln-Isham wedding will take place at the parish church of Brompton next Wednesday. Only the friends of the bride and bridegroom's families and the members of the American legation are invited. Minister Lincoln will leave immediately after the wedding for Homburg, and Mr. Isham, father of the bridegroom will sail on the next day. The bridal party will make a wedding tour in the provinces, and will sail for America later in the autumn.

The Argentine Republic Objects.

BERLIN, Aug. 31.—Advices from Buenos Ayres are to the effect that the Argentine Republic is opposed to the wholesale immigration of Russian Jews as planned by Baron Hirsch. Mr. Arnold White was in consultation with Baron Hirsch in regard to this new aspect of the question of what shall be done with the refugees from the czar's domains, just before the former started for Russia.

Hon. W. W. Barrett, state commissioner of Forestry in North Dakota, is circulating petitions throughout the state asking Congress to reserve for national purposes a tract of land in the Turtle mountains, embracing 150,000 acres of native forest.



EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

A CLOUD-BURST

Deluges Eastern New York and Makes Raging Torrents of Mountain Streams.

TROY, N. Y., August 28.—The whole eastern part of Rensselaer county, New York, was deluged by a cloud-burst last evening, which made raging torrents of the mountain streams and caused them to leave destruction in their path. Glass Lake, at Sand Lake, overflowed and sent a torrent through the valley of the Wynantskill.

Three dams were washed out at Sand Lake, a damage of $100,000 was done to mills, and several houses were washed away. At Smarts's paper mill in this city one end of the mill was torn out, a bridge was carried away, and damage of about $10,000 was done. Bridges all along the stream were torn from their fastenings, and it is believed the damage will surely reach half a million of dollars.

In the Valley of the Lebanon Springs railroad the storm was equally extensive, and at Berlin houses were washed away, and two persons drowned. Travel on the Lebanon Springs road was completely interrupted by the washout, and it is feared cannot be resumed within a week. The Hudson and Hoosac rivers are very high, and in the vicinity of Hoosick Falls many bridges were swept away, and the roads ruined by the overflowing of mountain streams.

A man named McCheney was drowned at Paestenkill.

A SENATOR SUED FOR A MILLION.

Decision Reserved in the Case of Lyon Against Stewart.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Judge Patterson, in Supreme court chambers, heard argument yesterday upon the motion of James E. Lyon to strike out certain alleged irrelevant allegations in the answer of the defendant in his (Lyon's) suit against Senator Wm. M. Stewart, of Nevada, for $1,000,000 damages. The suit grew out of complications in mining transactions, in which Senator Stewart acted as counsel for the plaintiff. Judge Patterson reserved his decision.

In his complaint in the suit against Senator Stewart, Lyon alleges that Stewart, while acting as his attorney in 1870 and 1871, conspired with Trenor W. Park, of Vermont, and others, to deprive him of his mining rights. He says that Stewart realized about $2,000,000 and he received only $200,000 for his claim.

Lyon alleges that he found that Stewart and Park conspired with Baxter in London to defraud him of his interests, and that by false representations Stewart induced him (Lyon), to sell out to Park for $200,000, of which amount he paid $50,000 to Stewart and C. J. Hillyer as his counsel. The mines were sold in London for $6,500,000.

Stewart is said to have received $1,000,000 out of the London sale. Senator Stewart denies all the allegations of fraud and conspiracy and charges Lyon with blackmail.

He says Lyon lost all his money speculating and then came to him (Stewart) and threatened suit. Stewart regarded this as blackmail and said so. At the same time he asked Lyon how much he wanted. Lyon took $50,000 and signed a release of all claims against Steward or Park.

WILL SEARCH FOR GEN. GORDON.

Two Men Leave for Africa to Look the Explorer Up.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—J. J. Coyle and P. C. Johnson sailed, Saturday, on the Servia, starting on a journey to the River Nile. Mr. Coyle is familiar with the region, having served many years in the British army. He said yesterday: "When I was in Cairo I had interviews with three French nuns and four priests, who expressed a belief that Gen. Gordon is still alive. Upon their statements, which were consistently linked together and obtained from sources which, for prudential reasons, I am not at liberty to reveal, I believe that Gen. Gordon is not dead, but is held a a prisoner. My object in this journey is to ascertain whether he is alive or dead. I have been familiar with the native tongue and customs. I will disguise myself as a native and enter Khartoum or lose my head in the attempt. It is my intention also to make the trip Mrs. Sheldon proposed and by a far more difficult route. This trip has never been made. Mr. Johnson and myself will note the missionary work, trading and other interests and will conceal nothing. We will employ our own means for the journey."

Mr. Cole is an intelligent, athletic Irishman about 36 years of age. He is full of determination and spirit and some interesting discoveries may result from his journey.

A SCARCITY OF FOOD STUFF.

Guatemala in a Deplorable Financial Condition.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 27.—A dispatch from the City of Mexico says: The financial condition of Guatemala is deplorable. For the past three months neither the army nor the federal employes have been paid. The Minister of Finance has just issued a circular letter stating that he expects to be able to pay off the indebtedness by the receipts of the tax levied upon coffee exports. Two financial agents are now in Europe endeavoring to negotiate a loan, but owing to the insecurity of the country, it is believed that their efforts will be unsuccessful. There is a great scarcity of food stuff in the city of Guatemala, and in consequence the prices are high and the lower classes are suffering.

A dispatch from Teguciagalpa, capital of Honduras, states that smallpox is epidemic there, and is committing great damage.

A Big Bank Robbery Kept Secret.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—London special says: A dispatch from Genoa, which arrived last night, is creating a sensation in newspaper offices and elsewhere. It states that an Englishman, name unknown, called at the office of a money changer, Sig. Ghisioli, and asked him to change a thousand pound Bank of England note. Sig. Ghisioli, fearing that the note might have formed part of a recent Bank of England robbery to the extent of £250,000, took down a list of the numbers of the stolen notes in order to compare them with that of the note offered. When he did this, the Englishman walked out and disappeared, leaving the thousand pound note behind him. The Genoese police are looking for him and have already notified the police authorities in London.

This is the first public information here that such a robbery had occurred, and the Scotland yard officials, so far as can be discovered, either profess ignorance of such a robbery, or decline to commit themselves.

Newspaper editors are much concerned at the possibility that a great sensation has been kept secret hitherto by the bank officials and the detective police, as nothing whatever is publicly known here of such a robbery. It is, however, considered possible that the dispatch from Genoa may refer to the theft of a satchel from the bank of Scotland, containing £90,000. Yet this took place six months ago, while the telegram describes the Bank of England robbery as of recent occurance, and sets the figures at £250,000.

The cashier of the Bank of England declares that there is no truth whatever in the rumor circulated last night to the effect that the bank had been robbed of a very large sum of money.

Applications for Exposition Space.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—The National Association of Canned Goods Packers, which covers the canning interests of twenty states, has applied for space in the Columbian exposition. The Polish artists of Russia, Austria and Germany will make a united exhibit of their works. Chief Buchanan, of the Department of Agriculture, has divided the $150,000 in premiums for live stock as follows: For horses $52,000, for cattle $30,000, for swine $20,000, for sheep $15,000, for poultry and pet stock $10,000, for dogs $4,000. Contingent fund $19,000.

Raid on Chickasaw Beer Saloons.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 28.—A dispatch from Gainesville, Texas, says: Capt. Laflore, of Muskogee, chief of the Indian police, is in the city and reports that he has just made a raid on the beer saloons in the Chickasaw country. The captain closed up 28 of them, as follows: Ardmore, 14; Purcell, 8; Pauls Valley, 3; Winnwood, 2; Berwin, 1; all these were seized and placed in the custody of the U. S. officers, while the proprietors were arrested and will have a hearing at Muskogee.

FOSTER $45.25 BUGGIES $5.25 HARNESS Sold DIRECT to Consumers. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE. THE FOSTER BUGGY & CART CO.

We sell as cheap to a Farmer who pays cash as we do to a wholesale dealer. *One Price to All* is our motto. We want to sell one Buggy and Harness in every county at once to show what bargains we have got. Our prices will surprise you. We are not in any pool or trust combination. SAVE MONEY by writing for catalogue.

Pike Bldg. CINCINNATI, O.

INDIAN CAVALRYMEN.

Favorable Report from the Inspector Who Recently Examined the Sioux Troops in Nebraska.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—The War department has received a report from Capt. J. M. Lee, of the Ninth U. S. Infantry, of an inspection he recently made of Troop L, Sixth cavalry.

This troop consists of 55 Sioux Indians and is now stationed at Fort Niobrara, Neb. The troop was recruited at Rosebud, S. D., largely from the Brule Sioux tribe, the least progressive of the bands located there. The officer who recruited the troop and who is now in command of it is Lieut. Edward E. Drave, of the Sixth cavalry.

In his report Capt. Lee says he visited the quarters, mess-rooms, and stables of the garrison and talked with the men freely. They are, he says, well contented and cheerful, and there was not a single complaint from them. They are clean, neat and soldierly. Their quarters and the grounds contiguous to them were well policed. The furniture and utensils of the camp were scrupulously clean, and the food was well cooked and properly served. All the cooking was done by Indians and there was none better done in the garrison. The stable and grounds were models of neatness and completeness, and were made so by the labor of the Indians. They attend to their duties with the regularity of the best soldiers. They are proud of being soldiers, are becoming rapidly civilized in their demeanor and habits, and are having a salutary influence over the reservation Indians. Twenty per cent of the company have deposited money with the paymaster. They send considerable amounts each pay-day to their needy relatives at the agency and purchase many necessary and useful articles.

A HIGHLY SENSATIONAL STORY.

Absconder Albertson Said to Have Stolen $100,000 in Securities.

TACOMA, Wash., Aug. 29.—A highly sensational story in connection with the absconding of Teller Albertson, of the Fidelity Trust company's bank, is told by a gentleman claiming to be conversant with the facts, and the point of his narrative is the alleged fact that Albertson got away with $100,000 in securities in addition to the $9,000 in cash.

It is said Albertson, having access to the vaults, took the $100,000 in securities, and then, while in hiding, notified the trust company that he could return the the same, providing the theft of $9,000 would be overlooked.

Louis D. Campbell, attorney for and one of the most influential directors of the trust company, asked if there was any truth in the above statement, said: "The securities are all in the trust company's vaults. We are not negotiating with him, and will not let up on him when we catch him."

IT HAS GONE INTO EFFECT.

The Child Labor Law is to Be Strictly Enforced.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 1.—Chief Inspector of Shops and Factories McDonald is mailing notices to all the manufacturers of the state, calling attention to the compulsory education law and warning them not to permit minors under 14 years of age to work in their establishment during the time they are required to go to school, and the act prohibiting the employment of children between 12 and 14 years of age, for more than eight hours a day. By an amendment of the law last winter the shop inspector is given authority in such cases. The law takes effect to-day and Mr. McDonald announces that it will be enforced to the letter.

Missionaries Off for Brazil.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 26.—Rev. W. C. Porter and wife and Rev. Rockwell Smith, wife and three children, sail from New York to-day for Brazil as missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian church. September 26, Rev. H. C. Dubose, wife and three children; Rev. J. M. Sykes and wife, of Clarkesville, Tenn.; Rev. B. C. Patterson, of Virginia; Miss Annie Rhouston, of Virginia; Miss Ella C. Davidson of Yorkville, S. C.; Rev. R. A. Haden of Kentchie, La., and Rev. George Hudson of Galveston, Tex., will sail from San Francisco to do missionary work in China. Rev. H. T. Graham and wife of Winchester, Va., and Rev. W. C. Buchanan and wife of Richmond, Va., go to Japan, while Miss Eliza M. Reed of Pleasant Hill, Mo., and Riv. D. G. Armstrong and wife of Salem, Va., sail for Brazil.

The Mississippi Alliance.

STARKVILLE, Miss., Aug. 28.—The business of the State Alliance yesterday was the general routine of the business of the order, receiving and auditing reports of committees and the election of state officers, which are as follows:

J. H. Jamison, of Noxubee, president; W. L. Keirn, of Holmes, vice president; W. L. Dorden, of Jefferson, treasurer; G. T. Smithson, of Leake, secretary; Frank Burkitt, of Oklahoma, lecturer; J. C. Guins, assistant lecturer.

The following persons were elected delegates to the National Alliance: Frank Burkitt, Maj. Ethal, Barkdale Copeland and W. M. Gibbs.

Population of Alaska.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29. — Census Agent Petroff, has returned from Alaska, having completed the census of that territory. The following figures closely represent the population in 1890: Aleuts, 900; Indians, 5,000; Esquimaux, 18,000; Chinese, 2,300; whites, 4,800; total, 431,000. This is a decrease of 2,000 in ten years, but as during that time the white and Chinese population has increased largely, this really represents a decrease of 8,000 in native population. Mr. Petroff says the natives have learned the use of liquor from the whalers and it is killing them off rapidly. They manufacture for themselves a fiery drink called "bootcha."

W. L. Scott's Condition.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 1.—Hon. W. L. Scott passed a fairly good night, and his condition this morning is a little improved. His physicians think it will be safe for him to undertake the journey to Newport in a day or two.

NEWSY DISPATCHES CONDENSED.

The fire that raged in the northwestern part of Faulk county, Minn., Friday night, burned over a strip of land twenty miles wide and fifty miles long. Twenty townships were devastated.

Bishop Galloway, of Jackson, Miss., has cordially endorsed the call of the chairman of the executive committee for a non-partisan prohibition convention, to be held in the city of Jackson September 9, 1891.

Constantine Ashargan, now a $10-a-week young man, who came to New York city from Athens, after squandering two separate fortunes of $1,000,000 each, has fallen heir to another million by the death of an uncle in Alexandria.

Information was received at the Treasury department that certain bankers in New York were selling 4 per cent bonds and buying 4½ per cent bonds with a view of having the latter continued at 2 per cent and using them as a basis of circulation of national bank notes.

Geo. Hogan, the Ann Arbor aeronaut, met a frightful death at Detroit Saturday afternoon. While performing on the trapeze, 1,000 feet from the earth, he lost his grip thereon and fell to the earth. Every bone in his body was broken and he was crushed into a shapeless mass.

A dispatch from Rutland, Vt., says that Gen. William Wells, of Burlington, Vt., will be the successor of Hon. Redfield Proctor as secretary of War. The news that the President intends to make this appointment comes from a source whose reliability cannot be questioned.

The first movement toward building the much talked-of Hennepin canal was made in the United States District court at Peoria on Aug. 28. Condemnation proceedings were entered there against fifty or more property owners in Rock Island county through whose land the new water-way will pass.

Hon. D. B. Wood, chairman of the executive committee on the Improvement of the Western Waterways, has issued a call for a convention of the people interested in the improvement of the Western waterways, to be held in Evansville, Ind., on Wednesday and Thursday, October 14 and 15.

CROP CONDITION.

Last Week Was Unusually Cool For August—Comparatively Little Damage by the Early Frosts

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The weather bureau Saturday issued the following crop bulletin:

Temperature—The week was unusually cool throughout the central valleys, including the corn and wheat states and the greater portion of the cotton region, the average daily temperature over these sections ranging from six to twelve degrees below that of previous years for the same week. These conditions were directly the reverse of those most needed over the corn region, where the crop is late.

Frosts have already occurred in Northern Minnesota, the Dakotas and portions of Wisconsin and Northern Iowa; resulting in some damage to wheat, cranberries and vegetables, but causing little or no injury to corn.

Rainfall—The rainfall during the week was generally in excess over the region east of the Mississippi, also in the interior of Texas and at Northern Rocky mountain stations. The rainfall in the South Atlantic states was unusually heavy, in many localities ranging from four to seven inches. These heavy rains were accompanied by floods in localities, which must have caused some damage to growing crops. The rainfall was also heavy in Southern New England, Eastern New York and the interior of Pennsylvania; in the Northwest, including the Missouri and Mississippi valleys, the rainfall was very light, as was the case also in the lower Mississippi valley, including Louisiana and Southern Mississippi; no rain was reported from the Pacific coast during the week.

Dr. Holmes's 82d Birthday.

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—To-day Oliver Wendell Holmes reached his 82d birthday. No quotation could be made that would more thoroughly show forth Dr. Holmes's chief characteristic—that of unfailing good humor and cheerfulness—than the piquant one of his own, "It is better to be 70 years young than 40 years old."

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

During the past week the favorable tendency of financial affairs has continued. The only occurrence which was in any manner calculated to disturb it was the occurrence of frost in the Northwest. The later reports, however, go show that whatever injury has been done to late wheat in the narrow strip of territory not yet harvested, will simply reduce the grade of a small amount of wheat, not enough in the aggregate to exercise any marked influence on the supply. The corn is probably not injured to any great extent.

MONEY.—In the money market there was an increased tendency to firmness and a slight improvement in interest rates. There is an active demand for currency in the West, but the movement to the South has not yet begun with full vigor. Call loans ranged from 5 to 2 per cent, averaging not less than 2½, while renewals were made at 3 per cent. Time loans were in good demand, the supply of money for this purpose coming chiefly from foreign bankers. The rates were 4 per cent for 30 days, 5@5½ for 60 days, and 6 per cent for 4 to 6 months, secured by first-class Stock Exchange collateral. The cables indicate no particular change in money at London, 60 to 90 day bank bills being quoted at the close of the week at 1⅝@2 per cent. The movement of gold from London to Germany still continues, the Bank of England losing £231,000 during the week. The open market rate for money at Paris was 2½, at Berlin 3¼, and at Frankfurt 3½ per cent. A notable feature of the foreign market was the active dealing in American stocks on the London Exchange.

STOCKS.—The steady improvement of conditions on the New York stock market, which began some four weeks ago, still continues. During last week the movement steadily gained in strength and breadth. The confidence of London operators has been regained, and they in place of being active sellers have been very free buyers. The movement which first began on the share market has extended to the bond market, which has been absolutely dormant for several months. The volume of business transacted on the New York Stock Exchange is now three times what it was a month ago. The outside public is beginning to buy for investment or speculation, and as a consequence prices have considerably advanced. The belief of the best judges is that this active and rising market will be maintained throughout the fall. There may be setbacks, short turns of the tide to lower levels, but the general movement will be onward and upward. One important advantage of the improvement in stocks and the conversion of London operators from sellers into buyers, has been a decided weakening in the rate of sterling exchange in New York. This indicates the setting in of gold shipments from Europe to America. It may be a few weeks before this occurs, but it is now regarded as certain, and of itself operates to prevent any important stringency in the New York money market.

SILVER.—The silver market last week was dull and featureless. Prices were steady, consequent on a slight increase in the demand for bullion in London. India exchange was dull and weak, an allotment of council bills having been made at a decline of 1-32d per rupee. The amount of silver bullion on deposit in New York and represented by silver certificates is 4,843,000 ounces. Barsilver closed Saturday at 98 cents per ounce, at which price the bullion in the standard dollar is worth nearly 76 cents.

R. G. DUN'S WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

Money Moving Rapidly—A Strong Treasury—Trade Prospects Bright.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The speculation in breadstuffs has been broken down. The failure to export at more than $1.10 for wheat has administered the corrective which this trade has greatly needed. The threatened withdrawal of the crop by the farmers' alliance amounts to so little that receipts were 11,400,000 bushels for the last week reported, against 4,900,000 for the corresponding week last year, while receipts of other grain slightly decreased.

Money is moving rapidly to the interior, but the treasury has been strengthening itself, adding $2,800,000 to its gold for the week, and also taking in $900,000 more treasury notes than it has paid out. By requiring deposits of gold at New York against shipments of currency to country banks, the treasury has somewhat increased its gold reserve, but the main fact is that its receipts for the past week have exceeded its payments of all kinds by about $1,200,000. The official announcement that all the 4½ per cent bonds not offered for the extension Sept. 1 will be paid on demand promises a big addition to the available currency after the 1st of next month.

Crop prospects are in all respects exceedingly bright and the reports of injury by frost do not appear to affect any considerable proportion of crop. There is every reason to suppose that the yield of wheat will be much larger than the 544,000,000 bushels estimated by the agricultural department, though a yield no greater would leave 200,000,000 bushels for export.

The stock market at New York has been comparatively free from speculative excitement and fairly strong, with some foreign buying and not much realizing thus far by foreign holders.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number 226, as compared with a total of 216 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 180.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of New York Stock Market This Afternoon.

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 5 per cent. Bar silver, 97¾. The stock market after 12 o'clock made but slight further progress in the downward direction, and the noon figures were in most cases lowest of the day. The temper of the speculation later changed completely and prices rose materially, hardly anything but that before delivery hour had been placed on a level with its opening price or better. Rock Island was the strong feature and at 84⅛ it showed a gain of 1⅛ per cent over its opening price, the rest of the grangers following, though the net advances were generally small. Toward 2 p. m., however, the buying was renewed on a large scale and the entire market moved up, Northern Pacific preferred, Missouri Pacific and Burlington making specially decided changes.

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Atch.	40½	41⅝	40¼	41⅝
A. C. O.	26½	26½	25¼	26
Can. Sou.	54⅜	55	54⅛	54⅞
C. C. C.	69½	70¾	68¾	70¾
C. B. & Q.	95⅝	97	95¼	95⅜
C. Gas Trust	52	52	49⅞	50¼
Del. Hud.	133⅞	134¼	133⅜	134
Del. Lack.	141½	142¼	140¾	141⅝
Erie	25¾	26⅜	25½	26
Hock. Val.	27½	28	27½	28
J. C.	119	119	118½	119
Lead Tr.	17⅛	17⅛	17	17¼
Lake Shore	116	116¼	116	116¼
Lou. & Nash.	77½	78⅛	76½	77¾
N. P.	27	27¼	26½	27
Mo. Pac.	72⅞	74	72⅜	73¾
N. E.	38¾	39¼	38½	39
N. P., pf'd.	70¼	72¼	70¼	71½
N. W.	112¾	112½	111⅝	112¾
N. Y. C.	105½	104½	105	105
N. A.	16	16	15⅛	15⅝
P. M.	36	36	35½	36
W. L.	....	....	....	....
R. T.	14⅞	15	14	14¼
R. I.	83	84⅛	82⅞	84¼
Reading	35	35⅜	34⅞	35⅜
Silver	98	98½	97⅞	98
A. S. R.	87⅛	88½	86⅞	87¾
St. Paul	70⅞	71⅞	70	71½
T. C. I.	33¼	34	32	33
T. Pac.	14¾	15	14¾	14¾
U. Pac.	43	43⅞	41⅞	42⅞
W. L., pf'd.	....	....	....	....
Wabash. pf'd.	28⅜	28⅜	27¾	28⅜
W. U.	88⅛	84¼	83½	84
Cordage	97½	97½	95	96¾

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, }
Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1891. }

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 1.	Aug. 25.
U. S. 4's, coupons	117¾	117¼
U. S. 4's registered	116¾	117¼
Pac. 6's of '95	109	109

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ 1,341,975
Loans, increase	1,891,800
Specie, decrease	2,888,100
Legal tenders, increase	1,039,000
Deposits, increase	491,500
Circulation, increase	127,300

The banks now hold $12,768,175 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Trade.

The trade of the country generally during the past week has shown improvement. The amount of money coming westward is very large.

Close To-day.

This afternoon the markets for wheat were active. Just at the close there was a better tone to the December option. Liverpool, closed, spot wheat steady, moderate demand; prices unchanged; futures easy; demand freely supplied; ¾@1d lower. Spot corn steady; moderate demand; futures dull, ¼@½d lower.

The better feeling in December wheat today at the close was perhaps owing in a certain degree to the report that Hutchinson was buying wheat at Chicago. It is said he took 200,000 bushels during the last few minutes of the session.

December wheat at Chicago closed 2¼c lower than close of yesterday, at 101⅝c; at Toledo it was 2c off as compared with yesterday at 104⅛c; at St. Louis it was 2⅜c lower, at 101⅛c.

October corn closed at Chicago at 59⅞c, the highest point of the day.

Car lots at Chicago: Wheat, 765; contract, 154. Corn, 981; contract, 689. Oats, 424; contract, 125. Rye, 242; contract, 154.

Liverpool wheat ½d higher. Corn unchanged.

Estimates for to-morrow at Chicago: Wheat, cars, 545; corn, 600; oats, 345.

French cables higher on wheat. Flour up 70 centimes.

The outlook for potatoes, corn, beans and pasture in Michigan is good.

The Hungarian government has issued an estimate of the world's grain harvest based upon consular reports from all parts of the world. The yield of wheat is estimated at from 2,052,000,000 to 2,083,000,000 bu., and rye at from 1,060,000,000 to 1,090,000,000 bu.—being from 124,000,000 to 141,000,000 bu. below the average for wheat and from 270,000,000 to 300,000,000 bushels below the average for rye. Austria requires to import from 28,000,000 to 42,000,000 bushels of wheat and 18,000,000 bushels of rye; Germany 28,000,000 bushels of wheat and from 70,000,000 to 78,000,000 bushels of rye, and France 85,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Hungary has a surplus of 34,000,000 to 37,000,000 bu. of wheat, but in rye there is a large deficiency.

In Russia the wheat surplus amounts to 47,000,000 bu., and the rye deficit amounts to 120,000,000 to 136,000,000 bu.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

This afternoon there was considerable activity in wheat. December being the most active and in it there was a better feeling on local transactions.

No. 2 soft red, 101, and finally 100c, 1½c lower than yesterday; No. 3 soft red, 97½c; No. 2 white, 95c.

September wheat, 101@100c, latter to close, 1½c decline. December wheat, 104¾c and finally 104⅛c, 2c lower than previous day.

Prices of September and December wheat to-day:

Sept.	Opened	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	101	101¼	100	100
Chicago	100	10 ⅞	98	99½
New York	108a	108	106⅛	107⅛
St. Louis	97¾	97⅞	96½	97⅞
December.				
Toledo	104¾	104¾	103⅞	104⅛
Chicago	102¾	102¾	100⅞	101⅝
New York	111⅛	111⅛	110⅜	111⅛
St. Louis	102	102	100⅞	101⅛

Corn—No. 2, 65c; No. 2 yellow, 66c; No. 2 white, 65c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 31c.

Rye—No. 2 cash and September, 89c; No. 3, 87c.

Clover seed—September, $4.87½; December, $4.85.

Toledo Produce Market.

This morning there was an active market for produce and the supply was large. Prices hold well on nearly everything. Wholesale prices this morning were:

Butter—High grades, 22@23c; fine quality, 18@20c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 15@16c.

Poultry—Spring chickens, 20@30c each; old fowls, 7@8c, dressed.

Vegetables—Peas, bushel, 90c@$1; potatoes, bushel, 35@40c; cabbages, dozen, 25c; onions, bushel, 90c@$1; string beans, bushel, 40@50c; onions, dozen bunches, 12c; radishes, dozen bunches, 12@15c; corn, dozen ears, 7c; cucumbers, dozen, 5c; per 100 for pickling, 15@20c; peppers, dozen, 50@60c; tomatoes, bushel, 30@35c.

Fruits—Apples, bushel, 40@50c; peaches, per bushel, $2.25@2.50; pears, 75c; grapes, per lb., 4c; oranges, per box, $3.75@4.50; lemons, box, $5.00@5.50.

Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, $6.75; beef, per lb., 4@6c; veal, 7c; mutton, 8c; lambs, 10c.

Salt meats—Heavy mess pork, $14 50; short mess, $13 00; clear mess, $13 50; short clear, $14 00. Hams—Sugar-cured, 18 lbs. and over, 11c; 15 lbs. average, 11½c; 12 lbs. and under, 12c; shoulders, 8c; breakfast bacon, clear, 10c; rib, 9½c; smoked beef, 12½c. Lard—Kettle-rendered tierces, 8c; barrels, 8; half barrels, 8¼c; 50 lb. tierces, 8¼c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, 5½c; light hides, 4c; calf, 7c; kip 6c; cured, heavy steers, 7½c; light hides, 5½c; calf, 7½c; kip, 6½c.

Wool—Washed, 25@30c; unwashed, per lb, 16@22c.

Hay—Timothy, new, $11 00@12 00.

Grain and Produce.

BUFFALO, Sept. 1.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 116c; No. 1 Northern, 113c; No. 2 red, 103c. No. 2 corn, 70½c. Receipts, 316,000; corn, 220,000; shipments, wheat, 330,000; corn, 125,000.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 1.—Flour easy. Wheat dull, nominal, 98. Corn firm at 64@64½c. Oats firmer at 31½@32c. Rye dull, nominal at 88. Provisions firm, unchanged. Whisky quiet; sales, 315 bbls.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 1.—Close.—Wheat, flour, provisions and corn are in fair demand; prices unchanged. Lard—demand poor; spot and September, 34s 3d, steady; October and November, 34s 6d, steady.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 1.—Wheat quiet; No. 2 spring, on track, cash, 96@97c; September, 96½c; No. 1 Northern, 98c. Corn, steady; No. 3, on track, cash, 64c. Oats, steady; No. 2 white, on track, 31c.

DETROIT, Sept. 1.—Wheat—No. 1 white, 97c asked; No. 2 red, cash and September, 100c; December, 104½c bid. Corn—No. 2, cash and September, 66c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 32c; No. 2 white, 34c. Rye, 89c.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 1.—Wheat lower but firm; cash, 97¾c; September, 97⅝c; October, 98⅛c, December, 101⅛c bid. Corn strong and higher; cash and September, 59c; year, 43½c bid. Oats firm, cash, 27½c bid; September, 28⅛c. Pork strong at $10 75. Lard firm at $6 30. Whisky steady at 118c.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—9:30 a. m.—Wheat opened 1@1½c lower at 102½@103c, sold off to 102c, and recovered to 102¾. October corn opened ⅛c lower at 57¾c; sold to 57½c, and back to 57½c. October pork unchanged at $10 22½. October lard 5c lower at $6 65.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—11 a. m.—No. 2 wheat, September, 99½c; December, 100⅜. No. 2 corn, October, 57c; year, 47½c. No. 2 oats, September, 28¾@28½c; May, 32¾@32⅞c. Mess Pork, October, $10 35; January, $12 92½. Lard, October, $6 72½; January, $7 02½. Short ribs, October, $6 85; January, $6 85.

1:15 p.m.—Close.—No. 2 wheat, firm; cash, 99@99½c; September, 99c; December, 101½@101⅝; May, 107⅜c. No. 2 corn, firm; cash, 65c; September, 65½c; October, 59⅜c; year, 48⅛c; May, 46⅛c. No. 2 oats, cash, 28⅛c; October, 29⅛c; May, 33⅛c. Mess pork firm; cash, $10 25; September, $10 25; October, $10 42½. Lard firm; cash, $6 67½@6 70; September, $6 70; October, $6 75@6 77½. Short ribs, firm; cash, $6 80@6 90; September, $6 87½; October, $6 97½. No. 2 rye steady at 87½c. No. 2 barley nominal at 65@66c. No. 1 flax seed steady at $1 01. Prime timothy seed steady at $1 25. Butter steady; creamery, 19@23½c; dairy, 16@18c. Eggs, 15½@16c. Whisky, $1 18.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Wheat receipts, 492,400 bus; sales, 3,278,000; declined 2¼@2⅜c, fairly active, realizing; September, $1 06¾@1 08; October, $1 08@1 09; December, $1 10⅞@1 11⅞; January, $1 12¾; May, $1 16@1 16¾. Rye—market firm; state, $1 00@1 01; western, 99c@$1 00. Corn—receipts, 78,700; sales, 248,000; market weak, 1½@1¾c lower and dull; No. 2, 74@76½c. Oats—receipts, 98,000; sales, 63,000; quiet, steady; western, 33@44c. Beef, steady, quiet; extra mess, $9 50@10 00; family, $13 00@14 00. Pork quiet and steady; new mess; $11 50@12 00; old mess, $10 00@10 75; extra prime, $10 25@10 75. Lard quiet and firm; steam rendered, $7 00. Butter—Receipts, 9,871 packages; market quiet, firm; western dairy, 13@17c; western creamery, 15@23½c; Elgins, 23@23½c; imitation creamery, 13@18. Eggs—Receipts, 9,186 pkgs.; market quiet and steady; western, 17@18c. Sugar—Raw, quiet, steady; fair refining, 3c; centrifugals, 96 test, 3 7-16c, refined, firm and fairly active; crushed, 5⅛c; powdered, 4⅞c; granulated, 4 5-16@4 7-16c. Spirits turpentine quiet and firm at 36⅛@37⅛c. Molasses dull, steady; New Orleans, common to fancy, 28@32c. Tallow quiet and weak; city, ($4 for pkgs.) 4⅜@4 13-16c. Coffee—The market for contracts opened irregular, 2 points decline to 15 points advance. There was very little trading, and the weakness on some months results from lower cables, which showed a decline at Havre of ¼@¾ franc, and at Hamburg of ¼@¾ pfennig. Receipts at Brazil ports for two days were 49,000 bags. Rio quiet, nominal; No. 7 on spot, 16¾c.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 1.—Cattle receipts, 4,500, market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000; market strong; fair to choice heavy, $5 20@5 30; mixed, $4 80@5 10; Yorkers, $5 15@5 25. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; market steady.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 9,200; shipments, 5,230; market dull and 10@15c lower; steers, $3 00@5 60. Hogs—Receipts, 5,920; shipments, 160; market steady; all grades, $5 25@5 17½. Sheep—Receipts, 2,380; shipments, 3,929; market steady.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Sept. 1.—Eirick Bros.' report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Cattle—Receipts two car-loads. Market steady on common, strong on good. Hogs—Receipts, 1,100 head; market steady on common grades, strong and higher on good; corn Yorkers, $5 50@5 65; mediums and heavies, $5 35@5 50; pigs, $5 50@5 25; stags and roughs, $3 25@4 75; veal calves, strong, $5 00@6 50.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 1 load through, 3 sales; steady; sales good; steers, $5 00@5 10. Hogs—Receipts, 6 loads through, 12 sales fresh and 15 held over; stronger for good corn fed, and lower for common and grassy; sales good, corn fed yorkers, $5 50@5 70; common and half fat, $4 75@5 25; medium and heavy, $5 40@5 60. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, loads through, 1 sale; steady and firm; good to choice lambs, $6 00@6 30; common to fair, $5 00@5 75; good to best sheep, $4 25@5 00; all sold.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts 9,000 head, made up of 3,000 Texans, 4,000 rangers and 2,000 natives of all kinds; demand fair, scarcely a sufficient number of natives on sale to make a market; the few good ones sold made strong prices. Shippers were buying rangers and paid $4 75@4 80 for the best; top prices for natives, $5 75@6 25. Hogs—Receipts, 14,000 head; opened strong, closed weak, and a large number carried over; rough and common $4 50@4 80; packers and mixed, $4 90@5 15; prime heavy and butcher weights, $5 25@5 40; prime Philas, $5 50@5 60; prime light, $5 50@5 60; light, clean grassers, $4 00@4 10; heavy grassers, $4 50@4 90. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; active and 5@10c higher; prime Westerns selling at $4 55, against $4 45 yesterday; lambs stronger; a few fancy at $5 00@5 75; others, $4 90@5 25.

International Grain Market.

VIENNA, Aug. 31.—The international grain market for 1891 was opened here to-day with a large attendance. Herr Haardt, from the department of the chief of the ministry of commerce, in a speech made during the opening ceremonies, dwelt upon the special importance of the present market from the fact that its task or object was to devise means of supplying the shortage of grain existing in the large centers.

The dealings to-day are limited; there was no spot business done in wheat; futures were firm.

The new barleys sold on the spot at full rates; inferior grades were neglected.

Autumn wheat was quoted at 10.67 florins to 10.70 florins; spring wheat was quoted at 10.27 florins.

Autumn rye was quoted at 10.38 florins; spring at 10.58 florins.

Autumn oats were quoted at 6.27 florins.

New maize was quoted at 6.28 florins.

Thirty trucks of old maize brought 6.37 florins.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: English wheat shows an average rise to 40s, and this caused an increase in the deliveries. The foreign wheat trade is not as good as it was a week ago. In London and Liverpool the market favors buyers. The Irish and Scotch markets, after a brisk advance, became dull. The unusual quantity of 333,000 quarters now coming from America, against 140,000 quarters at the corresponding period last year, has not yet affected the prices for forward delivery. The quotation now is 42s 6d for October delivery, against 41s 3d last week. Russia continues to ship wheat freely. The prices of Russian wheat in the home market do not appear to warrant fears of any scarcity. Corn in London is steady; at Liverpool, prices show a fractional decline. Barley and oats are quiet. At to-day's market new English wheats were offered at from 40s to 43s for whites, and from 42s to 44s for reds; old English wheat brought an average of 42s. The prices of foreign wheats were against holders at a general decline of 6d. Flour was dull. Corn was weak, although the spot supplies were meager. English oats met with good sale at 18s. Russian and New American oats were offered at from 19s to 20s. Beans and peas were firm.

Wool.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 31.—Wool—Receipts, 92,212 pounds; shipments, 60,190 pounds. Firm but quiet.

There is a fair movement in most domestic grades of wool in all Eastern markets, says *Bradstreet's*. A large amount of Ohio and Michigan wools has changed hands during the week. An indication of the preference given to Ohio and Michigan wools is the falling off in the sales of territories. California wools are in better demand, and Texas wools are selling well. Pulled wools are in strong request, but the supply is limited, and this restricts buying. There is still very little doing in carpet wools.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 31.—There have been very large offerings, among them a large quantity of medium and low grade burleys. Quotations for 1890 crop tobacco in good order, are as follows: Burley—Dark trash, $1 75@3 00; colory trash, $5 00@7 50; common lugs, $3 00@4 50; medium lugs, $4 50@6 00; good lugs, $6 00@9 00; colory lugs, $9 00@15 00; common leaf, $6 00@8 50; medium leaf, $8 50@13 00; good leaf, $13 00@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, 75@1 50; common lugs, $1 50@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@4 50; good lugs, $4 50@6 00; common leaf, $5 00@6 50; medium leaf, $6 50@8 50; good leaf, $8 50@17 00. Quotations for 1889 crop tobacco in good order are as follows: Dark trash, $1 50@3 00; colory trash, $5 00@8 00; common lugs, $3 50@4 50; medium lugs, $4 50@6 50; good lugs, $9 50@10 00; colory lugs, $10 00@15 00; common leaf, $7 00@11 50; medium leaf, $11 00@15 00; good leaf, $15 00@20 00; fine leaf and selections, $20 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, 75c@$1 50; common lugs, $1 50@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@3 50; good lugs, $3 50@4 50; common to medium leaf, $4 00@5 50; medium to good leaf, $6 00@8 00; good to fine leaf, $8 00@12 50.

New York Cotton Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Cotton firm; middling uplands, 8 7-16; middling Orleans, 8⅝; sales 336 bales. Futures opened firm; September, 8.29; October, 8.47; November, 8.61; December, 8.77; January, 8.91; February, 9.02; March, 9.15; April, 9.24; May, 9.33; June, 9.42.

Petroleum.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 1.—No bids here Oil City, 64⅛c bid.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 31.—Petroleum easy; s. w., 110, 6¼; 74 gasoline, 7; 86 gasoline, 10; 63 naphtha, 6½.

Turpentine.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 1.—Turpentine firm at 34c.